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THE
LIFE AND LETTERS
OF
SIR JOHN EVERETT MILLAIS

PRESIDENT OF THE ROYAL ACADEMY

BY HIS SON
JOHN GUILLE MILLAIS

26090

WITH 319 ILLUSTRATIONS
INCLUDING NINE PHOTOGRAVURES

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CONTENTS

CHAPTER XIII.

1867–1872

PAGE

Transition in Art—"Rosalind and Celia"—"Jephthah"—"Sleeping" and "Waking"—The Paris Exhibition—Holman Hunt's "Liberal Whip"—Frith and Millais go to Paris—Visit to Rosa Bonheur—"The Boyhood of Raleigh"—"The Flood"—Millais goes deer-stalking—Illness of his father—His death—Sport in the North—"The Knight Errant"—Millais goes to Loch More—A cow who eats salmon—"Chill October"—Death of Charles Dickens—Millais draws him after death—Dr. Anderson—"Victory, O Lord!"—Dr. Grote—The Artists' Benevolent Fund—£16,000 collected at the first dinner—"Hearts are Trumps"—Portrait of Mrs. Bischoffsheim—Its reception in Paris and Munich—Mrs. Heugh—Autumn Holidays—Death of Sir Edwin Landseer—An illustrated letter—Mr. Thomas Hills—Millais on Landseer and his critics—He finishes Landseer's uncompleted pictures—Anecdotes of Landseer . . 1

CHAPTER XIV.

1874–1878

"The North-West Passage"—Captain Trelawny—A curious compact—Prints of Millais' pictures in distant lands—"The Fringe of the Moor"—Letter to Mary Millais—"The Deserted Garden"—Ruskin disapproves—Archibald Stuart-Wortley—Millais gives him lessons—Mr. Stuart-Wortley's notes on them—Miss Dorothy Tennant—Sir William Harcourt, Lord James, and Millais at lawn-tennis—"Over the Hills and Far Away"—Lord Lytton—John Forster—"The Yeoman of the Guard"—Invitation from the Queen of Holland—"The Sound of Many Waters"—Painting under difficulties—A mad preacher—Commission to paint H.R.H. the Princess of Wales—"Effie Deans"—"The Bride of Lammermoor"—"The Princes in the Tower"—Henry Wells, R.A., on Millais—Illness and death of Millais' second son 48

CHAPTER XV.

1878–1881

The new house—Millais' delight in Kensington Gardens—He receives, in Paris, the Gold "Medaille d'Honneur"—Is likewise created an Officier du Legion d'Honneur—Sir Edgar Boehm's letter on the Paris Exhibition

*

PAGE

—Letter from Monsieur Emile Bayard—French recognition of British Art—Notes by Professor Herkomer—Mr. Frith, R.A., on Paris artists and studios—Millais and Frith are painted for Gambart's house—Sarah Bernhardt—Invitation from the Queen of Spain—Albert Gray's notes on Millais' visit to Holland—His admiration for Rembrandt and Franz-Hals —"Paul Potter's Bull," a poor production—"Barry Lyndon"—Gladstone —His portrait of 1879—Sir Edward Poynter on this picture—It is presented to the nation—Letter from Mr. Gladstone to the author—Alcyone Stepney—"Cherry Ripe"—Appreciations from distant lands—"Princess Elizabeth"—Sophie Millais sits for the picture—Lines on "Princess Elizabeth"—Eastwood—Thomas T—— —Millais a D.C.L. of Oxford—John Bright—Millais paints his own portrait for the Uffizzi Gallery—Miss Beatrice Buckstone—Letter from Sir William Richmond —The Millais Exhibition, 1881—Letters from artists—Lord Beaconsfield —Letters from him—His very last letter—His death—Autograph letter from the Queen—Millais paints, for Her Majesty, a small replica of Lord Beaconsfield's portrait 93

CHAPTER XVI.

1881-1885

Tennyson—Edward Lear's music—Tennyson's dislike to servants in the room—He recognises a strong likeness between himself and Charles Dickens—Millais paints his portrait—Sir Henry Thompson's portrait by Millais—Millais' portrait by Sir Henry Thompson—Sir John Astley—Cardinal Newman—John Garret—Murthly—A perfect Highland residence —Good sport—Yarns of the river—A monster salmon—The careful sportsman—A solemn warning strangely expressed—Thomas Carlyle—An anecdote of him—The Hanging Committee—Mrs. James Stern—Millais becomes a member of the Institute of France—"Pomona"—"Nell Gwynne"—"The Grey Lady"—Pictures of 1884—A portrait from scant materials—Second portrait of Mr. Gladstone—Millais visits Mr. Gladstone at Hawarden—John Gould—A visit to the old naturalist—"The Ruling Passion"—"Found"—Millais becomes a baronet—Letter from Mr. Gladstone—Congratulations—A story by Lord James—A dinner party of thirteen, and what followed 141

CHAPTER XVII.

1885-1889

"Bubbles"—The model—The true history of the picture—Ignorant criticism —Marie Corelli's mistake—Her apology—The artist's model—The Grosvenor Exhibition, 1886—Millais meets "The Huguenot" again—"Mercy"—Millais' love for the Highlands and its people—Autumn and winter landscapes—An artist taking hints—"The Old Garden"—Third portrait of Mr. Gladstone—Mr. Gladstone's letter—The National Portrait Gallery—A strong appeal—"Dew-drenched Furze" . . . 186

CHAPTER XVIII.

THE MAN AND HIS HOME LIFE

PAGE

Portraits of Millais—An American "double"—A counterfeit friend—Personal habits—The sacred umbrella, and what became of it—The advantage of a strong voice—"Old Gallipots"—Books and latter-day illustration—Chess—An acrostic—Lines on Royal Academy Exhibition—"Twa Dogs"—A prize poem on Robert Burns—Begging letters—A draughty situation—Autograph hunters—Lines for music—A visit to Millais' birthplace—Rev. Armstrong Hall on Millais and the influence of his northern home—Spielmann on his life and death 217

CHAPTER XIX.

GEORGE DU MAURIER

George du Maurier—A man after Millais' own heart—Du Maurier's love of the colossal and the grotesque—The giantess—Millais moralises for once—*Punch*—His admiration for the Knights of the Round Table and their work—Visit of Du Maurier and his daughter to Murthly—Illustrated letter of Du Maurier—A present of game in verse—Letters—Charles Dana Gibson—"Trilby"—Over-work—A reward that comes too late . 265

CHAPTER XX.

1890–1895

Pictures of 1890—Farewell to Murthly—Portraits of Gladstone and his grandchild—The story of "Emma Morland"—"Halcyon Days"—The Fire at Newmill—"Blow, Blow, thou Winter Wind"—An obliging collie—Failing health—Millais abandons work for a while—Portrait of John Hare—Continued illness—Lord Rosebery's advice—Death of Mrs. Gray—"Speak! Speak!"—Professor Herkomer on Millais' work—Letters from Linley Sambourne and Professor Richmond—Millais reverts to the serious subjects of his youth—Notes by Rev. Armstrong Hall . . 285

CHAPTER XXI.

1894–1896

Serious illness of Lord Leighton—Leighton asks Millais to take his place as President of the Royal Academy—Last meeting of the two friends—Leighton's last letter to Millais—The Academy banquet, 1895—Letter from Lord Rosebery—A yachting trip to Jersey—The juvenile octogenarian—A grievous disappointment—Pathetic letter to Frith—Death of Lord Leighton—Millais is elected President of the Royal Academy—Letters of congratulation—A tribute from *Punch*—Serious illness—Millais' last visits to the Academy—The beginning of the end—He says farewell to his old friends—His death and burial—Touching lines in *Punch*—Subject pictures 314

CONTENTS

CHAPTER XXII.

PAGE

His Art life and methods—The joy of work—Methods—Materials—Models—The difficulty of painting children—Sitters and their peculiarities—"The Most Beautiful Woman in the World"—Millais as an animal painter—Modelling—Millais as a critic—His views on Art—Latter-day illustration—Advice to young students—The National Gallery—Sir Henry Tate—The Gallery of British Art—Critics—Notes by Mrs. Perugini 338

CHAPTER XXIII.

Reminiscences of Millais, by Valentine Prinsep, R.A. 376

CHAPTER XXIV.

Some Recollections of Millais, by Lord James of Hereford, Mrs. Richmond Ritchie, and his Daughter (Mrs. Charles Stuart-Wortley) . . . 403

CHAPTER XXV.

THE MAN AND HIS ART

Sir Noel Paton, R.S.A.—Professor Sir William Richmond, R.A.—Sir George Reid, F.R.S.A.—H. W. B. Davis, R.A.—Lines by the Poet Laureate . . 430

APPENDIX

Chronology 463
Lineage 464
Chronological list of Millais' works—
Oil Paintings 466
Water-colours 487
Black-and-white drawings 489
Etching 494
Engraved pictures 495
Index 499

LIST OF ILLUSTRATIONS

PHOTOGRAVURES

EUPHEMIA CHALMERS GRAY (Lady Millais) at the age of 18. From a pencil drawing by G. F. Watts, R.A. . . . . *Frontispiece*

ALFRED LORD TENNYSON. 1881. Published by permission of James Knowles, Esq., owner of the copyright . . . . *To face page* 142

THE RIGHT HONOURABLE W. E. GLADSTONE. 1885 160

ST. STEPHEN 314

MERCY 372

ILLUSTRATIONS

	PAGE
Rosalind and Celia	3
Sketch for "Jephthah's Daughter"	7
Jephthah's Daughter	9
The Martyr of the Solway	15
Sketch for "The Boyhood of Raleigh"	17
"Victory, O Lord!"	21
Chill October	27
Charles Dickens (after Death)	31
Mrs. Bischoffsheim	37
Letter from Sir E. Landseer to Mrs. Millais	42
Letter from Sir E. Landseer to Mrs. Millais	43
Nell Gwynne	45
The North-west Passage	49
"Stitch! Stitch! Stitch!"	53
The Deserted Garden	59
Lady Chesham	63
The Marchioness of Ormonde	67
Countess Grosvenor	71
The Duchess of Westminster	77
A Yeoman of the Guard	81
The Earl of Shaftesbury	85
Thomas Carlyle	89
The Bride of Lammermoor	95
Effie Deans	99
The Princes in the Tower	103
The Right Honourable W. E. Gladstone. 1879	111
Cardinal Newman	115
Pencil Sketch	118
Cherry Ripe	119
Princess Elizabeth in the Tower	125
Sweetest Eyes	129

	PAGE
The Earl of Beaconsfield	135
The Last Letter written by the Earl of Beaconsfield	138
The Last Letter written by the Earl of Beaconsfield	139
Millais. By Sir Henry Thompson, Bart.	144
Sir Henry Thompson, Bart.	145
Sir John Astley	149
The Right Honourable John Bright	153
J. C. Hook, R.A.	157
Miss Alcyone Stepney	163
Diana Vernon	167
The Ruling Passion	171
Mrs. James Stern	175
Cinderella	179
Pomona	183
Bubbles	187
Oil Study of a Girl in Greek Dress	193
Head of "Portia"	197
Murthly Moss	201
The Old Garden	205
Beatrice Caird	211
Lilacs	215
Millais (profile). 1854	218
Millais (full-face). 1854	219
Millais. By G. F. Watts, R.A.	221
Millais. By himself. 1879	223
George Millais	224
Lady Millais	225
Eton Boys	227
Everett Millais	230
George Millais	231
Mary Millais	233
Forget-me-Not	236
The Last Rose of Summer	237
At Dalguise	240
Reading the *Times* after Breakfast	241
Mrs. C. Stuart-Wortley	243
Millais and John Bright	246
John Guille Millais	247
A Rest for Lunch and a Pipe	251
Dalguise. 1879	253
The best Photograph of Millais	255
Millais, Mr. Gladstone, and Mrs. Gladstone, at Hawarden	257
Millais in his Studio	259
Last Photograph taken of Millais	263
Quelle Patience il Faut!	271
George Du Maurier	275
A Contrast	280
Study for "Grace"	286
"The Little Speedwell's Darling Blue"	287
Master Anthony de Rothschild	291
Dew-Drenched Furze	295
Sketches for "The Last Trek"	299
Halcyon Weather	301

PAGE

John Hare 305
Lingering Autumn 309
The Girlhood of St. Theresa 317
St. Stephen (an early state of the picture) 321
A Disciple 323
A Forerunner 327
The Last Trek 333
Miss Nina Lehmann 341
Une Grande Dame (first state) 344
Une Grande Dame (second state) 345
Une Grande Dame (third state) 348
Une Grande Dame (fourth state) 349
The Earl of Rosebery 351
Lady Peggy Primrose 357
Lady Campbell 363
Lady Dalhousie 367
Little Nell and her Grandfather 377
The Mistletoe Gatherer 383
Perfect Bliss 387
T. Oldham Barlow, R.A. 389
The Marquess of Lorne, K.T. 391
The Marquess of Salisbury 395
Olivia 399
A Message from the Sea 405
Little Miss Muffet 409
Dorothy Thorpe 413
The Captive 419
A Reverie 423
Study of a Head 427
Shelling Peas 431
Head of Child in "For the Squire" 435
An Idyll. 1745 437
Fleetwood Wilson 441
"Twa Bairns" 443
Sir Richard Quain 447
The Honourable John Neville Manners 453
Penseroso 455

APPENDIX

Coat of Arms. Etched by Millais 462
Signatures 465

THE LIFE AND LETTERS
OF
SIR JOHN EVERETT MILLAIS

CHAPTER XIII.

1867–1872

Transition in Art—"Rosalind and Celia"—"Jephthah"—"Sleeping" and "Waking"—The Paris Exhibition—Holman Hunt's "Liberal Whip"—Frith and Millais go to Paris—Visit to Rosa Bonheur—"The Boyhood of Raleigh"—"The Flood"—Millais goes deer-stalking—Illness of his father—His death—Sport in the North—"The Knight Errant"—Millais goes to Loch More—A cow who eats salmon—"Chill October"—Death of Charles Dickens—Millais draws him after death—Dr. Anderson—"Victory, O Lord!"—Dr. Grote—The Artists' Benevolent Fund—£16,000 collected at the first dinner—"Hearts are Trumps"—Portrait of Mrs. Bischoffsheim—Its reception in Paris and Munich—Mrs. Heugh—Autumn holidays—Death of Sir Edwin Landseer—An illustrated letter—Mr. Thomas Hills—Millais on Landseer and his critics—He finishes Landseer's uncompleted pictures—Anecdotes of Landseer.

THE year 1867 witnessed another of the great transitions in the period of Millais' Art life. As "The Vale of Rest" proclaimed his emancipation from the excessive detail of Pre-Raphaelite expression, so the two works "Rosaline and Celia" and "Jephthah," painted this year, showed a further development—one might almost say a new departure—in the style and character of his work, marked as it was now by a greater breadth of treatment, while exhibiting the same careful attention as before to every accessory and detail.

We have seen how, in earlier years, he struck out a line for himself, and regardless of all outside opinions and influences, sought to paint exactly what he himself saw in Nature, omitting no detail, and taking Truth alone as his master; and we know how he was laughed at for his pains. But "he laughs best who laughs last." The work of those early days was but the prelude to achievements that have since made his name famous in the realms of Art. They were simply years of self-education, of hardship and drudgery,

in which the foundation of his future success was laid. In his own words, they "taught him everything." And many a time have I heard him say to young artists, who thought to escape a grind like this by studying in Paris the methods of the impressionist school, "Ah! you want to run before you have learnt to walk. You will never get on unless you go through the mill as I did, and as every successful artist has had to do."

Even in pictures that mysterious influence called Fashion makes itself felt at times. Impressionism was now the latest fancy, and as interpreted by such men as Millet, Corot, and Whistler, Fashion was justified of her children; but to young British artists the wave of impressionism that passed over Art circles a few years ago probably did more harm than good, the apparent ease and simplicity of the works exhibited betraying no sign of the arduous toil by which the artists had attained their skill. Had any of them been questioned on this point, he would doubtless have given much the same answer that my father did, and so perhaps have saved his art from the desecration of mere hazes of paint by men who do not even know how to draw. The public are beginning to find this out now—to distinguish between genuine Art and imbecile trash; and it may be hoped that under the educational influence of our numerous Art galleries and exhibitions even the most ignorant amongst us will in time come to a better understanding of what is meant by Art.

In "Rosalind and Celia" two or three broad streaks of the brush express exactly a fallen leaf which a few years before would have been highly worked up; and both here and in other works of the period a distinct change is observable in the artist's methods—in flesh-painting no less than in the treatment of costume and landscape. And yet nothing was lost; the quality of the work remained unchanged; it was simply produced now with a freedom of touch that proclaimed the maturity of the artist's power.

Millais had great difficulty with the figure and pose of Celia. He painted it originally from his wife's sister, Mrs. Stibbard, who had so often sat to him before; but for a long time he struggled in vain to produce the effect he desired. Again and again he painted the figure out, and it was only at the last moment, when the picture was about to leave his hands, that he succeeded in his object, taking for his model a pretty, dark woman, the wife of one of Lord Rothschild's clerks.

"ROSALIND AND CELIA." 1867

By permission of H. Graves and Son

For Rosalind, Mrs. Madley (a professional model) sat, whilst an actor took the part of Touchstone; and for a background the artist resorted to Knole Park, near Sevenoaks, where he painted it in the month of June.

Very interesting is it to notice the careful study of expression in the three Shakespearian characters. There is Rosalind full of alert vigilance while entering into the spirit of the part she is playing; but poor, tired Celia, who rests wearily beside her, betrays no interest in the escapade which is beyond her strength. Touchstone is not tired, but only glum and bored, and he certainly looks it.

The lines chosen from *As You Like It* (Act II. Scene iv.) run thus:—

> *Rosalind.*—Oh, Jupiter! how weary are my spirits!
> *Touchstone.*—I care not for my spirits, if my legs were not weary.
> *Rosalind.*—I could find it in my heart to disgrace my man's apparel, and to cry like a woman; but I must comfort the weaker vessel, as doublet and hose ought to show itself courageous to petticoat; therefore courage, good Aliena!
> *Celia.*—I pray you bear with me; I can go no further.

Good as is the engraving of this work, it gives, of course, no idea of the magnificent colouring of the original. This is a great loss, as "Rosalind and Celia" is a grand example of the artist's skill in harmonising the rich colour of the costumes with the softer tints of the sunlit beech forest.

The picture was sold for a sum far below its value; but, as usual, the value advanced with every change of hands. It is now in the possession of a gentleman by whom it is fully appreciated—Mr. James Bunten of Dunalastair. Hanging at the end of the dining-room, in which are no other pictures, it looks out upon snow-capped Schehallion and the valley of the Tummel—one of the happiest reunions I have ever seen of Nature and Art.

"Jephthah," another picture of this year, is in many respects quite as fine a work as "Rosalind and Celia," though perhaps the subject itself is not quite so attractive. Colonel C. Lindsay sat for the principal figure. He was a particularly handsome man, with beautiful, deep-set, grey eyes, like those of his daughter, Lady Granby. The lovely girl walking away with her arm round her sister's waist was a Miss Ward, and the two other figures were models. This picture (exhibited in 1867) was the first of Millais' works that commanded a very large price, showing an immediate appreciation by the public of his later acquisition of power. Mr.

Mendel, of Manley Hall, became the owner, and on the sale of his pictures it passed once more to dealers, finally coming into the possession of the present owner, Lord Armstrong.

This was one of Millais' most arduous years. August came—the time for him to put away his paints and fly to the hills for sport and relaxation—but still he stuck to his work, partly for the love of it, and still more, perhaps, because of an accident that prevented his walking about.

His life at the time is described in the following letters to my mother, who was then staying, with the children, at St. Andrews, in Fife :—

"I have been working hard all day (indeed I can do nothing else, as I am quite lame), and two days more will finish the 'Sleeping'; but 'Rosalind' goes on slowly, and I don't see an end to it. . . . I must try and do two illustrations this month, and a drawing for Macmillan—'Tom Brown.' Marochetti called this afternoon, and is to take away 'Leda and the Swan' to-morrow to cast. He will take the greatest care of it, and I shall give directions to his man to put a plate underneath, to make it work better on the pedestal.

"I dine to-morrow with Frith, and Tuesday with Mason, the artist. I worked from half-past ten till nearly seven, without any rest, and shall do the like till all is done, as I detest a moment lost. . . . I have finished 'The Minuet,' and part of 'Sleeping,' [water-colour copies] to the utmost, almost like Meissonier, and (with another two days to each) I could make them *quite* as finished. They are certainly the best-paying things I do, as I consider I am making a hundred a day whilst working.

"I am quite delighted that Albert [his brother-in-law Albert Gray] is here. He is a very companionable, capital fellow; but it is, of course, very slow for him, and if he doesn't hear from his friends in Paris he should not waste his holidays with me."

"*August*, 1867.—I have been working hard all day at 'Rosalind,' and it is now another picture. Alice's head I repainted, as I found it was not in the right place. I have made it better—at least I like it better—and painted it from that pretty model Mrs. Madley, who called when Ford [Sir Clare Ford] was lunching here. The head of 'Rosalind' also is deficient, but I don't think either wants much now.

I only want another day's work for 'Sleeping,' and I have begun 'Waking'; but the more I do the more there seems to be done, and I don't know when I shall finish; which is not so much to be deplored, as I couldn't shoot if I had the opportunity, for my foot is little better. . . . I am heartily sick of work, and I don't care a bit whether I get shooting or not; for I know that, wherever I go, it will be more than a fortnight before I can walk at all. If I go to Fowler's I

SKETCH FOR "JEPHTHAH'S DAUGHTER." 1869

must buy a new rifle, and the least I can get a good one for is £40—which is offered to me by Halford [Sir Henry Halford], who is not able to shoot.

"The exertion of painting from ten till seven in such heat is more than enough, and I don't pay the least attention to anything else. Even if I should be able to get away the first week in September (which is very improbable) I should not go to St. Andrews, as I have promised Fowler to be there at that time. I can get the little pictures done, but the 'Rosalind' has a good month's work yet, as I must do the drawing, which I can't do properly elsewhere."

At this time all his friends were off to the hills, while he was still slaving away at his easel all day long. What that means to an ardent sportsman none but a sportsman can know. To me it looks uncommonly like a month's imprisonment with hard labour. But perhaps I had better give his own ideas on the subject, as expressed in the following letter to my mother :—

"*August 16th*, 1867.—My models have gone—never, I trust, to return—but I have an immense deal to do. Just about half-past four the studio is at its hottest, and I generally give you a line then, as I can do nothing else. Charles Buxton has asked me to Fox Warren, but I will not leave my work. Harcourt is going there, and then on to Scotland. He sent me, this afternoon, a letter from Fowler, who is shooting at another place, and has had splendid sport—eighty brace—so the grouse can't be bad there. They expect me at Braemore the first week in September, but I don't see a chance of it. . . .

"Last night I dined with Hodgkinson, and went afterwards to Arthur Lewis' and played billiards. A number of his friends were there, and he seemed in excellent spirits. Val Prinsep is in town, and one or two others, but the club is nearly deserted, as indeed every other place is, in spite of Parliament still sitting.

"Leighton has gone to Greece and Constantinople, so we may expect houris and kiosks next year in the Royal Academy. . . . My studio is in a woeful state of dirt, but I won't allow it to be cleaned as long as the 'Sleeping' and 'Waking' are there; so I lock my door directly I have done for the day, and never open it till I come down in the morning.

"An old gentleman, Lord H——, called with a lady (I suppose his daughter) yesterday. He wanted to see me, and evidently his reason was to discover whether I was painting portraits, as he inquired if I would paint a likeness, and I told him on no account.

"Last night I received a French publication, in which appears a criticism of my pictures in Paris, and as far as I can make out they are really favourable. . . . I expect I shall have to give up the 'Rosalind,' but I shall see better by next week. However, if I have any doubt I will finish the small affairs and leave at once; so don't be surprised if you suddenly hear of me. It is more than I can endure, and life is too short to be such a fool as I am, working here

"JEPHTHAH'S DAUGHTER." 1867

By permission of Lord Armstrong

and hating every touch. The picture, in the bright sunlight, looks like a rhinoceros hide!"

By August 22nd, however, he became interested in "Rosalind," as appears by a letter of that date in which he says, "It is a thousand pities to leave the 'Rosalind' as it is, and I have half a mind to give up all the shooting. I am really getting on splendidly now, but it is terribly hard work in such weather."

But a few days later he seems to have got into a muddle in the painting, to which he had now again taken an intense dislike. In a letter of August 27th, he says, "Since writing to you this afternoon I have finished the 'Sleeping' and worked all day on the 'Waking.' I am afraid the 'Rosalind' will stick altogether if I don't finish it at once. I would rather anything almost than have to return to it, I hate it so much. . . . I have now finished 'Waking' as well, and dine with Hodgkinson this evening, taking 'Sleeping' to Barlow [the engraver] *en route.*"

Happily "Rosalind" came all right at last, and he was extremely pleased with it; but he often said afterwards that it cost him more hard work and anxiety than any picture he ever did except "The Vale of Rest." After this time he was hardly ever embarrassed by his work, and never for a moment came to a standstill over any picture, his facility of execution seeming to increase as the years went by.

"Rosalind" was sold by the Agnews to a Mr. Hamilton of Liverpool, and when that gentleman left the neighbourhood it passed into the hands of Mr. A. G. Kurtz. After that it came once more into the possession of Messrs. Agnew, who sold it to Mr. Bunten of Dunalastair for £5,000.

In view of another great Art Exhibition in Paris in the following year (1868) an effort was again made to secure a fair and full representation of the best British talent, and ultimately Millais was induced to send some of his finest pictures. His friend Holman Hunt was, of course, to the fore in urging him to do so. His letter is so characteristic of the man and his lofty aims that I give it here almost in full.

From Holman Hunt.

"14, LUNG ARNO ACCIAGOLI, FIRENZE,

"*May 26th*, 1867.

"MY DEAR MILLAIS,—I was glad to get your letter the other day, although I had not in any degree been out of

patience in waiting for it, for I know by bitter experience how hard it is to get time to write to friends. I still wish you were going to the Paris Exhibition. Of late I have been feeling very strongly indeed the responsibility which every man, and especially remarkable and successful men, are under to do the utmost that is possible with their talents, and I believe that for this it is essential that they should know of everything, as far as possible, that others are doing in the same branch of work. Of course you will not suppose that I mean a great man should bother his little life, or any of it, in trying to get medals and twopenny honours in future competitions, but he should see and judge with all his steadiest powers that he is leaving none of the heaven-entrusted talents he has within him unused and uncultivated. All the Italian journals here are speaking of the English pretensions to a place in the Art world as meaner than those of any other nation. It may be concluded, of course, that national prejudice and vanity blind this race of patent geniuses, but at the same time we should have to admit the possibility that our own higher estimate of the English claims may be affected by the weaknesses which influence the Italians; and at this distance, calling upon my memory of the pictures we English painters have produced in the last ten years, I must admit that while in little pictures we have exhibited certain artistic merits not possessed in the same degree by any other country, in seriousness and importance of subject we are far behind where we should be, seeing that we have about eight or ten really great painters, amongst whom J. E. Millais has the highest powers of all. You must not be testy with me that I revert to this subject. Remember that lately I have had many reasons to think of the perennial interests of life. In a few days we shall both be lying in our dark bed under the growing flowers, and the naked soul of us will have no riches that we have not already laid up in heaven; and these must surely be composed of (amongst other things) the intellectual advance which the energy and modest scrutiny of man have enabled him to make in his life on earth. You may say that I should first do something great myself, but I might lose time in waiting. . . .

"You have really a faculty for painting such as perhaps no other man ever had—certainly such as none since Titian ever possessed. . . . In dramatic force I am convinced that nearly all the old Art is merely puerile (I have not yet seen

Tintoretto), and that by developing this particular power in yourself you may take a position higher than that ever occupied in Art to this time.

"I am well assured that you put my name down on the Academy list with the kindest intention. I should, however, I must avow, have been unhappy had I been elected, for I should have had to do so disagreeable a thing as to retire after having been elected. Many good friends of mine are in the body, and these I know would not have understood my objection to remain, and if I stayed it would only be doing violence to my conscience, which will not allow me to see in the institution as at present constituted anything but a power most injurious to the true interests of Art. . . . For my own personal interest I know I am unwise in my views. I may lose in professional gains, but I hope to meet with enough success to allow me to do my own work in my own way; and with this secured to me I have no excuse for considering more about the morrow. . . .

"Yours ever affectionately,

"W. Holman Hunt."

In 1868 Millais went to Paris, accompanied by Frith; and again Gambart kindly acted as cicerone. Under his wing they were fortunate enough to make the acquaintance of Rosa Bonheur, of whom Frith has some interesting notes in his *Autobiography*. He says:—"In 1868 the Great Exhibition was held in Paris, in which the English school of painting was worthily represented, and as worthily acknowledged, by the French. I went to Paris, accompanied by Millais, as I have noted elsewhere. . . . Above and beyond all the eminent French artists to whom Gambart introduced us, we were most anxious to make the acquaintance of Mademoiselle Rosa Bonheur. Our desire was no sooner made known to that lady than it was gratified, for we received an invitation to luncheon with her at her château, in the Forest of Fontainebleau. See us, then, arrive at the station, where a carriage waits, the coachman appearing to be a French abbé. The driver wore a black, broad-brimmed hat and black cloak, long white hair, with a cheery, rosy face.

"'But that red ribbon?' said I to Gambart. 'Do priests wear the Legion of Honour?'

"'Priest!' replied Gambart; 'what priest? That is Mademoiselle Bonheur. She is one of the very few ladies

in France who is *décorée*. You can speak French; get on the box beside her.'

"Then, chatting delightfully, we were driven to the château, in ancient times one of the forest-keeper's lodges, castellated and picturesque to the last degree; date about Louis XIII. There lives the great painter with a lady companion; and others, in the form of boars, lions, and deer, who serve as models. The artist had little or nothing to show us of her own work. Her health had not been good of late; besides, when her work is done 'it is always carried off,' she said. Stretching along one side of a very large studio was a composition in outline of corn-threshing (in Spain, I think), the operation being performed by horses, which are made to gallop over the sheaves—a magnificent work, begging to be completed.

"'Ah,' said the lady, looking wistfully at the huge canvas, 'I don't know if I shall ever finish that!'"

"Of course Millais was deservedly overwhelmed with compliments, and I came in for my little share. That the luncheon was delightful goes without saying. One incident touched me. We spoke much of Landseer, whose acquaintance Rosa Bonheur had made on a visit to England, and with whose work she had, of course, great sympathy. Gambart repeated to her some words of praise given by Landseer to a picture of hers then exhibiting in London. Her eyes filled with tears as she listened."

It would be too great a tax upon the patience of my readers to trace the history of Millais' works outside of those best known to the public. I shall, therefore, confine my attention henceforward to his *chefs d'œuvres*, merely mentioning the titles and dates of others as they were painted, and adding at the end of Volume II. a catalogue as complete as I can make it, with some few notes on each.

It will be noticed that in the selection of a model Millais commonly wandered more widely than most of his craft, rarely resorting to professionals, except where the exact set of a costume or a steady pose of figure or limb was necessary to his work. In other cases he generally found what he wanted amongst personal friends or members of his own family, who were always glad to render him any service in their power. For his diploma picture, "A

"THE MARTYR OF THE SOLWAY." 1870

By permission of the Corporation of Liverpool

Souvenir of Velasquez" (painted in 1867) he was fortunate enough to find a model in a pretty child who was sitting by him in church one Sunday, and whose parents (strangers to him) kindly allowed her to come to him.

In his minor works portraits of his own children are of common occurrence, and in one of his larger pictures—"The Wolf's Den"—Everett, George, Effie, and Mary are all seen together (their first appearance as a group), playing at "wild

SKETCH FOR "THE BOYHOOD OF RALEIGH"

animals." Arrayed in wolf-skins, the children are emerging from the recesses under the grand piano.

"The Boyhood of Raleigh" (painted in 1870) is another and much more important work, in which members of the family appear, the two boys being painted from my brothers Everett and George (both now deceased); but for the sailor, who is entrancing them with romantic tales of the Spanish main, a professional model was employed. The background was painted at Lady Rolles' place, on the Devonshire coast.

For a full description of the picture I am indebted to Mr. Stephens, the Art critic, who, writing in one of the

reviews of that year, says:—"This work glows in the warm light of a Devonshire sun, and shows the sunburnt, stalwart, Genoese sailor—one of those who were half pirates, half heroes, such as Kingsley has delighted countless boys by describing—seated, with his brawny, bronzed shoulders towards us, on a sea wall, while before him, and at ease upon the floor, are Raleigh and his brother, listening eagerly and with rapt ears to the narration of wonders on sea and land. The sailor points to the southward, for there lies the Spanish main, the scene of all his troubles and adventures. The young Walter sits up on the pavement, and with his hands locked about his raised knees, and with fixed, dreaming eyes, seems to see El Dorado, the islands of the east and west, the 'palms and temples of the south,' as well as the Mexican and other monarchs he had read about. Ships, gold, the hated Spaniards, and (most brilliant of all) that special object of his life's endeavours, the 'fountain of youth,' were before his fancy. The other boy, whose intelligence is not of the vision-seeing sort, but rather refers to the visions of others, lies almost at length on the ground, leaning his chin within both hands. A toy ship stands near the boys. The scene includes a low pier or wall, as of a battery looking on to the sea, which, shimmering and barred with delicate hues of blue and green, reflects on a sunny sky. At the feet of the group lie a starfish, seaweed, a rusty anchor, and waste of the beach, with some stuffed birds of outlandish sorts and bright plumage, and dry flowers."

In the same year was painted "The Flood," for which my sister Sophie (Mrs. MacEwen), then a baby, sat, or rather lay in her cradle. The subject, as Mr. Stephens says, "was first suggested by a real occurrence of a child being borne away on the waters in its cradle, which took place at Sheffield in 1864; and the artist's intention of using the incident is noted in Charles Reade's novel, *Put Yourself in His Place.*"

A little tale attaches to this picture which I think is worth recording. Fifteen years later—it was in 1885—my father saw it again, at an exhibition of his works in the Grosvenor Gallery, and after looking at it for some time it flashed across his mind that he could very materially improve it by repainting part of the background. It would cost him, of course, a considerable amount of time and trouble to effect

this change; but that was nothing: he never thought of himself in a matter of this sort. The alteration must be made; and, feeling sure that the owner would be highly gratified by the attention, he had the picture sent at once to Palace Gate, and did what was required to set it right. But (as the old saying is) he reckoned without his host. So far from being pleased with the attention, the owner, when he saw it in the studio, was very angry. "You have spoilt my picture," he cried. "Oh, no, I have not," said Millais with a smile, and with two or three wipes of a turpentine rag he swept away for ever the hated "improvement." "There's your picture," he said, and, to the amazement of the owner, there it was, with the background and everything else precisely the same as before!

The kitten in the child's cradle belonged to the Millais' household, but was surreptitiously captured by Fred Walker, in whose *Life* it is mentioned under the expressive name of "Eel-eye." It was an evil-minded little miscreant, but its moral defects were forgotten in the halo of Art with which it was held to be invested.

Millais painted the background of "The Flood" close to Windsor, going there during some inundations. The old cradle was a Scotch one, the property of T. Faed, R.A.

The winter of 1867 was rendered memorable by two visits from Rubinstein, the famous pianist, on an introduction by Professor Ella. My father and mother were both passionately fond of music, and on the second visit he was good enough to play the whole evening, to the great delight of themselves and their friends. In after years they often talked of the intense pleasure he had given them.

In the following year (1868) Millais was mainly engaged on "The Sisters" (a picture of his daughters Effie, Mary, and Carrie, in white dresses and blue sashes), a portrait of Sir John Fowler, "The Gambler's Wife," "Stella," and "Vanessa." And in the Academy he exhibited "Rosalind and Celia," "The Sisters," "Stella," and "Pilgrims to St. Paul's." The autumn he spent, as usual, in Scotland, staying some time with his friends Sir William Harcourt and Sir Edwin Landseer; and after a brief visit at Braemore, as the guest of Sir John Fowler, he went on to Fannich, when Landseer also took up his quarters there.

In the Academy of 1869 he exhibited "The Gambler's

Wife," and portraits of Sir John Fowler and Miss Nina Lehmann.* His well-known work, "The Widow's Mite," was also painted this year.

And now, on the approach of autumn, his father's health, which had for some time been a source of anxiety to the family, became so much worse that when August came Millais was afraid to start for his usual holiday in the North. On the 18th of that month the old man, who was then living at Kingston, near London, was seized with paralysis; and on the following day Millais wrote to his wife, who had gone to Scotland in the hope of his joining her there, "Since writing hastily this morning I have taken my father in a brougham home to Kingston, as I didn't like the moving from one conveyance to another, and when I got him home he was better and spoke more clearly; but he has evidently had a serious shock, which he will never get over. He is so tottering that he cannot rise from his chair without assistance, and when I took him into the studio he was dreadfully overcome on seeing the picture of 'The Widow.' Altogether he is so weak, it is melancholy to see him. I stayed with him till seven, and called on Kershaw, the Kingston doctor, who was to receive a letter about his case. . . . I shall not leave town until I am quite satisfied about his state."

And again, on the 16th of August, he wrote:—"I have been every other day to Kingston to see my father. I was with him yesterday for some hours, sitting in his garden, watching the fish in the stream which flows at the end of the walk under a pretty weeping willow. He was weaker yesterday, but clearer in the eyes, and, I think, on the whole, better. I called twice to see Kershaw, and left word he is to write and let me know whether it is safe for me to leave. My father wishes me to go, and I almost think I might now, as I don't imagine he is in any danger. His head is quite clear, and I know he would be delighted to hear from you; so write a cheery letter about the children. . . . I dined yesterday at Little Holland House, and to-day with Val Prinsep. Am not working at all, for I am too tired."

His father—a fine old gentleman, who had many friends and never an enemy—passed away peacefully on January

* Mr. Barwell writes:—"It is extremely difficult for a portrait painter to satisfy a devoted parent who adores his child. In this case the writer asked Mr. Lehmann if the likeness satisfied him. The reply was, 'When I look upon that picture I am looking at my child.'"

"VICTORY, O LORD!" 1870

By permission of the Corporation of Manchester

28th, 1870. He had lived to witness the success of his son —for which both he and his good wife had made so many sacrifices—and now that his fondest wish was gratified he was content to enter upon the long sleep that awaits us all.

In 1869 Major Vans-Agnew and John Campbell, of the Indian Civil Service, joined Millais in grouse-shooting near Loch Maree, and the little deer forest of Torridon, in Ross-shire, where they had splendid sport. But his experience later on in the season was not quite so happy. At that time two forests in Scotland were in the hands of men who were tuft-hunters rather than sportsmen, and on his visits to one of them (at B——) he found to his chagrin that, instead of the equality of treatment commonly meted out to sportsmen, the chance of a shot depended on the social rank of the shooter. As he said in a letter to his wife, "Every day there was a lord on the best beat, a baronet on the second-best beat, and I have to scrape along the outside where there are no stags"; and in another letter, "I have just returned from my second unsuccessful stalk, and, as before, no shot; and that is not surprising, as there are no deer on the ground where I am sent! Had I gone to B——'s [another house where similar snobbishness predominated], as I was asked to do, it would have been even worse. However, there is the river, which is fair anyhow. The Lord X—— (who is a capital chap) and the baronet go away to-morrow, so I shall, perhaps, have a shot before I go. Anyway, I don't much care for sport under such circumstances, nor whether I kill twenty stags or none! When things are worked in that way no sportsman does. I have got strong and feel well; and that is the great thing."

In 1870 the new galleries in Piccadilly were opened for the first time, and Millais sent four subject-pictures—"The Boyhood of Raleigh," "A Widow's Mite," "Flood," and "A Knight Errant." "The Widow's Mite" originated in this wise. After finishing "The Gambler's Wife" the model came one morning dressed in widow's weeds, and begged to see the artist. He was much touched at seeing her pale, sad face, and on hearing her story, which was the usual tale of penury, he asked her to come again next day, dressed as she was, as he could, perhaps, think of a good subject. She came accordingly, and he at once commenced "The Widow's Mite," with her as a model.

About "The Knight Errant"—the only picture of Millais' in which the nude figure is seen—I have a word or two to say. It is admittedly one of the finest examples of his art; and, to my mind, a more modest or more beautiful work was never limned; but the Pharisaic spirit of the age was against it. Mrs. Grundy was shocked, or pretended to be, and in consequence it remained long on the artist's hands, no one daring to buy it. At last (in 1874) a dealer purchased it, and (with this "hall-mark") it at once gained the favour of the public. Then Mr. Tate came forward as a purchaser, and thanks to him, it is now in the gallery he so generously gave to the nation. Both the figures were from models, and the woodland background was painted at Wortley Chase.

Millais originally painted the distressed lady who had been robbed, stripped, and bound by the thieves, as looking at the spectator, and I remember well this position of the head in the picture as it hung on the drawing-room walls at Cromwell Place; but after a while he came to the conclusion that the beautiful creature would look more modest if her head were turned away, so he took the canvas down and repainted it as we see it now.

His work this year (including two fine portraits in oil, "The Marchioness of Huntly" and "Sir John Kelk," neither of which was exhibited), kept him in town a month later than usual; but September found him amongst the hills again, where he seems to have had excellent sport. Writing to my mother from Loch Luichart, he says:—"I arrived here on Thursday. Went out on Friday and missed two stags, then went out yesterday and killed two and a fawn, which was running by the side of the first stag I shot. It was on the other side, so when we went up to the stag we found it wounded beside the dead (maybe) father. . . . I am going to fish the Blackwater to-morrow, which is, I believe, a pretty good river. This place is lovely, but the weather yesterday in the forest was terrible, with rain and snow. However, I stand it well, and shot both stags through the heart. There are only Kelk's two sons and a Harrow boy here, but another college companion comes to-morrow. They are all very nice and kind, and the house most comfortable."

Later on in the same month he writes from Braemore:—"I have not heard a word how you are getting on, but it

may be there was a letter to me after I left Loch Luichart. I left on Thursday, as my remaining there interfered with his [Kelk's] boys' sport. Only one can go out stalking each day, and they were so generous they were always wishing me to go. . . . I was very lucky, and shot well, killing four stags in three days' stalking.

"I go on to Lord Westminster's (Loch More, by Lairg, Sutherland) on Monday, and shall be there a week and then return South. It has done me a lot of good. I feel very hard and fit for the work. . . . The weather has been alternately summer and winter. Two days in the mountains were cruel, and I was hailed and snowed upon for hours."

During this period (1867–1871) he enjoyed excellent deer-stalking on Braemore, Fannich, Loch Luichart, Dunrobin, and Loch More. Many splendid stags, including five royals, fell to his rifle, some of his best and most exciting stalks being on Braemore. There is a capital sketch by him in the game-book at that house, in which he appears standing over two fine harts that he had killed right and left after a long and exciting stalk. But it was of his pursuit of a big ten-pointer on Loch Luichart that he was most fond of talking. The weather had been cold and wet, which (as all sportsmen know) keeps deer constantly on the alert, and for three days he had stalked the ten-pointer without getting a shot. At last they found him in company with a herd of some fifty other deer, and amongst them an eight-pointer, very nearly as good as the big fellow. The animals were feeding near the head of a big corrie; but getting a puff of wind from one of the back eddies, they all made off along a pass well known to the stalker. However, a sharp piece of manœuvring and a quick run enabled the shooters to cut them off, and with two shots Millais killed both the big stags as they came galloping by at full speed.

He was now so skilful with the rifle that his friend Joe Jopling, a member of the English eight, frequently urged him to come and shoot at Wimbledon, anticipating great things of him there; but neither target-shooting nor public display was to his taste, so he never entertained the idea.

From Braemore he went on to Loch More, for stalking and salmon-fishing, as a guest of the Duke of Westminster. And here a curious thing happened, as mentioned in the *Life of Joseph Wolf*, the animal painter. Mr. Gould, the naturalist,

who was also a guest of the Duke's, when out fishing one day landed a salmon, which he concealed in the bracken behind a small bush in a meadow. When he came to look for his fish it was nowhere to be found, and after a long and unsuccessful search he began to think the keepers had purloined it. They, however, laid the blame on the cows, suggesting that they had eaten it. The idea was scoffed at by every sportsman in the house, and to prove its absurdity a fresh salmon was brought from the larder and put in the same field, when, to the astonishment of the scoffers, the cows promptly marched up and devoured it. "*Credat Judæus!*" was the reply whenever my father told this story; but nowadays most naturalists are well aware that salmon or any other fish are readily eaten by ruminants.

It was October 10th before he got back again to Perth. And now came upon him in overwhelming force the desire he had long entertained to paint at least one landscape in the country he loved so well. For years past he had thought of this, but the demand for his works becoming ever more and more pressing, he could rarely escape from town before the middle of August, and must generally be back at his work again in October, just as Scotland was putting on its most attractive garb.

His chance came at last. A subject that he greatly fancied was close at hand, and he could now find time to paint it. Away down the river Tay, some five miles below Perth, is a little backwater whose shores are covered with tall reeds and rushes, the haunt of duck and moorhen and other aquatic birds, and between this backwater and the river is a long strip of land covered with willows. Nothing here, one would think, demanding special attention; and, in fact, though many artists must have passed the place by railway, no one had as yet been tempted to stop and paint it. But to Millais this wild landscape, with trees and rushes swaying in the wind as he had often seen them, was full of a beauty all its own that he must needs present on canvas. Stopping therefore one evening at the little station of Kinfauns, he made arrangements for commencing work at once; and so "Chill October" came into existence.

Of the picture itself little need be said. It is known to everyone who cares for Art, and its sentiment, so characteristic of the hand that gave it birth, appeals to every lover of Nature in her varying moods.

"CHILL OCTOBER." 1870

By permission of Lord Armstrong

Lord Justice James wrote a happy criticism on it, founded on the ancient Welsh ballad :—

"Maetri pheth yu handfodol i Fardd—
Plygad i weled Anian,
Calon i demito Anian,
Glewder i gydfyrd ag Anian."

In English :—

"There are three things essential to a poet—
An eye to see Nature,
A heart to feel Nature,
Courage to follow Nature."

"Every true painter is a poet. A good landscape is especially a descriptive poem, and in this landscape the artist has shown us how well he has seen, how thoroughly he has felt, and how truly he has followed Nature.

"HOUND HOUSE, GUILDFORD,
"*May 10th*, 1871."

Pasted on the stretcher at the back of this picture is a sheet of paper, on which the following note appears in Millais' writing :—"'Chill October' was painted from a backwater of the Tay just below Kinfauns, near Perth. The scene, simple as it is, had impressed me for years before I painted it. The traveller between Perth and Dundee passes the spot where I stood. Danger on either side—the tide, which once carried away my platform, and the trains, which threatened to blow my work into the river. I chose the subject for the sentiment it always conveyed to my mind, and I am happy to think that the transcript touched the public in a like manner, although many of my friends at the time were at a loss to understand what I saw to paint in such a scene. I made no sketch for it, but painted every touch from Nature, on the canvas itself, under irritating trials of wind and rain. The only studio work was in connection with the effect.—JOHN EVERETT MILLAIS. *18th May*, 1882."

There is a little tale about it that my father was fond of repeating. While the work was in progress he kept the picture at the stationmaster's hut close by the scene he was painting, and every morning and evening the railway porter, a well-known character, used to help him to and fro with his canvas and easel. He took a special pride in this, and later on, when the work was finished, he commonly referred to it as "the picture *we* made doon by the watter side." So many people asked him questions about it, that at last he

became quite an authority on the subject, and (keenly alive to the glory it brought him) delivered his opinions freely to all comers. "Ye see," he would say, "Mr. Mullus wud sit heër a' day, jist titch titch wi' they bit brushes. A' dinna ken how the man cud dae it, it was that cauld."

He had a great opinion of "the man," but none whatever of his art, as may be gathered from his remarks to my uncle, George Gray, on visiting him shortly after the sale of the picture in 1871. "Is it true," he said, "as a' was seein' i' the papers, that Mr. Mullus had got a thoosand poonds for yon picture he painted heër?" "Oh yes, Jock," said my uncle, "that's all right." "Weel," responded Jock after a slight pause, "it's a verra funny thing, but a' wudna hae gien half-a-croon for it mysel."

"Flowing to the Sea," a much gayer picture than "Chill October," was also painted this year (1870), and was till recently in the collection of Mr. Benzon, of Kensington Palace Gardens. The scene, taken from the banks of the Tay, at Waukmill Ferry, shows the river in the glowing sunlight of the northern harvest-time; and the figures are those of two men of the 42nd Highlanders, with a girl (Mrs. Stibbard) seated on a bench. There all is joy and brightness, the blue stream and the bluer sky, bright autumn tints on the trees and the grey hills in the distance, while the tunics of the two soldiers give a nice splash of colour, which the artist knew so well how to use without a touch of crudeness. The scene is little changed since then. When I was there, in the autumn of 1897, the same old ferryman was still winding his passengers across the stream in the same spot by the farm-house, and, for aught I know, he is still on his winding way.

In June, 1870, Charles Dickens died. My father had long entertained a tender regard for the great novelist, and went down to Gad's Hill Place and made a sketch of him. He intended at first to make only a little outline drawing; but the features of the great novelist struck him as being so calm and beautiful in death that he ended by making a finished portait, the value of which may be gathered from the charming letter I venture to insert here.

"GAD'S HILL PLACE,

"*June 16th.*

"MY DEAR MR. MILLAIS,—C—— has just brought down your drawing. It is quite impossible to describe the effect it

CHARLES DICKENS (AFTER DEATH)

By permission of Mrs. Perugini

has had upon us. No one but yourself, I think, could have so perfectly understood the beauty and pathos of his dear face as it lay on that little bed in the dining-room, and no one but a man with genius bright as his own could have so reproduced that face as to make us feel now, when we look at it, that he is still with us in the house. Thank you, dear Mr. Millais, for giving it to me. There is nothing in the world I have, or can ever have, that I shall value half as much. I think you know this, although I can find so few words to tell you how grateful I am.

"Yours most sincerely,

"KATIE."

Kate Dickens is now the wife of Mr. Perugini, the well-known artist, and through her kindness I am enabled to present my readers with a copy of this interesting picture.

The church of Kinnoull (about half a mile from Bowerswell), where my mother now lies buried along with many other members of her family, was endeared to my father by many interesting ties. He liked the place itself, and still more the dear old minister, John Anderson—"the Doctor," as we used to call him—and in the winter of 1870 he designed for the church what I cannot but consider one of the most beautiful stained glass windows in Great Britain. The subject is the same as that of his drawings of the parables, of which, it may be remembered, he made duplicates in water-colours. From these duplicates enlarged drawings were made and reproduced in glass with a success even more brilliant than he had anticipated.

The old "Doctor" (now, alas! gathered to his fathers) was so remarkable a character and so intimate a friend of my father's, that a few words about him here will not, I hope, be considered out of place. He was one of the old school of parsons, now, unhappily, dwindling in number day by day. A man of highly cultivated mind, and a born orator, he never failed to interest his congregation, rich and poor alike; and, to my thinking, his broad Scotch accent gave an additional charm to his words as he delivered them from a full heart, without (so far as one could see) even so much as a note to aid his memory. I have never in my life listened to a more impressive preacher. He was a bit of a poet too, and wrote verses upon nearly all of Millais' best-known

pictures, while his sporting propensities were mainly limited to fishing, on which he was quite as keen as my father. Many a jolly day they had together on Loch Leven, when anglers there were few and far between, and the sport much better than it is to-day.

Here is what he says about the new window :—

From the Rev. John Anderson.

"*Kinnoull Manse, Monday.*

"My dear Mr. Millais,—Now that I have found some time to study the window, I venture to offer you my unmixed congratulations. It is very difficult to single out particular portions for praise, where all is excellent; and, in the pointed and polite language of Mrs. Malaprop, 'comparisons are odorous.' On the design and blendings of colour I need not dwell, for they at once strike every beholder of average taste; but that which appears to me one of the greatest triumphs of the work is the marvellous perspective of the various landscapes. Painted glass in general, so far as my acquaintance with it goes, offers to the eye no more perspective than that which is seen upon a china vase or teacups. The Kinnoull window is of a very different character, and is at once a window and a picture true to Nature. In a word, I look upon your designs as commentaries worthy of the great utterances of Him by whom the parables were spoken. . . . Yesterday, to a large audience, I preached my first sermon on the 'Virgins,' and I am preparing another upon the 'Wedding Garment,' intending to go from top to bottom [of Millais' designs].

"We are once more settling down to the old gin-horse round. The North Inch looks smaller after Hyde Park, but we keep our hearts up by looking at the Grampians and listening to the murmurs of old Father Tay.

"Give our kindest love to Mrs. Millais, and with best wishes for all, I remain

"Your obliged friend,

"John Anderson."

"Victory, O Lord!" (better known perhaps as "Joshua") was exhibited in 1871. In the composition of this picture the artist seized the moment when Moses, Aaron, and Hur are seen on the top of the mountain, while Joshua fights

with the Amalekites at the foot, as described in Exodus xvii. 10, 11, 12, 13. "So Joshua did as Moses had said to him, and fought with Amalek: and Moses, Aaron, and Hur went up to the top of the hill. And it came to pass, when Moses held up his hand, that Israel prevailed: and when he let down his hand, Amalek prevailed. But Moses' hands were heavy; and they took a stone, and put it under him, and he sat thereon; and Aaron and Hur stayed up his hands, the one on the one side, and the other on the other side; and his hands were steady until the going down of the sun. And Joshua discomfited Amalek and his people with the edge of the sword." The work is, perhaps, best described by Mr. F. G. Stephens, who (writing at the time of the Exhibition) says:—"Moses is seated, his face absorbed in religious triumph and an ecstasy of victorious zeal, and he is thoroughly steadfast and immovable, while his supporters look as if fatigue overcame their energies and destroyed their hopes for victory; each of them, though nearly fainting, clasps an arm of the chief against his breast, and bears it up with his hands—back, loins, and lower limbs all centred in one action. Aaron, in red, is erect; he turns half about, so as to catch a glimpse of the fight in the valley below the rocky mountain side on which the three are placed. Hur has the staff-hand of Moses, and, like Aaron, clasps it against his breast, bringing to it the support of all his remaining strength. Such are the design and composition. Among its more striking qualities is fine flesh-painting. Notice the legs of Moses, which are as fine pieces of bold and vigorous painting as we know. Mr. Millais has had this picture in hand during several years past; it does him great honour, and redounds to his credit more than many of his recent works."

Coming down from the sublime to the ridiculous, there is a little joke connected with this picture that I cannot refrain from repeating. Some years after it was exhibited Millais was called upon to paint the portrait of a handsome Jewish lady, whose husband, Mr. Moses, had, for reasons best known to himself, changed his name for a good old English one. This little circumstance was not forgotten when the portrait appeared on the Academy walls. In his report of the Exhibition a waggish critic wrote:—"Some years ago Mr. Millais painted a famous picture, 'Moses, Aaron, and Hur.' This time we see he has painted her without Moses."

"George Grote," was painted this year (1871) for the members of the Convocation of London University, of which Dr. Grote was vice-chancellor. And a sore trial to Millais was this portrait. For the life of him he could not get it right, and at last the Doctor, who had sat to him no less than twenty-two times, positively refused to sit again. Still, the portrait must be finished; and finished it was, the artist parting with it at last in a most unhappy frame of mind, dissatisfied both with himself and with his work. Years went by; and his eye, now fresh and critical, again rested upon the painting, when, to his great delight, he saw that it was one of the best portraits he had ever painted.

In another direction, however, he met with a great disappointment. To him, as to other artists, modern dress, especially that of the black-coated fraternity, is a stumbling-block that no amount of skill can entirely remove; and when (as sometimes happens) the physiognomy of the sitter presents no point of interest, the portrait painter's task is wearisome in the extreme. But now the prospect of a portrait thoroughly to his mind lay before him. Tom Taylor was most anxious that he should paint that tragedy queen of her day, Mrs. Rousby, the actress, and (as Millais thought) all the preliminaries were arranged; but, from reasons the nature of which I cannot ascertain, the contract did not come off, and Millais lost for ever the chance of a picture that he had looked forward to with the greatest enthusiasm.

It was in this year that the Artists' Benevolent Institution was founded by Millais and his friend Philip Hardwick, the architect; and a most prosperous and beneficent undertaking it has proved. Under its provisions poor artists, their widows and children enjoy the same benefits as are provided for poor authors by the Literary Fund, or poor actors by the funds of the Theatrical Society; and since its establishment, in 1871, a whole legion of applicants have found relief through its instrumentality.

The origin of this institution was described by Millais at the Academy Banquet in 1895, when proposing the toast of "The Prince and Princess of Wales and other Members of the Royal Family." He said:—"In 1871 the late Philip Hardwick and I started the Artists' Orphan Fund, and to ensure success I asked His Royal Highness to take the chair for our inauguration dinner. His Royal Highness accepted with that alacrity which he always shows in doing good,

MRS. BISCHOFFSHEIM. 1873

By permission of Mrs. Bischoffsheim

and the result of that dinner was a subscription of £16,000. We gave a second dinner the following year for the same object, and I then appealed to His Royal Highness the Duke of Saxe-Coburg, who presided in the same spirit, when a further sum was obtained of £6000, making in all £22,000. The Artists' Orphan Fund is now a flourishing institution, and its prosperity is mainly due to the assistance given us bv their Royal Highnesses."

In the autumn of 1871 was painted "The Millstream," or "Flowing to the Sea," presenting a view of the little brook below the mill at Stormontfield salmon-ponds, some six miles above Perth; and amongst the portraits of the year were that of the Duke of Westminster and a fine quarter-length portrait of Sir James Paget, the great surgeon of the period. Of this portrait, Mr. F. G. Barwell says:—"A son of Sir James told me that he thought he could have recognised the original if only a part of the picture had been shown him and with the head concealed, so completely had the painter caught every characteristic of his father."

And now another idea took possession of Millais' mind. In a review of his works it was asserted that, successful as he was in certain branches of his Art, he was quite incapable of making such a picture of three beautiful women together in the dress of the period as Sir Joshua Reynolds had produced in his famous portrait of "The Ladies Waldegrave." He happened to see this review, and at once determined to show the world that such a task was by no means beyond his power, even when handicapped by the ungraceful dress and coiffure of the early seventies. The result was "Hearts are Trumps," in which the three beautiful daughters of Sir William Armstrong (now Mrs. Tennant-Dunlop, Mrs. Secker, and Mrs. Ponsonby Blennerhasset) appear, engaged in a game of cards. That he was not altogether unsuccessful in his effort may be gathered from the following notice of this work in *The Life and Work of Sir John Millais*, by Mr. Walter Armstrong, published in 1885. The author says:—"Few of Sir John Millais' pictures—perhaps none—made a greater sensation on their appearance at the Academy than this group of three young girls. The arrangement is, of course, not a little reminiscent of a famous Sir Joshua; but there

is a bravura in the execution, and a union of respect for the minutest vagaries of fashion with breadth of hand and unity of result, which has never been excelled since the days of Don Diego Velasquez. And here I may pause for a moment to contrast the modern painter's way of going to work with that of his forerunners of a few generations ago. In the picture last mentioned there are many accessories—a tall Chinese screen, a bank of red, white, and yellow azaleas, a card table, an Oriental gueridon with an empty tea-cup—and all these, as well as the wide-spreading draperies of the three girls, were painted entirely by the hand of the master, which, moreover, had previously designed the grey dresses with their pink ribbons and yellow lace. In all this the distance is wide enough between the work of Millais and the 'Waldegraves' of Reynolds, in which, as Walpole tells us, the journeyman had finished the table, etc., with the minuteness of a Dutch flower-painter. During the lifetime of Lady Waldegrave a small copy of Millais' picture used to hang at Strawberry Hill, near the group of Walpole's nieces. It served, at least, to show how slight was the fancied debt from the modern to the less than modern master."

One of my earliest recollections is being sent with an important message to the studio one morning, when my father was engaged on this picture. He was so completely absorbed in his work that, though I spoke to him again and again, he neither saw nor heard me; so I went back to my mother and told her that "there was something wrong with father, as he couldn't speak."

Amongst the works of 1873 was the portrait of Mrs. Bischoffsheim. It made quite a sensation in Paris, at the 1878 Exposition Universelle, and again at Munich in the following year—a sensation all the greater, perhaps, in Paris, as at the time the French really knew little or nothing of English Art, and looked only with pitying eyes on what they were pleased to call "efforts at Art." That they had some reason for the sneer, something more worthy of them than mere prejudice or jealousy, can hardly be doubted. One must conclude, therefore, that the English pictures, except the few exhibits that found their way into that country in 1855, were not exactly of the highest order of merit. Indeed this is evident from the fact that they now welcomed English

Art as equal to the best of their own, and placed it at once in the class to which it was entitled.

"Mrs. Heugh" was also a portrait of this year, and one that afforded Millais some amusement. He used to say that the family were so extremely religious that even the parrot whose portrait appears in the picture could not refrain from an occasional word in season, and frequently exhorted him to "Let us pray" whilst the work was proceeding. That the result was satisfactory appears from the following letter from Mr. John Heugh, acknowledging the receipt of his mother's portrait :—

From Mr. John Heugh.

"HOLMEWOOD,

"*February 13th*, 1873.

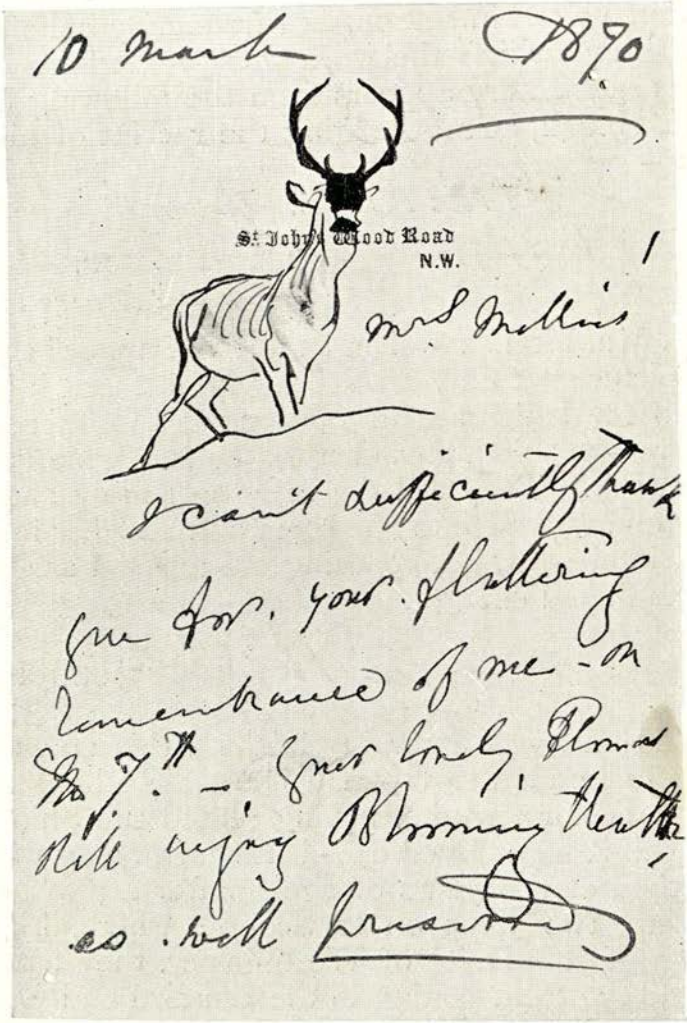
"DEAR MR. MILLAIS,—I must not lose a post in telling you that the picture not only arrived safely, but that it is magnificent. All my ladies are in raptures at the likeness, and at the picture—position, accessories, colour, tone, are all in such harmony. They tell the story so simply and so truly, just as if one walked into the room and saw her in her calm, dignified, intelligent, but reposing old age. I shall never be able to thank you enough.

"Yours very truly,

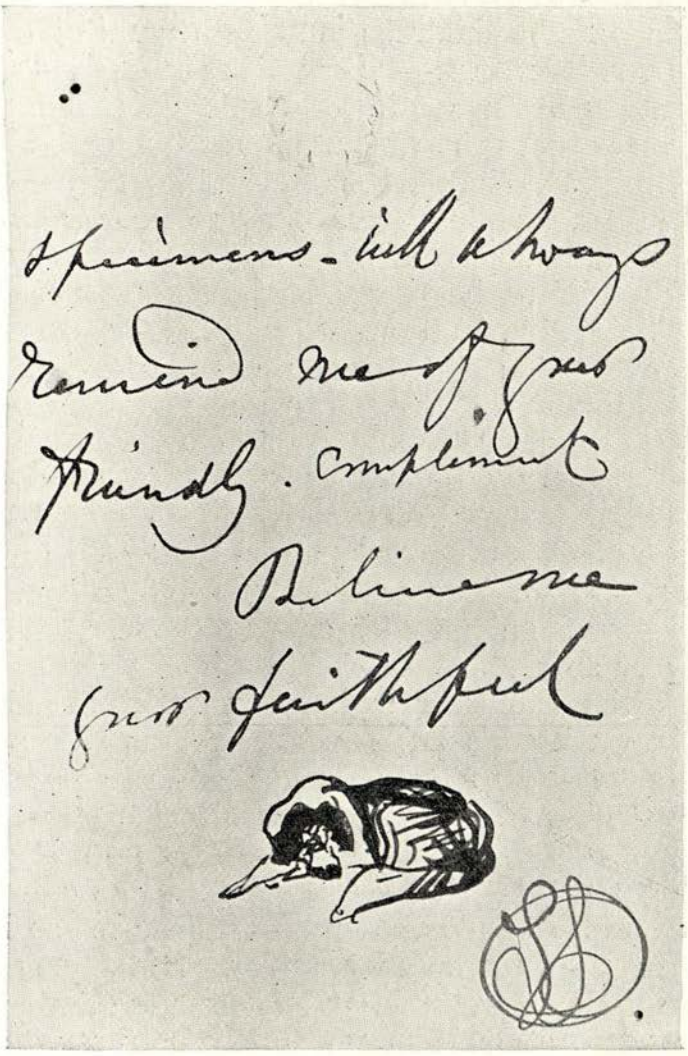
"JOHN HEUGH."

While Millais was away in Scotland this autumn he lent his studio in London to Holman Hunt. He himself repaired to Sutherlandshire, where, having rented the Shin again for salmon fishing, he enjoyed excellent sport, along with his son George, then eleven years of age. After a pleasant stay at Inveran, the two went on to Scourie, where, by the kind permission of the Duke of Westminster, they had first-rate salmon and sea-trout fishing in the Laxford and Loch Stack.

A sad and memorable event of this year was the death of poor Landseer, for whom my father entertained a high regard. Both he and my mother frequently visited him in his later years, when adverse circumstances had crushed him to the ground, and he was always delighted to see them, particularly my mother, in whose presence he seemed to forget his troubles. She always sent him a choice bouquet on his birthday ; and in acknowledging one of these gifts, he sent her the characteristic letter here reproduced in facsimile :—



LETTER FROM SIR EDWIN LANDSEER TO MRS. MILLAIS



LETTER FROM SIR EDWIN LANDSEER TO MRS. MILLAIS

One of our greatest friends in these years was Mr. Thomas Hyde Hills, a partner of Mr. Jacob Bell, and ultimately head of the firm of Bell & Co., Oxford Street. He was also a great friend and admirer of Landseer. In 1873 Millais painted a portrait of Mr. Hills, and presented it to him as a mark of his appreciation of the many kindnesses he had shown the artist's children; and in thanking him for the picture Mr. Hills wrote:—"I am sorry to say our poor friend Sir Edwin will never see it, for I fear he is dying, and will be but a very short time with us; but he expressed his great gratification and delight when I told him of your kindness. Poor old fellow, I should have liked to hear what he would have said if he had seen it."

In another letter he complained of the scanty approval vouchsafed to the dead artist's works by certain critics, notably Mr. Ruskin; and written on the back of it is a rough outline of Millais' reply, running thus:—"You are healthy and right in your preference for Landseer's work to those of animal paintings by old masters. Mr. Ruskin's fine English is sometimes exceedingly mischievous. Although the manner of execution and painting may be preferable to Landseer's, no man dead or living has had so comprehensive a knowledge of animal life, or has depicted its forms so accurately or so well."

As an artist Landseer had the remarkable gift of being able to draw with his left hand almost as well as with his right. He was also a brilliant talker, and could imitate to perfection the cry of any animal with which he was familiar. Being asked one day at Lord Rivers' to go and see a very savage dog that was tied up in the yard, he crawled up to the animal on his hands and knees, and snarled so alarmingly that the dog, overcome with terror, suddenly snapped his chain, jumped over the wall, and was never seen again.

Another tale about him my father used to relate. One day several members of the Royal Academy were discussing in the big room of the Academy the merits of a picture which had been hung on the line, showing a youth and a girl leaning out of a window on the second floor of an old Elizabethan house. The ceiling of the room below them, as seen through the window, was so high that it seemed impossible for anybody in the room above to stand upright. Their legs, if they had any, must inevitably go through the ceiling. Various opinions were expressed on the subject, but

"NELL GWYNNE." 1882

The joint work of Millais and Landseer

all that Landseer said was, as he walked away, "Well, they are there, *not-with-standing*."

Landseer left behind him three large unfinished pictures, "Finding the Otter," "Nell Gwynne," and "The Dead Buck"—all on the easels in his studio—and his dying wish was that Millais, and no one else, should complete them. The work was accordingly taken up as a sacred trust, and the result, I venture to think, justified the confidence reposed in the artist.

Landseer, as we all know, had a style so peculiarly his own that any connoisseur can recognise it at a glance, but that it can be successfully imitated by a master-hand, the following little story tends to show :—

In the portrait of Nell Gwynne (life-size) she is seen passing through an archway on a white palfrey. This picture, in which the horse alone was finished, was bought by one of the Rothschild family and given to my father to complete. One morning a celebrated Art critic called, and was much impressed by the work. "Ah! to be sure," he said, going up close and examining a deerhound which almost breathed in the foreground; "how easily one can recognise Landseer's dogs! Wonderful, isn't it?" "Yes, it is wonderful," remarked Millais, lighting another pipe; "I finished painting that dog yesterday morning, and have done the whole of it myself!"

The park and trees forming the background of "The Dead Buck" Millais drew mainly from Nature, while following as far as possible the lines of Landseer's sketch, on the back of which I see written "Glen Feshie." This picture went to America.

"Digging Out the Otter" was left in so imperfect a state that at least two-thirds of it (including the figure, the horses, and most of the hounds) had to be painted in, the hounds being indicated only by charcoal lines; yet so cleverly was this accomplished that I think it would puzzle even artists to say for a certainty which was Landseer's work and which Millais'.

CHAPTER XIV.

1874–1878

"The North-West Passage"—Captain Trelawny—A curious compact—Prints of Millais' pictures in distant lands—"The Fringe of the Moor"—Letter to Mary Millais—"The Deserted Garden"—Ruskin disapproves—Archibald Stuart-Wortley—Millais gives him lessons—Mr. Stuart-Wortley's notes on them—Miss Dorothy Tennant—Sir William Harcourt, Lord James, and Millais at lawn-tennis—"Over the Hills and Far Away"—Lord Lytton—John Forster—"The Yeoman of the Guard"—Invitation from the Queen of Holland—"The Sound of Many Waters"—Painting under difficulties—A mad preacher—Commission to paint H.R.H. the Princess of Wales—"Effie Deans"—"The Bride of Lammermoor"—"The Princes in the Tower"—Henry Wells, R.A., on Millais—Illness and death of Millais' second son.

"THE NORTH-WEST PASSAGE," exhibited at the Academy in the spring of 1874, was perhaps the most popular of all Millais' paintings at the time, not only for its intrinsic merit, but as an expression more eloquent than words of the manly enterprise of the nation and the common desire that to England should fall the honour of laying bare the hidden mystery of the North. "It might be done, and England ought to do it": this was the stirring legend that marked the subject of the picture; and its treatment by the artist lent a dignity and a pathos to the words that undoubtedly added to their force. "One touch of nature makes the whole world kin"; and here we have the touch in the attitude and surroundings of the brave old sea-dog, and the expression of his weather-beaten features as in deep thought he gives utterance to the sentiment nearest to his heart. By his side is outspread a map of the northern regions; and with her hand resting on his, his daughter sits at his feet, reading what we may take to be the record of previous efforts to reach the Pole. He is at home now—this ancient mariner, stranded on the sands of life, like the hulk of an old ship that has done its duty—but as he listens to these deeds of daring, the old fire burns within him, and in every lineament of face and figure we see how deeply he is moved.

"THE NORTH-WEST PASSAGE." 1874

By permission of "The Illustrated London News"

No wonder that those who saw the picture—and there was always a crowd in front of it as it hung on the Academy walls—were moved in turn; and it would seem from a letter to Millais from Sir George Nares, who commanded the expedition to the North Pole in 1879, that its influence on the spirit of the nation—for engravings of it found their way into every corner of the land—was quite remarkable.

The early history of this painting is worth relating, if only as bringing into view one of the most remarkable characters that ever crossed the path of the artist. In the wide circle of his acquaintance there was but one man who came up to his ideal of the old sailor whom he wished to depict, and this was an eccentric old gentleman named Trelawny, who, when first applied to, resolutely refused to sit to him, hating as he did all the works and ways of modern society. Captain Trelawny was no ordinary man. His friends spoke of him as a "jolly old pirate"; for his early life was spent in cruising about in the Mediterranean and neighbouring seas, and the adventures he met with on those expeditions were eminently suggestive of the appellation. It happened to him at one time to fall into the hands of some Greek pirates, who took him ashore as a prisoner, and the end of it was that he married the daughter of the chief, and the happy pair spent their honeymoon in a cave. With all these vagaries, he was a man of considerable talent. Byron and Shelley were intimate friends of his, and he himself is well known for his reminiscences of them, and his autobiographical *Adventures of a Younger Son.*

This was the man whom Millais was so anxious to capture for his picture. In later years they had frequently met, and at John Leech's funeral, attended by them both, Trelawny came up, and in his bluff, unceremonious way shook Millais warmly by the hand, declaring that as mutual friends of the deceased, "the finest gentleman he had ever met," they too must be friends. And so they were. But for all that, Millais, fearing another refusal, could not bring himself to prefer his request, nor would he listen to his wife's proposal to try her persuasive powers on the old skipper. At last, in desperation, she went off unknown to her husband, and boldly tackled the picture-hater, who, after many refusals, turned round suddenly and said in his bluff way, "But I 'll tell you what I 'll do. I am greatly interested in a company for the promotion of Turkish baths in London. Now, if you will go with my niece and take six Turkish baths and pay for them

yourself, I will come and sit six times to your husband." Agreed. My mother had never been in a Turkish bath in her life, and knew nothing about them, but go she must or risk the success of the picture. So on the days appointed Trelawny came to the studio, and being assured that my mother had had her bath, surrendered himself to the artist; and so the picture was finished. Not, however, as it appears now; for as a strict teetotaller, Trelawny protested against the introduction of a tumbler of hot grog such as an old sea-dog might naturally have beside him, and it was only after the sittings were over that this was added as an accessory that could hardly be dispensed with. Poor Trelawny, when he saw it in the Academy, was very angry, fearing that everybody would recognise his portrait; and though he remained on friendly terms with my father, I doubt whether he ever quite forgave this little joke of his.

This was not the only alteration that was made in the picture before it was exhibited to the public. After the background and the two central figures were finished, my sister Alice and myself were called in to represent two children turning over a globe, in the right-hand corner, and every day for about a fortnight did we turn that wretched globe, till we hated the sight of it. All to no purpose, too, for it was found at last that our figures spoilt the composition and marred the simplicity of the tale. So out we went; that part of the canvas was cut away, and a new piece deftly inserted in its place. The flag of old England now floats over the space formerly occupied by our unsuitable forms.

The female figure was painted from a model, who also posed for the picture "Stitch, Stitch, Stitch," painted in 1876, and now in the possession of Mr. G. F. Watts, R.A., "The North-West Passage" fell into the hands of Mr. C. F. Bolckow, and is now, by the generosity of Mr. Tate, the property of the British nation.

Considering the vast number of cheap and generally excellent prints of Millais' works that have passed into the hands of people of all nations, it is not surprising to hear that some of the most popular have found their way into places where one would least expect to come across them; "Cherry Ripe," for instance, in a Tartar's hut, and "Cinderella" (gorgeously framed) in the house of a Samoan chief. "The North-West Passage" I met with myself in the remote wilds of South Africa. I had been shooting springbuck on

"STITCH! STITCH! STITCH!" 1876

By permission of G. F. Watts, R.A.

the Great Karroo, when a tropical thunderstorm compelled me to gallop off to the nearest shelter—the hut of a Hottentot shepherd, some miles away—and there before me hung a gaudy German oleograph of this picture nailed to the mud walls—the only adornment of the place. Anywhere else I should have been disposed to laugh at it as a ludicrous travesty of the original; but here it seemed like the face of an old friend bidding me welcome in the wilderness. The shepherd's opinion of it was distinctly original. In reply to my inquiry, he pointed to the Union Jack as displayed in the picture, and said in broken English, "I like that cotton goods. It would make good clothes."

In the autumn of this year were painted the two landscapes "The Fringe of the Moor" and "The Deserted Garden," the scene of the former being taken from the extreme end of the Rohallion ground, beyond the ruined village of Trochray, and close to the Loch Kennard march. It used to be a favourite beat for black game, and many were the delightful days my father and I spent there with our kind host Mr. John Bett.

Mr. Spielmann says of "The Fringe of the Moor":—"This is perhaps the best proof of Millais' wonderful ability in painting the country without greatly troubling himself about landscape composition. The picture, which represents a spot in Perthshire famous for black game, and which was beloved by the painter accordingly, is not so much a landscape as a mighty sketch for a landscape: a sketch of prodigious ability and striking verisimilitude. A triumph of technique, of drawing, light, and atmosphere; it differs from Millais' other works of the kind by the successful introduction of a sky with rolling cumulus cloud in movement. Painted with great solidity and impressiveness, the picture has been severely described, not without some reason, as motiveless veracity, except for the Natural History class. But, as has been said before, Millais did not care for tradition. If a bit of Nature pleased him, he just sat down before it, and painted it with all the vigour and earnestness of which he was capable."

Further details may be gathered from the *Athenæum*, according to the following quotation from it that I find elsewhere:—

"This landscape, according to the *Athenæum*, is a Scottish

pastoral. The view is taken from near the summit of an upland, and the eye is permitted to range across a shallow valley to where the 'moor,' or uncultivated opposite ridge, rises in broad and lofty undulations, clad in heather and gorse, and when the eye can reach no farther, though the air is marvellously clear, green fields of the brightest hues, traversed by a cloud shadow, slope from our feet to the bottom of the valley, where are a grove of firs, lines of hedgerows, and sparse trees. The upland near us is dotted with furze and fern, and clumps of broom; a cow grazes here. A path, a piece of consummate draughtsmanship, goes upwards on our right, accompanying and crossing a rude stone fence, which, with its fringe of underwood and thicker herbage, ascends to the highest point of view. The sun itself is hidden from us by a delicate cloud, but otherwise his light fills the picture. A great purple cloud lies on the moorland hillside. For brilliancy of local colouring, solidity, and that wonderful power of modelling which has always distinguished Mr. Millais, there is nothing in the Exhibition to surpass this work."

The picture was exhibited at the Academy in 1875, along with "The Deserted Garden," "The Crown of Love," "Miss E. Tennant," "No!" "Eveline, daughter of E. Lees, Esq.," and the portrait of her sister Gracia.

The following letter to my sister Mary (then at school) is so characteristic of the writer, that I make no apology for introducing it here:—

To Miss Mary Millais.

"St. Mary's Birnam Tower, N.B.,

"*November 8th*, 1874.

"My darling Mary,—Having finished my first landscape ["The Fringe of the Moor"], why shouldn't I write a line to my own one? Yes, my labours are all over up the hill, but only to begin again down in the valley ["The Deserted Garden"]. Albeit it is an egg in the basket, and I hope a very pretty chicken will come out of it.

"I have a very crabbed pen (quill) which jibs and shies like an ill-tempered horse. What character there is in pens! Each one has its own—even the steel ones, which are supposed to be all of one pattern. Now you will think I have nothing to write about; and yet I have lost a good

cousin, who was a Miss Evamy, and Lady M—— has got another little boy. And so it is; creatures are buried and creatures are born. I have been to church this morning like a good father, and you can form no idea how deserted the building was. Mr. C—— had few more to address than Mrs. Graham, Tina, the Poples, and ourselves. He has a choir of boys in dimities now, and we, as his army, were as the Clan McTavish, five-and-twenty praying men to his five-and-thirty pipers.

"Miss Sophie is a wee bit out of sorts. Every day, after our dinner, she sings to her mother's accompaniment two songs by Lionel Benson—like Gounod's, and I needn't add very charming. In her red dress she lifts up her head and sings like a robin on a twig; and somebody thinks the bird is not so pretty—an infatuated old foozelam who sits over the fire and desecrates the room with tobacco.

"Mr. Bett is going to dine with me to-day, and I give myself a holiday on Wednesday and shoot with him. The last day I went out I killed two beautiful roe and a grand capercailzie, that came down with a flop that Homer would have said made the earth tremble; but I didn't perceive the vibration. I don't think it is maidenly for young ladies to wear cock birds' feathers in their hats, otherwise I might obtain one for you.

"You will be delighted to hear that your papa's figure is even more shadowy than when you left, as he has been walking eight miles every day, and on his legs (may I mention them?) the whole time between, say, half-past ten and half-past five.

"Since our remonstrance with Mrs. B——, Carrie's writing has much improved, the upstrokes going up like sky-rockets and coming down with a thud, thus. . . . That's the way to do it, as you know from experience.

"Give my love to all the good girls—I don't care for beauty, you know!—and tell Effie when she has learnt all the European languages, to get up a little Patagonian, as I have some idea of going there for a summer; you will all like it so much.

"Your affectionate Father,

"J. Everett Millais."

"The Deserted Garden" was painted from "the wild where weeds and flowers promiscuous shoot"—at the end

of the upper garden terrace of St. Mary's Tower, Birnam. It was a lovely spot as seen from the terrace gate looking down the hill across the river; but when I was there two years ago I found it much changed, all the wood and coppices having grown up and hidden the distant grass field and the woods beyond the river, which were formerly in view.

The only additions made were the sundial and the hare, the latter of which was afterwards added in London, and, as Mr. Spielmann says, could very well have been dispensed with.

Millais always thought "The Deserted Garden" one of his best works, and wrote to that effect to the owner, Mr. Thwaites. "Never mind what other people may say about your picture," he said; "it is and always will remain one of the very best works I ever did." Ruskin, however, denounced it, as will be seen from the following remarks by Spielmann:—

"A touching view, typifying silence and neglect. Millais illustrated it with Campbell's verse, 'Written on visiting a scene in Argyleshire'—

> 'Yet wandering, I found on my ruinous walk,
> By the dial-stone aged and green,
> One rose of the wilderness left on its stalk,
> To mark where the garden had been.'

"Piteous as such a scene must be to most of us who love a fair garden and grieve to see it fall into decay and degradation—for neglected cultivation does not readily turn back into the lovely wilderness of Nature from which it was born—the emotion is as nothing to that which it stirred in the breast of Ruskin. He denounced with despairing vigour the '(*soi-disant*) landscape' in which Millais gave scrubble instead of growth—'*his* finding on his ruinous walk over the diabolic Tom Tiddler's ground of Manchester and Salford'—and loudly lamented that the man who had painted 'Ophelia' and 'Autumn Leaves' had turned to that summariness which is antipodean to Pre-Raphaelitism, careless and incomplete. But the rest of the world hailed in it a work of real poetry—a verdict which to-day will generally be modified to not more than distinction and suggestiveness."

"THE DESERTED GARDEN." 1875

By permission of Mrs. Thwaites

We had many pleasant visitors during the autumn of 1874, including a reading party from Oxford, consisting of Mr. Aubrey Harcourt (nephew of Sir William), Mr. Smith Dorrien, and Dr. Lloyd (now organist of Eton College)—a very merry and interesting trio. They had no sooner taken their departure than Mr. "Archie" Stuart-Wortley made his appearance. He was then in the gay and happy state of irresponsible bachelorhood, with no particular profession to hamper his movements nor any settled views as to his future. His interests seemed to be centred in guns and sketch-books, and as my father presently discovered in him artistic and literary talent, he strongly advised him to cultivate this, offering, in a word, to teach him to paint. Lessons in Art were then begun, and of these the pupil himself has kindly sent me some notes as a short tribute to the memory of his master. Mr. Stuart-Wortley, I may say, is now among our best portrait painters. He writes:—"To have been a pupil of Millais, though only for a short time, as I was, is, I believe, a unique experience. I can safely say that I learnt more from him in a few short weeks than from all the other masters who from time to time directed, or misdirected, my artistic studies put together. Short as the time was, it served to bridge over, for my poor capacity, the deep and often impassable stream that separates the amateur from the serious or professional painter.

"It was at St. Mary's Tower, in the year 1874, that I had the privilege, in response to the kindest of invitations from the great artist and his kind and hospitable wife, of not only watching him paint and observing his method, but of actually painting a small picture alongside of him all day, and under the direction of his frequent hints, scoldings or encouragement. In despair sometimes to catch the form and colour, or the relative value of varying foliage on different planes, I would lay down my palette, and, going round to where he paced to and from his canvas, eager, absorbed, his eyes glittering like stars in the concentration of his gaze upon subject and picture, would exclaim, 'I can't draw those leaves,' or grasses, or whatever it might be. 'Dash it, my boy,' he would say, 'you *must* draw them. Remember that if you don't some fellow will come from round the corner who *will;* and then, in an exhibition, where will you be?' Then he would in turn lay down his palette, come round to my easel (we were not five yards apart), and, in the kindest

way, show me where I was going wrong and how to correct it. I have studied under several masters, and had the honour since then of visits to my studio from many great artists. They could all tell you the part of your picture that was wrong, but Millais was the only one who could in five minutes (for he was always in a whirlwind hurry) show you how to put it right. I never knew him wrong on a point of drawing, proportion or perspective. I once heard the present President of the Royal Academy, who might be ignorantly supposed by superficial observers, from the dissimilarity of their methods, to feel slight sympathy with Millais' work, remark that he had never seen a line of Millais' out of drawing. And this observation may still, I think, stand unchallenged. He would alter and alter for ever, up to the last moment, and it was not until he could not see how to do any more—an exalted point to have reached—that he would let his picture go. So far from being, as many thought from the freedom of his later execution, careless or hurried in his method, he was the most conscientious and laborious of painters. His utter absorption in his work precluded the possibility of his being anything else, even had he not been what he was, the most accurate observer of Nature perhaps in the world, and, in consequence, as well as perhaps naturally, her most honest and devoted admirer.

"'It doesn't matter how beautifully a thing is painted, it is no good if it isn't *right*. It 's got to come out'—meaning that it must be rightly drawn, in right proportion, and in the right place.

"At another time—'You must handle your brush gracefully; the execution should be more *prettily* done.' This combination of unerring accuracy with love of beauty (a more rare gift than is supposed among painters) is always to be found in his work.

"His appreciation of beauty in women was great. I remember the intense interest with which we all listened, during a discussion on the beauties of the present day, to his views on their comparative merits. He very distinctly gave the palm to Georgina, Lady Dudley, of all that he had seen, though he rated Mrs. Langtry very near her. On one occasion, in my studio, he said, 'What business have you to miss the beauty of that woman's nostril? Give me a brush.' And in two minutes he had put in the

BEATRICE CONSTANCE, LADY CHESHAM. 1876

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necessary line to refine my hard presentment. He was very strong on refinement and beauty of line in a woman's face and on the scale and size of a portrait—that it always should be *under* life-size and, so to speak, stand back in its own atmosphere behind the frame. Very severe against false enlargement of the eyes—'Ah, now you are getting to draw them nice and small,' to me on the subject of eyes. The only part of a face that could not be painted absolutely literally from Nature, he declared to be the juncture of the wing of the nose with the cheek, accounting for this view by the fact that it is intensely mobile, varying with the slightest change of expression, action, or light, and that, therefore, to fix it hard and fast in any direction is a mistake.

"A great believer in quality, texture, and what Reynolds called 'richness,' he left no means unused. In the boldest and broadest treatment we find eyelashes put in with the finest possible sable brush. 'What does it matter *how* you do it? Paint it with the shovel if you can't get your effect any other way.' He used anything that occurred to him—the palette-knife very largely.

"On my admiring the beautiful quality of some subordinate part of his picture—'Ah! that came by a fluke. We all get happy flukes now and then, but it's only the fool that wipes them out.'

"Another delightful quality, in his landscapes especially, was his close observation and loyalty to the truth of objects of natural history. He added the keen insight of the true sportsman that he was to the perceptions of the great artist. Compare the meaningless birds of the conventional landscape-painter to the flock of swallows sailing overhead in 'Chill October.' Mark the truth to Nature of the roedeer in 'The Moon is Up'; of the grouse in 'Over the Hills and Far Away'; or, again, of the rooks in 'Murthly Castle.' In the same and all his other landscapes are details of foliage, grasses, and mosses that a botanist would instantly recognise as absolutely true. For him there was no 'staffage'; any figure or object introduced had not possibly, but probably, been there.

"No wonder the public were always in touch with him, and he with them. He had a great belief in public opinion as a whole, and a great contempt for expert, or rather literary, critics. He could not have conceived the idea of achieving

notoriety or success by making things black or grey, shadowy or incomplete. He loved and worshipped Nature rather than painting, and could always find beauty in his own day. Yet the worshippers of fads, the affected praisers of all that is dark, or smudgy, or insincere, though they yelped at his heels occasionally, dared never to attack him in front, and fawned on him openly, defeated by his sincerity.

"Once he seized me by the arm, and made me go round the Grosvenor Gallery with him. He stopped longer than usual before a shadowy, graceful portrait of a lady, by one of the most famous painters of our day—an arrangement in pink and grey, or rose and silver, shall I call it? At last 'It's d——d clever; it's a d——d sight too clever!' And he dragged me on.

"He loved the criticism of a fresh eye on his work, and I was not the only one who felt the difficulty in his studio of answering his invariable question, 'Now, tell me, do you see anything wrong? Does the drawing look right to you?' etc.

"He was interested in all the questions and events of the day, and knew all that was going on, as an artist should, but he never lost his power of absorption in his work.

"Mr. Gladstone once, visiting my studio, described to me his sittings to Millais, Holl, and Watts. Of Millais he said, 'I never saw such a power of concentration in any man. I don't think I was in his studio for that portrait more than five hours and a half altogether.' This was in allusion to the famous picture formerly owned by the Duke of Westminster, and now, by the generosity of Sir Charles Tennant, in the National Gallery—probably the finest modern male portrait in existence.

"'Paint all your friends and relations, and anyone you can get to sit to you. You can't have finer practice than painting life-size portraits. Never mind the money; never refuse work.'

"He was a true sportsman—a good shot and an ardent fisherman. To the latter pursuit he brought the same 'power of concentration' remarked by the great man in his studio, and he could have killed anyone who began to talk to him of pictures when his mind was running on salmon or grouse. He often said how many times he had wished to paint a grouse-drive, and, for fear of comparisons, it is perhaps the only thing I am glad he did not paint."

ELIZABETH HARRIETT, MARCHIONESS OF ORMONDE. 1876

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Amongst the most attractive pictures of 1875 was "No!" showing a pretty girl reading over a letter she has just written, refusing an offer of marriage. This was a portrait of Miss Dorothy Tennant, now the wife of H. M. Stanley, the famous explorer—a young lady whose talents were quite as remarkable as her personal beauty. As children, we all had a great affection for "Dolly," for she was very kind to us, and many a happy afternoon did we spend with her in her studio at Richmond Terrace, where, besides all her studies of children, was a most fascinating assemblage of birds and reptiles, of which she was very fond.

At her wedding a somewhat painful occurrence gave rise to an amusing incident. As the married couple were about to leave the Abbey, Stanley was seized with an attack of the fever he had contracted during his wanderings in Africa, upon which my father, as an old friend of the bride, gave her his arm and escorted her to her carriage. The crowd, of course, mistook him for the bridegroom, and cheered so lustily that he could hardly make his disclaimer heard. "I 'm not Stanley; I wish I were. Lucky dog; lucky dog!" He came home afterwards in fits of laughter at this ludicrous mistake, the absurdity of which was heightened by the fact that there was not the smallest resemblance between himself and the bridegroom.

This year St. Mary's Tower was not to be had again for his autumn holiday, as the Duke of Rutland wanted the place for himself and his family; but Erigmore, on the same hill, and with a charming garden attached, was happily at liberty, and Millais, who delighted in the neighbourhood, was only too glad to secure it.

A lawn in front of the drawing-room windows afforded ample space for a tennis ground, and as lawn tennis was the latest novelty in outdoor sports, we must of course play it. And we did, after a fashion, my father the keenest and most enthusiastic of us all. He was quite fierce in his determination to master the game, the more so as we were expecting visitors who probably knew something of it already. They came at last—Sir William Harcourt, Sir Henry James, and my uncle George Stibbard—and were so taken with the game that they too must become proficient, or perish in the attempt. In deadly earnest, then, they set to work. The balls flew about in the most lively and erratic way, and, as to

the rules, nobody knew exactly what they meant, and nobody cared so long as his interpretation was upheld. The thing was to get this interpretation accepted by the adversaries, and to this end the game was stopped again and again, until one or other of the opponents gave way. Never was heard such an array of arguments as a disputed "fault" would draw forth from that able lawyer, Lord James, or such a torrent of eloquence as the great leader of the Liberal party* let fall now and again in imploring his host and partner to keep clear of "that horrid net," and never did the host himself go to work in more fiery mood than at this new plaything that had caught his fancy. For hours together the game went on in this absurd fashion, the genial banter of the combatants keeping us all in fits of laughter as we sat and watched the performance. It may be better played nowadays—I venture to think it is—but whether more amusement was ever got out of it may well be questioned.

It was here that the scene of "Over the Hills and Far Away" was painted. The lovely valley of the Tay, as seen from the Trochray beat on the high ground of Rohallion, had attracted Millais' attention during his frequent visits to his friend Mr. John Bett, who for twenty-five years had the shooting over these moors, and except Murthly Moss no ground in the neighbourhood could vie with it in point of the variety of its attractions to the artist and the sportsman alike, the scenery being magnificent, while in the woods below, and the breezy uplands above, every variety of game was to be found. Here then, after a careful survey of the position, he pitched his tent—a little wooden hut put together by a local carpenter as shelter in case of storm—and here for six weeks he worked away at his picture in great content. In the immediate foreground Rohallion Moor itself is seen; in the middle distance to the right, where a wooded hill stands in bold relief against the sky, are the Duke of Athol's covers of Ladywell; and on the left are the broken slopes of Kinnaird. In the distance the river, like a silver streak, creeps through the lowlands of Dalguise and Ballinluig, and still further away may be faintly discerned the blue summit of grand old Ben-y-gloe. As Mr. Spielmann thoughtfully expresses it:—

"The almost stereoscopic effect of the foreground up to

* Sir William has resigned the leadership since this was written.

SIBELL MARY, COUNTESS GROSVENOR. 1876

By permission of His Grace the Duke of Westminster

the point where it dips away and allows the bright distance to be focussed, comes as a surprise to the spectator; indeed, but for the extraordinarily unmistakable out-of-door quality, that effect might be resented as theatrical. Millais here asserts once more his power, beyond that of any contemporary painter, of painting sedgy, marshy ground, and rank grass bathed in light and air, but the sky is somewhat weak. . . .

"The picture comes nearer, perhaps, to the traditional view of landscape composition than any in this section of Millais' art. It is frequently supposed, because he did not 'compose' his landscapes (I say nothing now as to sentiment), that he was therefore ignorant of the practice and the views of the old masters. Millais was always looking at the old masters, and I see no reason to suppose that he who could appreciate and understand ancient and modern Art as he did, lacked the power to see what is evident to everybody else. The only conclusion to come to is that Millais was as individual and independent in his views on landscape in his later middle life as he had been in other respects in his Pre-Raphaelite days; so that time, which takes delight in revenges, may come in the future to accept as a permissible view of landscape that which Millais chose to adopt after a painting life of a quarter of a century."

But, says this same critic, Millais was not "a great landscape painter," he simply chose a subject and then worked it out with relentless truth; his pictures therefore lack "the elements of great landscape." I must say that I cannot agree with this. No fault is found with the selection of his subjects, his composition, his technique, or his ability to mirror what he saw in Nature. In what then was he lacking? The critic himself suggests the answer. He says, in effect, that in his treatment of landscape Millais showed himself "as individual and independent in his views as he had done in the works of his Pre-Raphaelite days; he painted what he saw, but in his regard for truth of form and colour he missed the underlying spirit of Nature's works." Surely that could not be. To him all Nature was but "the garment of the living God." Its poetry was ever present to his mind; and that he could convey to others the enjoyment it afforded himself is obvious from the sensation created by such works as "Chill October," "Over the Hills and Far Away," "The Deserted Garden," "The Old Garden," "Murthly Moss,"

and "Lingering Autumn." Even the names of these pictures are not without a touch of his poetic fancy, without a suggestion of the spirit that animated the pictures themselves. The message he had to deliver must be delivered in his own way. For this purpose he created a style of his own, and in spite of opposition such as only the force of genius could have overcome, he converted his adversaries to his own views. He won the hearts of men who knew him only by his paintings, or by engravings which found their way into the homes of peer and peasant alike; and hearts, I venture to think, are not won by mere transcripts of Nature, with the soul of Nature left out.

He often said that he enjoyed the work on "Over the Hills and Far Away" as much as anything he ever did. His materials were all on the spot and he had nothing to do in the morning but take his gun and "shoot" his way up to the moor, a distance from Erigmore of about five miles. The walk there along the Birnam burn is a most lovely one, and he greatly enjoyed the privilege so generously granted to him by Mr. Bett. In the evening he would return home bringing a hunter's appetite and a brace or two of grouse, with perhaps a blackcock, a woodcock, or a snipe.

One day, while at work, he noticed a big pack of black game coming over from the west, and without moving from his painting-stool, he threw down his palette and killed a blackcock as it flew overhead. But that was not his usual practice; as a rule he never shot at birds that were moving about in his immediate neighbourhood. He liked to see them and hear their cheery cries. The grouse, constantly noting his presence, soon became quite tame, and approached so closely that on one occasion he was actually able to paint in a whole covey before they moved from the spot. The birds can be seen in the middle distance, slightly to the right of the picture.

This picture, once the property of Mr. C. E. Clayton, and afterwards of Mr. Kaye Knowles, is now in the possession of Mr. J. C. Williams.

Brunet Debaines, who made a successful etching of "Chill October," entirely failed in his translation of this work, as also of "Murthly Moss." The beauty was quite lost in the etching, all the softness and poetry disappearing in the cold, harsh lines of the needle. It it a great pity that such a process was attempted, as photogravure would have

suited both of these pictures to perfection. Apart from the happiness of composition and brilliance of detail, "Murthly Moss" and "Over the Hills" owe their success to the skilful blending of subdued colours, none of which are much in contrast, whereas "Chill October," though also subdued in tone, is a mass of contrasts exactly suited to black-and-white, and readily lends itself to reproduction, even in so rough a form as etching.

A letter to his wife (then in Germany with two of his daughters) gives a little insight into Millais' life at this time. Writing from Birnam Hotel, Birnam, under date of October 30th, 1875, he says:—

"I shot at Murthly (only Lord Cairns, Graham,* and myself), and dined there afterwards. Yesterday I dined with the Manners', and met Lord Salisbury, whom I liked. Played whist after dinner. Still dreadful east wind, and all my reeds blown the wrong way. Two or three days' good weather would suffice to finish; but it is cruelty to animals, painting in such cold and wretchedness. . . .

"I am sorry to see a report in the papers that typhoid is very prevalent in Paris. It makes me nervous, hearing that, after Everett's attack. Ask Bishop about it.

"There is no news here, of course. I am all day on the moor, and shot a grouse this forenoon. The cold was intense, and I took a turn occasionally, to keep up my circulation."

It was at one of the dinner parties this year at St. Mary's Tower that, as the guest of the Duke of Rutland, Millais met for the first time Lord Beaconsfield (then Mr. Disraeli), who, on his way to Balmoral, had broken his journey for a few days' rest at Dunkeld. On returning to Erigmore that night, he remarked to his guests what a very interesting talker Disraeli was. It turned out afterwards that the great statesman, being overcome by the fatigue of his journey, had remained almost silent, whilst Millais himself had talked hard the whole evening, to the entertainment of the whole party, Disraeli remarking to the Duke that he had never come across anyone with such a refreshing and continuous flow of original observations.

Two of "Dizzy's" sayings may be repeated here, though one, if not both, have already appeared in print. On their

* Mr. Henry Graham—the tenant of Murthly shootings and fishings at this period.

first meeting Millais expressed a hope that the illustrious statesman would enjoy the quiet repose of St. Mary's after his long and arduous work in the session of Parliament just concluded. "Yes," said Disraeli, "I am already happy in this lovely spot. There are no secretaries or Government bags here." And on another occasion, when they met again, he told Millais he could never enjoy the Academy banquet, for he always had a speech under his plate.

All my father's friends were most enthusiastic about "Over the Hills and Far Away."

A letter from the Duke of Westminster, whose wife he was then engaged in painting, also echoes the same sentiment.

From the Duke of Westminster.

"GROSVENOR HOUSE, LONDON, W.,

"*November 22nd, 1875.*

"MY DEAR MILLAIS,—Elcho, C. Lindsay, and self rather broke into your house burglariously yesterday afternoon. I hope you will forgive us, but I wanted such an 'array of talent' to see her grace then and there.

"They were very much pleased, as well they might be; but it was too dark to see well the landscape ['Over the Hills and Far Away']. William Russell [Sir W. Howard Russell] writes that 'the landscape caused him real admiration and pleasure, and he does not know of any of your works so true and brilliantly agreeable—the Scotticisms of the foreground wonderful in their faithfulness, and the whole composition so strikingly complete as to make it a triumph of British landscape painting'—in all of which I cordially agree.

"He praises equally the portrait.

"Yours sincerely,

"WESTMINSTER."

Two notable portraits—that of the late Duchess of Westminster, standing on the terrace at Cliveden, and Lord Lytton—were painted this year. The latter was a commission from John Forster, the friend and biographer of Charles Dickens, and our neighbour in Palace Gate. Forster seems to have been on equally intimate terms with Lord Lytton, for whose character and poetic works he entertained

THE DUCHESS OF WESTMINSTER (In Progress). 1881

By permission of His Grace the Duke of Westminster

the highest admiration. He was himself in failing health, and fearing that he should never see his friend again—for Lord Lytton had just been appointed Viceroy of India—he wrote to Millais in most pathetic terms, begging him as a personal favour to make a portrait of Lytton before he started for the East. This Millais did, but alas! poor Forster died in the following year, before the picture was finished. It is now, by the late owner's bequest, in the South Kensington Museum.

In the summer of 1876 was painted "The Yeoman of the Guard," a picture which, like "The North-West Passage," could hardly have been expected from the same hand as that which created "Lorenzo and Isabella" and "The Eve of St. Agnes," so widely different is it from either of them in character and sentiment. In "The Yeoman" we have a splendid type of the fine old British warrior of which the nation is so proud—a subject entirely after Millais' own heart. He delighted to paint it, and always considered the picture amongst the four best that ever came from his brush.

It was in 1875 that the idea of this work originated. Millais, having received a commission from a dealer to execute a very large picture of the Yeomen of the Guard searching the vaults beneath the two Houses previous to the opening of Parliament, made a preliminary visit to the Tower of London to see the "Beef Eaters" and study their costume. He was much struck with the splendid colour and tasteful design of the uniform, and thinking that under artificial light its pictorial strength would be lost, he abandoned his original idea, and decided to paint a single figure in all the glory of the open air. The difficulty was to find a model who came up to his ideal wearer of this historic costume; but this at last he found in Major Robert Montagu, a grand old man who most kindly came and sat for the head and hands. The Major had done yeoman service for his country in many campaigns, and his fine dignified head and figure were exactly what the artist required.

Now, to sit to an artist for two hours involves a greater strain than is commonly supposed. It is not surprising therefore that this old gentleman, who was over eighty and very infirm, found the work almost too much for him; yet having once commenced he would not give in. He was supplied with soup etc. every three-quarters of an hour; and

to relieve the strain on his gallant sitter Millais worked at a higher pressure than he had ever done before. The head and hands were dashed in, and completely finished in a few days; and yet, like so much of his best work, it suffered nothing from the rapidity with which it was executed.

My uncle, Henry Hodgkinson, who was one of my father's most devoted admirers, and already owned "Pizarro seizing the Inca of Peru" and "The Woodman's Daughter" (both fine examples of the painter's earlier manner), had long wished for a specimen of his more recent works, but his limited means restrained him from indulging the desire. Now, however, when he saw "The Yeoman" for the first time, he could no longer resist the temptation. The picture must be his at any cost; and he bought it. A proud man was he that day and ever afterwards of this possession. We children knew nearly every touch of the brush on the canvas; yet every time we went to see the new owner the whole category of its charms had to be recounted over and over again and carefully explained to us, as if we had never seen the picture before. His admiration for it was simply unbounded; and when, later on, the artist expressed a desire that it should be left to the nation, he unselfishly jumped at the suggestion and carried it out by his will.

Mr. Spielmann's opinion of the work may be gathered from the following critique:—

"It was this picture which caused the French artists to exclaim at the Paris Exhibition of 1878, and opened Meissonnier's eyes, as he himself said, to the fact that England had a great school and a great painter. This management of scarlet, gold, and blue—a striking yet not forced harmony—is among the fine things in modern Art. The subject, too, is a touching one—the "Yeoman of the Guard," the old Beef Eater of the Tower, waiting at his post for that last roll-call that will dismiss him for eternity. There is fine character in the head—the dignity and sense of duty that absorbs all his intellectual faculty—and a daring, not to say audacity, that does not shock because of the power of the painter. The effect of the flesh, neither executed by recipe nor concealed by over-painting, is not produced by that *savant* handling we commonly expect from a great master of the brush; there is such conspicuous absence of show of dexterity that some are prepared, in this picture, to deny to the painter the capacity for cleverness which he did not choose to exert."

"A YEOMAN OF THE GUARD." 1876

The Queen of Holland, who had visited my father and mother more than once in Cromwell Place, was good enough to send them an invitation this year to visit her, but unfortunately they could not avail themselves of it. The Queen was a very clever woman, with a great love of Art, and practised it with considerable success.

"Stitch, Stitch, Stitch," was now painted, and presented to G. F. Watts, R.A., in return for the excellent portrait of Millais by that great artist. In reply came the following letter:—

From Mr. G. F. Watts, R.A.

"LITTLE HOLLAND HOUSE,
"*July 19th*, 1876.

"MY DEAR MILLAIS,—I cannot tell you how greatly I admire the picture you have sent me! You have never done anything better. I shall have it up in my studio, as an example to follow. I feel proud of the possession.

"Yours very sincerely,
"G. F. WATTS."

About this time my father, who had so often called upon his family, especially his daughters, to act as his models, determined for his own pleasure to paint all their portraits, and in turn we all sat to him for this purpose; but his best works this year were the portraits of Mrs. Sebastian Schlesinger and the twin daughters of Mr. J. R. Hoare. My sister Carrie and myself also sat as models for a picture called "Getting Better"—certainly one of the least successful of his works.

The autumn unfortunately was rather a trying time for him. Having determined on "The Sound of Many Waters" as the subject of his next landscape, he betook himself to the Rumbling Brig, near Dunkeld, where in a little cottage belonging to Mr. Tomson, close to the well-known waterfall, he found apartments near the scenery he wished to paint, the view being taken from the left bank of the river Braan immediately above the fall where it is spanned by the Brig. He started, however, so late in the year that he had to put up with many discomforts in the shape of snow and storm that seriously interfered with his work, as will be seen from the following letter to his daughter Mary:—

To Miss Mary Millais.

"RUMBLING BRIG,

"*November 9th*, 1876.

"DEAREST MARY,—I fear that, after all, I shall have to give my work up and finish it next year, as there is nothing but snow over all, and I have a cold as well, which makes it positively dangerous to paint out in such weather as this. However, we will see what to-morrow brings. It is dreadfully dull here when there is nothing to do. I have been in my hut this morning, and I hoped a blink of sun would thaw sufficiently the snow on the foreground rocks to enable me to get on, but the storm is on again, and it is simply ridiculous trying to work, as everything is hidden with a white sheet. . . .

"The madman is still here, and I have had no word from Dundee about his family. He preaches with naked feet, all day, to the rocks and trees.

"Your affectionate father,

"J. E. MILLAIS."

The madman referred to was a poor creature who appeared nearly every day, and somewhat annoyed the artist by his persistent attentions. Writing to his wife on November 10th, Millais says:—"I got rid of the madman by writing to the Superintendent of Police in Dundee, who came this morning and fetched him away. He has been under the influence of Father P——, and was preaching, barefooted, to the rocks and trees all day."

Writing to her again, on November 14th, he says:—"This picture is full of vicissitudes. I recommenced work yesterday, and got on wonderfully, but required water; and it has come with a vengeance to-day; and again I am trembling for the safety of my hut, as it is submerged at this very moment—a perfect deluge, and likely to continue all night. I have, however, got on so extraordinarily well these last two days that I may finish this week if I have a house to paint in. The labour in this painting is certainly *much greater* than in any I have yet done, and it will be very thoroughly carried out. . . . I am sure no sledge-harnessed mariner of Nares' crew has worked harder than I have at this North Pole of a picture. I stand until I am ready to drop, and drink enough whiskey and water to make an ordinary man quite giddy; but without feeling it."

THE EARL OF SHAFTESBURY. 1877

By permission of the British and Foreign Bible Society

As he anticipated, the deluge continued. In one night the river was swollen to bursting point; it broke over the banks and swept away the painting-house and smashed it to pieces amongst the rocks. Happily for Millais, he had some warning of what was coming, or his picture would have been swept away too. Early in the morning he saw the danger, while at work with the Tomsons trying to strengthen the river bank; and just in the nick of time they seized the picture and carried it off in safety to the cottage. Then the weather changed again, turning suddenly warm and mild, and in great joy Millais finished his picture, and bore it off in triumph to Birnam.

His last letter to my mother from the Rumbling Bridge is redolent of the doubts and fears which constantly beset every true artist, even when he has done his best work. He says:—"I am still suffering a great deal from standing constantly in such a damp place, but it is well over now. I really don't know what the result is. Sometimes I think the work is the best thing I have done, and at others I think it is a failure. All I know is that I can do no more."

During the summer of 1876 he received a commission from Manchester to paint H.R.H. the Princess of Wales, who, as intimated by Colonel Gardiner, graciously consented to sit. Unfortunately, however, the day named conflicted with Millais' engagements; so he ventured to express the hope that a later date might be arranged. The Princess herself very kindly consented to this; but for some reason or other the Manchester authorities changed their minds, and, to the great disappointment of the artist, the arrangement fell through.

In the following year (1877) he painted two beautiful subjects from Scott's novels, "Effie Deans" and "The Bride of Lammermoor." The models for "Effie Deans" were Mr. Arthur Gwynne James (nephew to Lord James of Hereford), my brother Everett, Mrs. Langtry, and Mrs. Stibbard. Mr. James was also good enough to stand for the Master of Ravenswood in "The Bride of Lammermoor," Lucy Ashton being represented by a very pretty girl who formerly served in Aldous' flower-shop, in Gloucester Road. This picture was finished in February, 1878. Its value as a work of Art may be gathered from the following letter.

From Mr. G. F. Watts, R.A.

"LITTLE HOLLAND HOUSE,
"July 26th, 1878.

"MY DEAR MILLAIS,—I have only just seen your 'Bride of Lammermoor,' and must write to tell you how much it charmed me. Lucy Ashton's mouth is worthy of any number of 'medailles,' and the French were quite right to give it to you (I disapprove highly of the principle of giving such things at all, and may perhaps say so very distinctly, but that is another matter). I hope your boy is better. "Yours very sincerely,

"G. F. WATTS."

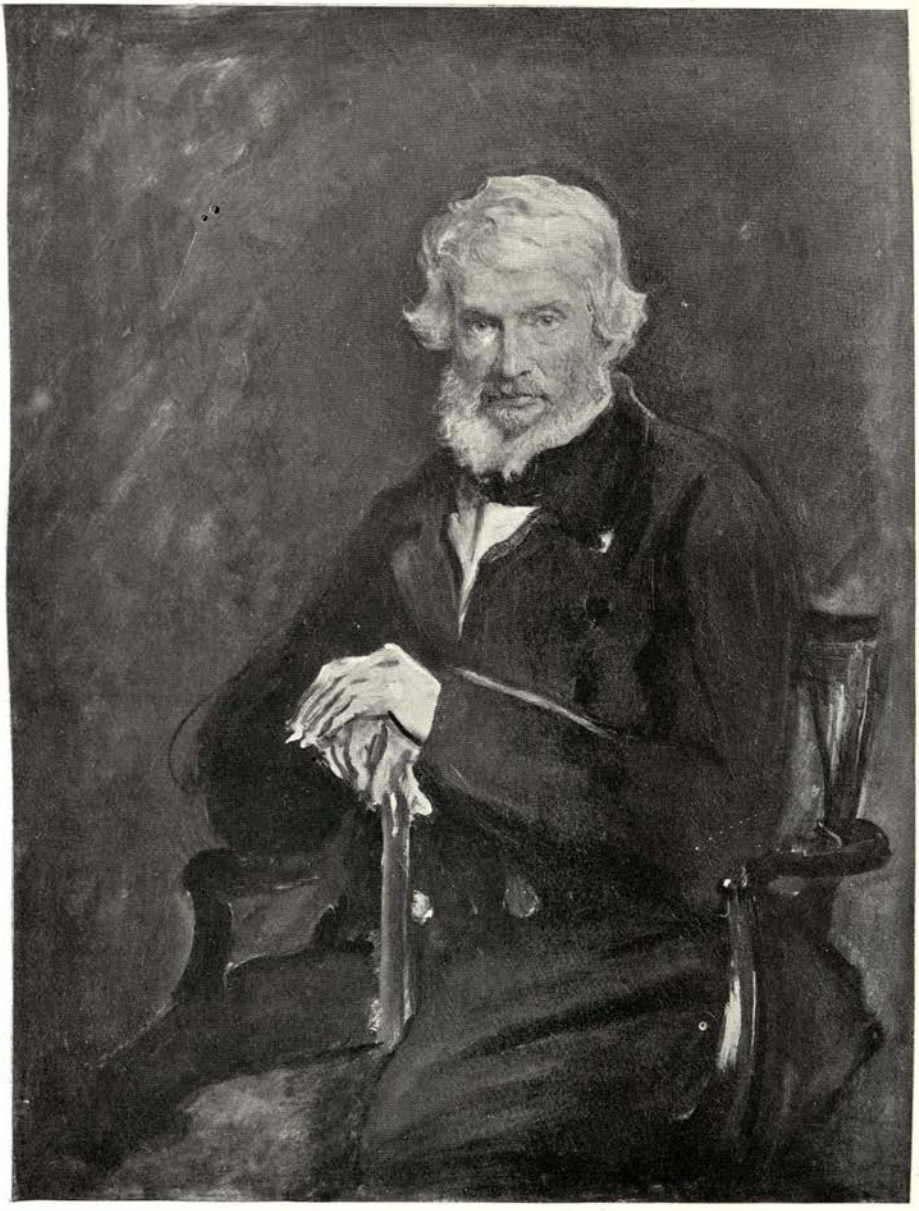
"Effie Deans," now in the possession of Sir Edmund Loder, is one of Millais' most successful pictures in the field of romance.

"Yes!" (another picture of his, painted in 1877) shows a pair of lovers saying good-bye.* Mr. Lionel Benson, a well-known vocalist, stood for the man, and a professional model took the part of the lady.

Mr. Barwell says, "Within a day of sending in this picture the lovely head of the girl appeared to the painter not high enough above the shoulders. He had the courage and the skill to shift and repaint the head about three-quarters of an inch higher—a task so difficult that the success accomplished on the spur of the moment is truly astonishing. The alteration is said to have occupied one morning only."

Early in 1878 was commenced his picture of "The Princes in the Tower," for which he had already painted the gloomy staircase at St. Mary's Tower, Birnam, N.B. Not being quite satisfied that the background was sufficiently like the spot in "The Bloody Tower," where the boys are supposed to have been murdered, he sent me on three successive days to make pencil sketches of the interior; and finding from them that he had got the steps too small, and the staircase going the wrong way, he went and made drawings himself. Then, throwing aside the work he had already

* This picture, I am ashamed to say, was the subject of much unseemly jest amongst the artist's family, who strongly objected to the portmanteau introduced here as suggestive of departure. We always spoke of it to him as, "Have you put in my sponge-bag and tooth-brush?"



THOMAS CARLYLE (HANDS UNFINISHED). 1877

National Portrait Gallery

done, he started the picture again on a new and larger canvas, showing the exact surroundings of the place where the bodies of the murdered princes were found.

The first canvas was eventually used as the background for "The Grey Lady," illustrating an observation Mr. Wells, R.A., once made to me:—"One of Millais' most remarkable gifts," he said, "was his readiness to grasp at once the utility of either backgrounds or models, and assign them, without apparent forethought, to the composition of the very pictures for which they were most suitable. The face of the women in 'The Huguenot' and 'The Rescue,' the old knight in 'Sir Isumbras,' and many others were actually portraits of human beings, and yet they represented to the life characters in the scenes depicted. It is no easy task to work up from a model the exact character that is wanted. Millais just looked about amongst his friends, or models came to him, and he saw at a glance for what subject or story they were best suited, whilst lots of us were racking our brains to know what to do with, perhaps, the very same material. Now (as a remarkable instance of this) the mother of those two handsome boys in 'The Princes in the Tower' came to me and asked if I could make use of them in any way. I saw at once what picturesque little chaps they were, and for more than a fortnight cudgelled my brains to find some use for them. At last my mind was made up, I strolled round to Millais' one afternoon to tell him of my intention, when, to my astonishment, I saw on his easel figures of my prospective models already half finished in the picture we have mentioned. The fact was, that after seeing me, the boys had been taken to Millais, who at once assigned to them the characters of the young princes, and began his picture the very next day."*

It is, perhaps, a trivial thing to record, but I have heard my father say he could never look at this picture without feeling the scrunch of acid-drops beneath his feet. Those young wretches, he explained, would bring packets of these delicacies when coming to sit, and whiled away the time by eating them. Now and then some would fall to the floor, irritating him beyond measure when he trod upon them.

This year (1878) was a very sad one for Millais and his family. No sooner had he finished a portrait of Mrs. Langtry ("The Jersey Lily"), then in the zenith of her beauty, than

* The mother of these two fair-haired boys was a former model. She sat to Millais for the figure in "The White Cockade."

his second son, George, was taken seriously ill. While keeping his terms at Cambridge he contracted typhoid fever, and being a very keen sportsman he so far neglected his health as to go out snipe-shooting while still under medical care. A chill ensued, followed by consumption, and in August he passed away at Bowerswell at the age of twenty. It was a terrible blow to my parents—all the heavier as he was now old enough to be a companion to my father during his autumn holiday, and many a happy day had they spent together with rod and gun.

Never dreaming that his end was so near, they had taken him with them to Scotland, for which they started earlier than usual this year, having secured a little house called Dhivack, situated in the heart of the Inverness-shire mountains, about eight miles north of Loch Ness and the village of Drumnadrochit—a lovely place belonging to Mr. Arthur Lewis and tenanted for several years by John Phillip, R.A.

For some weeks after this my father was too depressed in spirit either to work or to play; and it was not till the end of September that he plucked up courage to go to some of the deer-drives at Balmacaan, organised by the late Earl of Seafield. Occasionally, too, he trolled for big trout in Loch Ness, where the gloomy grandeur of the ruined Castle Urquhart—"the tower of strength which stood four-square to all the winds of heaven"—seemed to echo the sentiments of his own sad heart, and presently he determined to paint it.

If (as I think) the picture must be admitted a failure, it must be remembered that it was painted only as a distraction from the sorrowful thoughts of a man bowed down with grief.

CHAPTER XV.

1878–1881

The new house—Millais' delight in Kensington Gardens—He receives, in Paris, the Gold "Medaille d'Honneur"—Is likewise created an Officier du Legion d'Honneur—Sir Edgar Boehm's letter on the Paris Exhibition—Letter from Monsieur Emile Bayard—French recognition of British Art—Notes by Professor Herkomer—Mr. Frith, R.A., on Paris artists and studios—Millais and Frith are painted for Gambart's house—Sarah Bernhardt—Invitation from the Queen of Spain—Albert Gray's notes on Millais' visit to Holland—His admiration for Rembrandt and Franz-Hals—"Paul Potter's Bull," a poor production—"Barry Lyndon"—Gladstone—His portrait of 1879—Sir Edward Poynter on this picture—It is presented to the nation—Letter from Mr. Gladstone to the author—Alcyone Stepney—"Cherry Ripe"—Appreciations from distant lands—"Princess Elizabeth"—Sophie Millais sits for the picture—Lines on "Princess Elizabeth"—Eastwood—Thomas T—— —Millais a D.C.L. of Oxford—John Bright—Millais paints his own portrait for the Uffizzi Gallery—Miss Beatrice Buckstone—Letter from Sir William Richmond—The Millais Exhibition, 1881—Letters from artists—Lord Beaconsfield—Letters from him—His very last letter—His death—Autograph letter from the Queen—Millais paints, for Her Majesty, a small replica of Lord Beaconsfield's portrait.

THE house in Palace Gate being now finished and ready for occupation, Millais was glad to leave Cromwell Place in 1878 and take possession of his new and more commodious home. Writing of it in 1885, Mr. W. Armstrong says:—

"Before the visitor puts his hand on the bell he will stand a moment to examine the home Sir John has raised for himself. It is characteristic of the man. None of the thought-out quaintness of the Anglo-Dutch revival, but a great plain square house, with an excrescence here and there where demanded by convenience. The ornamental details are Renaissance of a rather severe type, the few columns introduced being Roman, Doric, and Ionic. From the side towards the park the most conspicuous thing is the great studio window. The whole of this façade is rather shapeless, no doubt because it was thought that the open ground

to the north would be soon occupied by masking houses. But the main front is an excellent piece of design, especially in the details. The credit for the work has often been given to Sir John Millais himself, but as a fact he did no more than sketch out a general notion of what he wanted for the use of Mr. Philip Hardwick, the responsible architect.

"The hall is a room about five-and-thirty feet square, with a marble pavement and dado. It is divided into parts by white marble columns, beyond which the wide staircase rises in three flights to the first floor. The white marble gives the keynote to the decoration both of hall and staircase; except that the doors, which open all around, are of dark polished mahogany, the whole is as high in tone as London air will let it be. The ornaments are a few busts on *gaines*, and the general effect is that of a Genoese *palazzo*. To the right of the hall is the morning-room, and the walls of both are almost hidden under etched, engraved, and photographed reproductions of Sir John Millais' pictures.

"On the first floor landing we find the famous fountain with Boehm's black marble sea lion. Behind the fountain hangs a piece of tapestry, and on either flank stand busts."

On the right of the landing is the large dining-room hung with Millais' own works, and two enormous pier-glasses, whose carved frames are attributed to John of Bologna; on two other sides are drawing-rooms, and on the fourth is his studio. "This," says Mr. Armstrong, "is a room about forty feet long by twenty-five wide and twenty high. It is distinguished from most of the studios lately built in London by its simplicity. There are no cunningly-devised corners, or galleries, or ingle-nooks, or window-seats; the severity of Mr. Hardwick's architecture prevails here as in all the rest. The only ornaments are a few oak pilasters running up to the cove of the ceiling, and the finely-proportioned mantelpiece. For an active and popular painter a large studio is a necessity, and even this spacious room Sir John finds none too large."

That is quite true: space meant much to Millais. He liked to see his work, whatever it might be, from all points of view, and to walk backwards and forwards in front of it, studying it under all lights. The floor was of parquet; and it amused him to notice, as he often did, young visitors looking at it instead of the pictures, for he knew that their

"THE BRIDE OF LAMMERMOOR." 1877

By permission of Thos. Agnew and Sons

thoughts were tending rather to the worship of Terpsichore than that of Pallas Athenæ. "What a lovely room for a dance!" was commonly the first exclamation. And in truth it was. It was lit by electricity, and on three of the walls hung Italian tapestries. In the left-hand corner was the bureau, and near it a table covered with the artist's painting materials. In the centre stood the dais for his models, and facing it, at the end of the room, was the large canvas of "Time clipping the Wings of Love," painted by Vandyke, and purchased by Millais at the Blenheim sale.

In a word, the house was all that he desired; but unfortunately there was no garden, and the intervention of Thorny Lodge deprived him of an uninterrupted view of Kensington Gardens, in which he delighted to stroll, especially in the early mornings, when the chestnuts and almond trees were coming into bloom. "After all, I am but a few steps from the country," he used to say. "There are few parks in England more beautiful than these gardens. I could paint some good landscapes here." To this extent he was a thorough cockney, though he could never bring himself to say, with the Iron Duke, "London is the best place in the world to live in for half the year, and I don't know any better for the other six months."

In his younger days he was not too proud to hire a boat and have a good row on the Serpentine, and in later life he would often spend an hour leaning over the railings of the ornithological enclosure, watching the ducks, wood-pigeons, and peacocks displaying themselves. Any little bit of natural history so near at hand delighted him, and great was his joy one morning when he discovered a couple of pheasants in the shrubberies near Rotten Row. "There's more game here than at Craig Vinian," he said, with a twinkle in his eye, Craig Vinian being a shooting he had rented where the sport was very poor.

Though himself no gardener, he was, as might be expected of the painter of "Ophelia," fond of everything that grew and flowered. Of a solitary bed of lilies of the valley which raised their heads amidst the London smuts in our back courtyard he was inordinately proud; and a vine that climbed over the back of the house, and in summer led its dainty tendrils through the open windows, he came to regard with almost the scientific interest of such horticulturists as Pope and Shenstone.

Apropos of his love for Kensington Gardens, Miss Jameson, my mother's cousin, favours me with a pathetic reminiscence. She says:—"The last walk I ever had with him was about a fortnight before he was finally restricted to the house. It was late in the afternoon of a spring day, the sun shining brightly and a cold east wind. He told me he would take and show me something beautiful. We went into the Gardens to a spot where there was a magnificent magnolia in full blossom. This was what he wished to show. He could not speak above a whisper, but pointed constantly with his stick to these flowers and the different spring blossoms that he loved so well, making his usual remark of the delight it was to have such gardens so near at hand to walk in. I always associate them with him now."

From the Art point of view, it was a propitious year for Millais, this Annus Domini 1878. He had sent to the International Art Exhibition at Paris several important works, including "Chill October," "A Yeoman of the Guard," "Madame Bischoffsheim," "The Three Miss Armstrongs," and "The Bride of Lammermoor"; and *malgré* the prejudice of the French Academy against foreign Art, especially British, had won for his exhibits their highest prize, the gold *médaille d'honneur*.

Determined, too, to mark still more emphatically their appreciation of his talent, the French conferred upon him, along with Sir Alma Tadema, the honour of an officer of the *Légion d'honneur*. To Professor Herkomer was also awarded the gold medal of the Academy, and great joy was it to them all not only to find their works placed on a level with those of Meissonier, Gérôme, Bonnat, and other distinguished French artists, but to feel that they had helped to raise English Art and English artists to a position never before attained in the land of the Gaul.

Mr. Frith, R.A., was the first to tell Millais the good news. Referring to the *médaille d'honneur*, he writes:—"I congratulate you on your well-deserved success, and I don't believe there is an artist in England who, after swearing he ought to have had it himself, will begrudge you the honour."

From Boehm, too, the famous sculptor, and from M. Emile Bayard, editor of the *Journal Officiel*, came, as will be seen, most appreciative letters.

"EFFIE DEANS." 1877

By permission of Thos. Agnew and Sons

From Mr. J. E. Boehm.

"HOTEL DE LA PLACE DU PALAIS ROYAL,

"*Paris, le* 30 *Avril*, 1878.

"MY DEAR MILLAIS,—I cannot resist to congratulate you upon the splendid effect which your pictures make in the exhibition here. We certainly will be very pleased when you come over to see them. They are the first which strike one most forcibly on entering the first room of the English Art Department, where they almost occupy the whole room. On the left-hand side the old mariner [Trelawny] looks quite superb. Madame Bischoffsheim seems to walk out of the frame, and some of the French artists I saw, who peeped in, are tremendously struck with your work. Altogether British painters are splendidly represented, and everyone must feel proud and glad at the judicious selection. The exhibition is far from being finished, and is the biggest and grandest thing of the kind that ever was made. It gives me the impression of being the last that ever will be. It covers miles on both sides of the Seine. No flooring was done yet (yesterday), and the most prominent object in the industrial part are packing-cases and straw. The light for sculpture is bad, though my rearing cart-horse looks very well in the open air, and Leighton's figure fine, and makes a sensation.

"I think you ought to have no misgivings about your very fine work; light, arrangement, everything most satisfactory; so forgive this long rigmarole. I could not help it.

"Ever yours sincerely,

"J. E. BOEHM."

From M. Emile Bayard.

"PARIS, 14 *Mai*, 1878.

"MONSIEUR ET MAITRE,—J'ai reçu de M. Hodgkinson une lettre charmante dans laquelle il m'autorise à reproduire votre 'Garde Royal.' Je lui écris pour le remercier.

"Quel autre tableau de vous pourrais-je obtenir des propriétaires? Si je pouvais avoir les Montagnes d'Ecosse par exemple, superbe paysage, je serais bien heureux. Enfin, mon cher Maître, si vous voulez bien être assez bon pour m'indiquer vous même comment je dois faire pour obtenir une deuxième œuvre, vous m'aurez aidé à ma besogne qui est de populariser en France votre glorieux nom et d'apprendre au

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public ce que tous les artistes savent déjà, à savoir quel puissant peintre vous êtes.

"Veuillez agréer, Monsieur et Maître, l'assurance de mon profond respect. "Votre humble serviteur,

"EMILE BAYARD,

"du *Journal Officiel*."

Rather different this from the tone of M. Théophile Gautier in 1855, when he laughed to scorn the works of the Pre-Raphaelite Brotherhood as "eccentricities only to be found in Albion." Equally significant, too, are the observations of M. Duranty, who, writing this year (1878) in one of the French reviews, is glad to notice the immense advance in English Art since 1855. In a most interesting article he traces the origin of the English school to Holland, "an origin of parentage, but not of imitation. The same houses, the same sky, the same manners, the same maritime life, the same religious tendencies, are found in England and the Netherlands. Since 1855 the influence of French and Italian Art has produced its effect, though the national character of the school is little altered. Through all the differences of schools and tendencies the English eye has remained the same." The school of Mr. Ruskin and the Pre-Raphaelites is, he thinks, on the wane. "Mr. Millais especially, by the force of his artistic intuitions, and influenced somewhat by Baron Leys and M. Jules Bréton, has been able to emancipate himself from most of the fetters which trammelled him in his earlier career. Minute Pre-Raphaelism has disappeared, but the bold and vigorous hand, the penetrating eye of 1855, are more vigorous and penetrating in 1878. The variety of his work is splendid, ranging from exact minuteness to the greatest effects, and is suffused with the magic of the most dreamy and pensive charm. Millais is one of the men of the Art of the nineteenth century."

With the usual French aptitude to generalise, M. Duranty cleverly sums up the characters of the various continental and insular schools in this wise:—"German painting," he says, "is sober, restrained, reflective, grave, sometimes profound, sometimes smiling; but it seems to bear the weight of a grey sky and to reflect the cares of a laborious life on a hard and ungrateful soil. Russian Art has a bizarre and local flavour. Denmark is provincial. Sweden is French. Norway is German. Holland is English, without English distinction.

"THE PRINCES IN THE TOWER." 1878

By permission of the Fine Art Society

Belgian Art is material. Southern Germany bursts forth into an explosion of colour which has the tone of copper, a noisy fanfare sounded to attract attention. In Switzerland and in Greece, as in the small states of the north, Art draws its inspiration either from France or Germany. Italy ferments, but from the confusion will flow a clear and pleasant stream. Spain and Italy are alike. Above all towers English Art, original, delicate, scrupulously true, expressive, full of a lofty intellectual 'dandyism,' full of sensitiveness, grace, and refined tenderness, full of historical sentiment which joins modern things to the lofty accents and strong attractions of the past; an art of penetration, elegance, and poetry, absolutely bound up with the genius of the nation; an art in which melancholy is joined to pleasure, and singularity to precise reality."

October was the month fixed for the distribution of the prizes; and, in compliance with an official notice, Millais and Herkomer hastened to Paris to receive their medals in person. What passed is best described by Professor Herkomer, who kindly writes to me:—"It has always been a proud moment in my career when I obtained one of the great medals of honour in Paris (1878) with the splendid painter, your father, whose superb art raised the status of English Art. I was at that time not even an Associate of the Royal Academy. I remember well, when we went to Paris to receive our medals, the joy he felt in the great pomp that surrounded the event of the distribution of medals to all nations. I remember his appreciation of the way in which France, above all countries in the world, appreciated the Fine Arts, which it exemplified by placing the flag that headed the Fine Art Section in the one place of honour, above the throne of the President of the Republic.

"As it happened, we did not have to go up the great steps to receive our medals singly, greatly to your father's relief. Sir Cunliffe Owen received them all in a basket, and I could not get your father to ask him, as he passed us, for our medals. He was too modest and shy, but he pushed *me* on, and said, 'No; you ask, you ask!' It was a great contrast, this great man in his modesty, to my unhesitating young impudence, because *I* did not hesitate to ask for them, and, what is more, got them. Thus we went home with our medals in our pockets, while the others had to wait weeks, until the red-tape arrangements had been officially carried out.

"I can say no more than that my whole life was wrapped in admiration of his art, and to know him was to love him."

While in Paris Millais made the acquaintance, and visited the studios, of most of the distinguished French artists, notably Gérôme and Meissonier, Gambart, the picture-dealer, who had made a fortune, kindly acting as his cicerone.

An amusing account of this visit is given by Frith in his *Reminiscences*. He says:—"Most of the principal British painters were well represented; and the French artists (to their great surprise, it is said) found that there was really a school of Art in England worthy the name. I went to Paris with two friends, one of whom was Millais, and we were received very graciously by many of the French painters; Millais, of course, carrying away, as he deserved, the lion's share of applause. We were not surprised at the kindness of our reception; but the houses—palaces would be the better name—in which some of the artists lived surprised me very much. Millais and Leighton are pretty decently lodged; but Detaille and Meissonier outstrip them in splendour. I had never seen either of these gentlemen before, and when I was introduced to a demonstrative little man as brisk as a boy of twenty—attired in black dress trousers and a blue silk blouse, open in front, disclosing a bright red shirt, a long grey beard falling over the latter—as M. Meissonier, I had an example before me of the truth of the saying, that big souls often locate themselves in small bodies. Detaille is a soldierly-looking man, reminding one of the figures he draws so well; but his house! and his bed! the latter a marvellous structure—we had a sight of it from his studio: black and gold splendour—I told him I should be afraid to sleep in it.

"We met our old friend Gambart in Paris, with whom was De Keyser, the head of the Academy at Antwerp. He had come to Paris mainly to paint portraits of Millais and my humble self, for introduction into a large composition to be executed by him on the walls of Gambart's house at Nice. We take our place in a group of contemporary painters.

"Sarah Bernhardt, actress, sculptor, and painter, is a friend of Mr. Gambart's, and as we were desirous of an introduction to a person so celebrated, a day was fixed for

our visit. We were admitted through large gates into a garden, with little tables dotted about. Carpeted steps led up to the chief entrance; we passed it, and found ourselves in a large hall, furnished with magnificence in the shape of sculpture, armour, clocks, etc. Only a rapid glance was possible, as we were ushered immediately into the studio—many more sculptures in various states of incompleteness, huge tropical plants, and unfinished pictures—and as we entered, a boy dressed in white, with yellow hair, sprang from a sofa and greeted us warmly. This seeming boy was Miss Sarah Bernhardt, whose masculine attire was assumed for the convenience it afforded for the practice of the Art she loves far more than that in which she is famous. She made the astounding declaration to me that she hated acting, and would rather succeed in painting or sculpture, or both, than in any other earthly calling.

"Of her painting I cannot speak, for I saw no completed work; but her sculpture surprised us all, and left little doubt that if she devoted herself entirely to that Art, she would take a high place amongst its professors."

Of Millais' previous travels under the temptation of foreign Art Mr. Albert Gray sends me the following notes:—

"Millais was one of those who have no delight in travel, or, rather, of those to whom the irksomeness of catching trains, of being immured in trains, and of bundling into and out of hotels, appears in the light of a prohibitive price. The conditions to which the genuine tourist with more or less contentment resigns himself frequently supplied him with a final argument against a trip which would have comprised some much-desired sights.

"He knew the principal galleries of Italy, and I believe had been to Dresden. The distance of Vienna and St. Petersburg put them out of the question for him. Paris he was familiar with. For many years he had meditated Spain, and could have gone there on the most favoured tourist terms, when his friend Sir Clare Ford was minister at Madrid. It was a lasting regret with him not to have seen his favourite Velasquez at the Prado.

"There remained Holland; and Holland was more accessible. As the Whitsuntide of 1875 approached his courage was screwed to the sticking point, and he embarked at Queensborough with his sister-in-law Mrs. Stibbard, G. D. Stibbard, and myself. Having been twice to Holland,

I was appointed courier. Our camp was pitched successively at the Hague and Amsterdam, from which centres all things possible in a nine or ten days' trip can be done without the daily movement of baggage.

"The gallery at the Hague gave him genuine pleasure. Here for the first time he saw the larger works of Rembrandt, and he returned again and again to 'The Lesson in Anatomy.' His method of viewing a gallery would seem remarkable to the ordinary tourist. He never looked inside a guide-book or catalogue, though he was sometimes glad to have his opinions corroborated. There were, of course, but few high-class works the authorship of which he could not fix at a glance. He would thus enter a room, and after a rapid survey concentrate his attention on so much as seemed to him really 'great work.' Ver Meer, of Delft, was almost new to him, the fresh examples of De Hooch maintained his opinion of that skilled craftsman; while Paul Potter's 'Bull' left him cold.

"At the Mauritzhuis we fell in with Mr. W. P. Frith, R.A., and the two Academicians went through the rooms together.

"The divergent aims and interests of the two men displayed themselves forthwith. Millais, grasping Frith's arm with one hand and pointing with the other, would eagerly proclaim the triumphs of Rembrandt or Franz Hals; while Frith, wondering how his friend 'could admire paint laid on with a palette-knife,' would strive to detain him before a Metsu or a Gerard Dow.

"Haarlem and Leiden, Delft and Dordrecht were all visited from the Hague. Millais pronounced the sculpture of the monument of William the Silent at Delft to be quite first-rate, and thought the choir-stalls at Dordrecht equal to the finest Italian work. The corporation pieces of Hals at Haarlem filled him with unbounded enthusiasm, and it was here that he conceived the purpose of similarly treating the Yeomen of the Guard, a purpose which he sadly abandoned after making one or two sketches for the group and finishing the well-known single figure now in the National Gallery.

"In those days the pictures of Amsterdam were much less well seen than at present. The collections were divided, and the big pictures shown in insufficient space. Millais was disappointed with the 'Night Watch,' but was unstinted in his admiration of the other large Rembrandts. The revela-

tion of Amsterdam to him was, however, Van der Helst's 'Banquet of the Arquebusiers.' For pure painting, grandeur of style and colour, he considered it the finest work of the kind in the world; and he was pleased to be reminded that Sir Joshua Reynolds had entertained a similarly high estimate of this monumental canvas. It must not, however, be supposed that in his 'Valhalla' Van der Helst would have been assigned a place quite near Rembrandt.

"Millais had had a letter of introduction to the principal print-seller of Amsterdam, who received him with great distinction. I well remember among the gentleman's first inquiries as to Millais' impressions of Dutch Art was one put in a loud staccato, 'And what do you think of Ferdinand Bol?' Often afterwards did Millais repeat the question, giving the fullest rotundity to the word Bol."

No sooner had he returned to England than he was honoured with an invitation from the Queen of Spain to visit her at Madrid. The opportunity was most tempting, for he had long desired to see Madrid, and would probably have done so ere this, but for his rooted aversion to travelling and a lurking fear that the wealth of colour and the picturesqueness of the country and its inhabitants might tend to wean him from his love of English subjects, and so destroy the national character of his Art. John Phillip's admirable paintings were in themselves a stimulus in that direction; Millais had friends, too, there—intimate friends in Madrazzo and other eminent artists—and was himself a member of the Madrid Academy; and most of all was he anxious to see and study for himself the unique collection of Velasquez' pictures that Madrid alone can boast. But now he was for the moment out of heart. After the excitement of his Paris visit the loss of his son came back upon him with renewed force, compelling him, however reluctantly, to decline the royal invitation—a circumstance that I fancy he regretted in after years.*

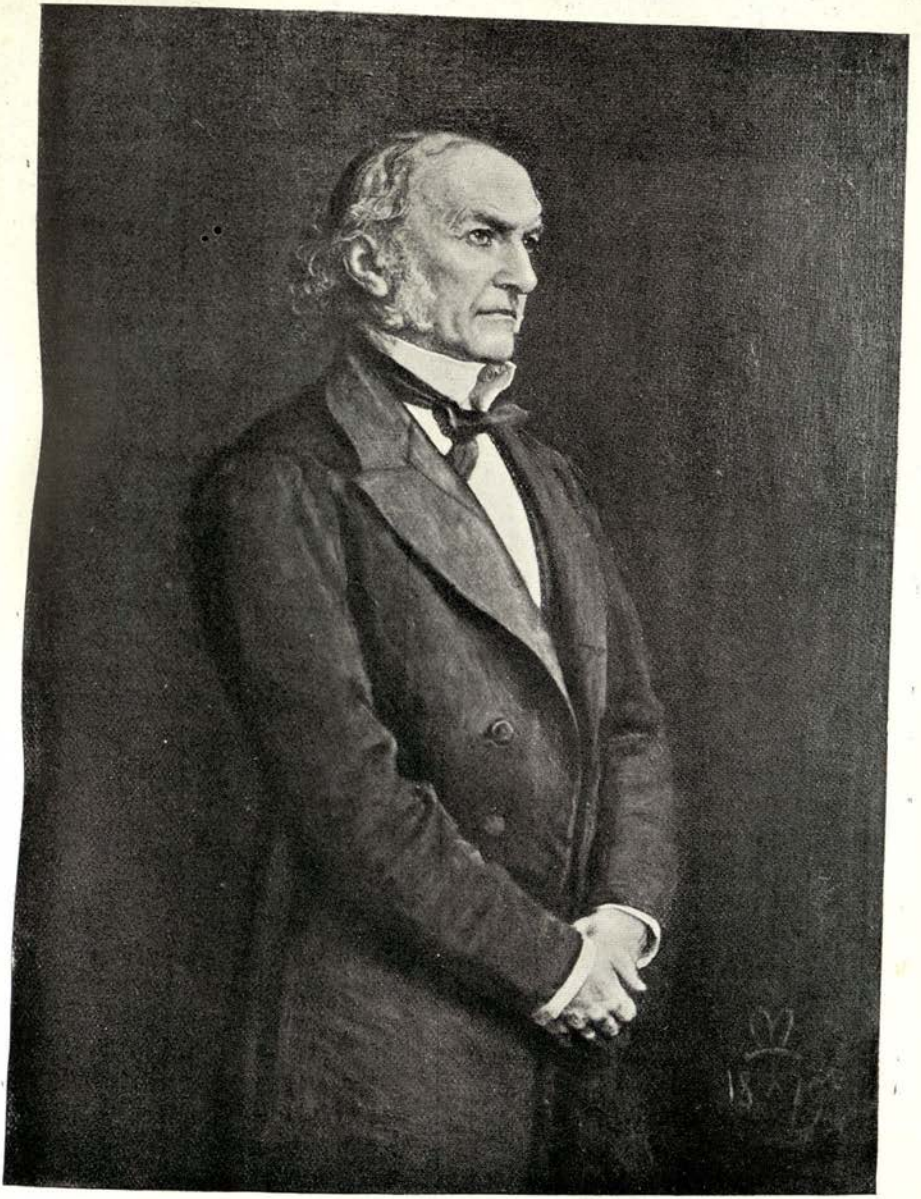
* It was in 1890, when Mr. Charles Stuart Wortley and his wife were at Madrid for an International Conference, to which Mr. Stuart Wortley was sent as Principal Delegate for the Government, that an invitation to Millais to come to Madrid was addressed personally to my sister by Queen Christina. This verbal invitation was followed by a more formal one transmitted through our old and much-beloved friend Sir Clare Ford, the British Minister at the Court of Spain, who, writing to Lady Millais, says, "Millais can talk about it, and make his arrangements to come and see the Velasquez pictures whenever he likes. I shall give Apelles a *Royal* (Academician) *Welcome*." Owing to ill-health, however, he was forced to decline this second invitation.

By this time (after his visit to Paris) he had quite given up black-and-white work; but, at the special request of Messrs. Smith and Elder, he made four drawings for the *edition de luxe* of Thackeray's "Barry Lyndon," the woodcuts of which, though very well done, do but scant justice to the originals.

Now for the first time Mr. Gladstone was to sit to him for his portrait, an event he looked forward to with interest as affording an opportunity for seeing something of the inner man of the great Liberal leader who was shortly to set Midlothian aflame with his marvellous oratory. Gladstone, he felt sure, would talk; and no one knew better than himself how to draw a man out while apparently absorbed in painting his portrait.

It was in 1879 that this sitting took place, and everything came off as anticipated. Gladstone proved to be not only an ideal sitter, but a most entertaining and charming companion. Instead of keeping silence, as other great men are apt to do, in face of a struggle such as that in which he was so soon to engage, he entered freely into conversation on the various topics of the day; and when, a little later, we were all assembled at lunch, he astonished us beyond measure by the extent of his learning on subjects commonly attractive only to the specialist. His reading and his memory were alike amazing. To my father he talked eagerly about the early Italian and Florentine painters, betraying an intimate knowledge of the men, the times they lived in, their works, and where these were now to be found. Then, as might happen, the latest *bon mot* from the clubs would suddenly flash across his mind, or we should be treated to a disquisition on fish and the art of capturing them; or, finding that my mother was interested in early Scottish history (a subject of which he had made a special study) he would pour forth to her from the founts of his knowledge, setting her right in the pleasantest manner on various points of interest Music, sport, science, art were all taken up in turn, as he addressed himself to one or other of us; and singularly winning was the deferential tone he assumed, even when speaking to the youngest man at the table. A red-hot Tory who was dying to tackle him on a leading political topic was so carried away with the charm of his conversation that he left the room without even mentioning the subject.

As to the portrait itself I leave other people to speak.



THE RIGHT HONOURABLE W. E. GLADSTONE. 1879

By permission of Sir Charles Tennant

Mr. Spielmann says of it:—"'When Millais was painting this portrait,' said a lady, an intimate friend of the ex-Premier, 'Mr. Gladstone was thinking what a terrible sin would be committed if England was to go to war for the Turks.' These words, set on record by Sir Wemyss Reid, remind one that it was in the midst of the Bulgarian horrors agitation that Mr. Gladstone found time to give sittings to the artist for the first of the series of portraits he made of him. He said it was most enjoyable to sit to Millais, 'not because he talks; but to see him at his work is a delight, for the way he throws his heart and soul into it.' The picture shows Mr. Gladstone not in a combative, but in one of his tenderer and more sympathetic moods, when pity rather than fight seems to fill his mind. It is a superb work, as a portrait pure and simple, equal to nearly anything Millais ever did, except perhaps the Tennyson. It was painted for the Duke of Westminster, and then passed into the collection of Sir Charles Tennant."

The history of this change of ownership is well known. As remarked in a recent notice in one of the daily papers, The portrait "is almost a piece of politics, as well as a work of art. It was painted at the time of the Bulgarian agitation for the Duke of Westminster, then, as now, one of the warmest friends of the oppressed nationalities in the East. When Mr. Gladstone took up the cause of an oppressed nationality nearer home, and advocated Home Rule for Ireland, the Duke of Westminster became politically and personally estranged. He could not endure, it was said, even to see Mr. Gladstone's portrait facing him on his walls. However this may be, he certainly sold it to Sir Charles Tennant." Happily, any personal estrangement there was, was healed before Mr. Gladstone's death; and during his retirement and illness at Hawarden the Duke of Westminster was one of the most kindly and attentive of neighbours.

Through the generosity of Sir Charles Tennant, the picture is now the property of the nation, as foreshadowed in a graceful speech by Sir Edward Poynter, P.R.A., at the Academy banquet in May, 1898. "In reviewing the events of the past year," he said, "I must make more than a passing mention of that brilliant exhibition of the works of our late President, Sir John Millais, which was held in these rooms during the past winter. No one could see that great display

without astonishment at the range and variety of the genius of our great painter. To characterise the nature of his genius would be as out of place now as to give a list of his prominent works; but, if there was a point on which he was supreme, it was in that great series of portraits, of which, perhaps, the culmination is the well-known noble presentation of Mr. Gladstone, unrivalled since the days of Rembrandt and Velasquez in its rendering of the mind and spirit of the man. It is with the pleasure and satisfaction which will be shared by everyone present that I am enabled to announce to you that that portrait will eventually find a place in our national collection. The present owner, Sir Charles Tennant, a trustee of the National Gallery, has authorised me to state that he intends to give it to the nation, to be placed in Trafalgar Square, where it will stand as a monument to the genius of the artist, to the greatness of the statesman, and to the liberality of the giver."

But perhaps of even greater interest, now that Mr. Gladstone is no longer amongst us, is the letter he was good enough to write to me but a few months before the shadow of death began to fall upon his path.

From Mr. Gladstone.

"HAWARDEN,

"*November 4th*, 1897.

"DEAR J. G. MILLAIS,—The subject on which you have addressed me is, I can assure you, one of much interest to me as well as to yourself; but the state of my health at the moment, as well as my declining years (an objection not likely to mend with time), obliges me to be brief in my answer to your letter.

"It was at his own suggestion, and for his own account, that he undertook to paint me, while I rather endeavoured to dissuade him from wasting his labour on an unpromising subject. He, however, persisted. I was at once struck with a characteristic which seemed to me to mark him off from all other artists (and they have in my long life been many) to whom I have sat. It was the intensity with which he worked, and which, so far as I may judge, I have never seen equalled.

CARDINAL NEWMAN. 1881

By permission of Thos. Agnew and Sons

"It has always excited my surprise that many artists are able to paint portraits, and likewise to hold copious conversations with their sitters.

"I have had interesting conversations with your father, but not to any large extent during the sittings. One is tempted to fear that the common practice must entail a division of energy unfavourable to the work; for portrait-painting in good hands is surely not only a work, but a very arduous work.

"The result of your father's practice was that, of all the painters I have ever sat to, he took the fewest sittings. This, as well as his success, was due, I think, to the extraordinary concentration with which he laboured. He had no energies to spare; and no wonder, when we see what energies he put into his pictures.

"Although I think the highly-finished portrait in the possession of Sir Charles Tennant was completed upon sittings not amounting to five hours, I beg you to understand that their comparative brevity was not owing to impatience on my part, for, in truth, I never felt any. He always *sent* me away.

"It appeared to me impossible to prolong such labour as his over a continuous series of hours, and I think he very judiciously gave himself, whether sometimes or habitually, some recreation or change after the sittings. Upon the whole I felt an unusual interest in the work, which extended, I can assure you, to the man. I rejoice in the security as well as the extent of his well-earned fame.

"Believe me,

"Very faithfully yours,

"W. E. GLADSTONE."

Millais was in great form this year (1879), but, for the first time for some years past, he produced no landscape. His time was devoted exclusively to portraits and figure subjects, the former including, besides Mr. Gladstone's, portraits of Mrs. Arthur Kennard, Mrs. Jopling, Mrs. Beddington, Mrs. Stibbard, and Miss Alcyone Stepney, and later on the well-known "Cherry Ripe" and "Princess Elizabeth."

The child Alcyone was a difficult little bird to catch. She could only be taken on the wing, for, when perched on the

daïs, she was so frightened that there was nothing for it but to take her down again, give her some flowers to play with, and let her run about the studio at her own sweet will. Whatever details were wanted had to be got by catching her up now and then, and holding her for a few minutes at a time; and in this way a likeness was secured.

PENCIL SKETCH. 1879

"Cherry Ripe" was the first of the many beautiful child pictures that came from Millais' easel during this and the next fifteen years, and quite amazing was the hold it took upon the public fancy. Miss Blanche Barette, a professional model, was said to have sat for the figure; but, in fact, the little model was Miss Edie Ramage, now Madame Francisco de Paula Ossorio, a niece of Mr. Thomas, editor of the *Graphic*. She used to come to the studio accompanied by her mother, who was somewhat shy and nervous; and it

"CHERRY RIPE." 1879

By permission of Mr. Thomas McLean

often amused my father to see how completely the little girl did the honours, and tried to put her parent at her ease, bringing her a chair, and occasionally answering for her when spoken to.*

Mr. Spielmann has an interesting note on this subject, of which I am glad to avail myself. "Miss Edie Ramage," he says, "was the belle of the fancy dress ball given by the *Graphic* in the year the work was produced. She impersonated Sir Joshua Reynolds' 'Penelope Boothby,' and was thought to be so charming that she was again dressed in the character and carried off to the artist's studio. He was so delighted with his little model that it was agreed upon the spot that he should paint a portrait of the child, and that the price should be a thousand guineas. . . . So popular was the picture, it is said, that of the coloured reproduction which appeared in the *Graphic* in 1880 600,000 copies were sold, and that had the unsatisfied orders been met the issue would have reached a million; indeed, the publisher had to return several thousand pounds in cash and sustain actions at law for damages for non-delivery.

"The picture, painted with a sureness of touch and richness of palette to be found only in Sir John's best work, with a setting singularly felicitous in design, seems to be a good deal darker than it was. More than any other of his pictures it contains a dash of that *espièglerie* which is one of the principal charms of Sir Joshua's representations of fascinating childhood."

It was engraved by Samuel Cousins, whose wonderful skill Millais rejoiced to notice in the following letter to my mother, dated November 7th, 1881:—"You will be glad to hear that yesterday I saw at Mr. Cousins' his engraving of 'Cherry Ripe,' and that it is simply *by far* the most enchanting work which has ever been done from any of my pictures. MacLean, who published it, has just been here, and acknowledges its success already as unbounded, and I have promised to paint him a pendant. . . . I have also Herkomer's engraving of Lord Beaconsfield, which is excellent."

Thanks to the engraver's and woodcutter's art, "Cherry Ripe" found its way into the remotest parts of the English-speaking world, and everywhere that sweet presentment of English childhood won the hearts of the people. From

* "Cherry Ripe" and her husband escaped with difficulty from Manilla during the Spanish-American War, 1898.

Australian miners, Canadian backwoodsmen, South African trekkers, and all sorts and conditions of colonial residents, came to the artist letters of warmest congratulation, some of which stirred his heart by the deep emotion they expressed. Nor were letters always enough to convey the sentiments of the writers; they must needs break forth into poetry. Witness the following, dated from "Athole Bank, Hamilton, Ontario, Canada, January 1st, 1882:—

"An humble Cannok on the shores
Of great Ontario's lake,
Who matchless 'Cherry Ripe' adores,
The liberty would take

"To throw across the wintry sea
A warm and grateful cheer
To glorious Millais, and may he
Enjoy a good New Year!"

On the back of this is written:—

"SIR,—Though an obscure backwoodsman like myself can hardly expect to receive even an echo to the foregoing humble greeting (pardonable, I trust, at this festive season), I shall at least have given myself the satisfaction of expressing some little portion of the gratitude of Canadians towards one who has done so much to brighten the homes of the Anglo-Saxon race all over the world with his wonderful creations.

"I have the honour to be,

"Yours most respectfully,

"WILLIAM MURRAY."

"Princess Elizabeth" was painted as a companion picture to the "Princes in the Tower," and partakes of the same pathetic character. It is happily described by Spielmann as "one of Millais' tenderest and most pathetic pictures of child-life. The poor little princess is represented, before she was removed to Carisbrooke Castle to die, composing her touching letter to the Parliamentary Commissioners, begging that her own loved servants should not be taken from her as was ordered, and that she might be allowed to join her sister, the Princess of Orange. In accordance with her request, the more cruel policy was reversed; her servants were left to her, but soon afterwards, on September 8th, 1650, this little daughter of Charles I., who had spent more than half her brief life of fifteen years in prison, was

released by death, 'with her pale cheek resting on the Holy Book.'

"The exquisite rendering of the pathos of the subject, the beautiful realisation of the sweet, wistful face and entirely characteristic and child-like pose, as well as the fine painting of the head, raise this picture far above the rank of genre or anecdote, and award it a dignified place as a work of history."

My sister Sophie, then a child of twelve, sat for the figure; but it was by the merest accident that she was selected. The subject had been for some time in my father's mind, but before attempting to give it form and shape, he must finish a picture he had commenced, combining a portrait of herself and another child. Sophie was to be presented full-face; but one morning, while on her way to the studio, she had a nasty fall, that so disfigured one side of her face as to make it impossible to proceed with her portrait. A vacant canvas was, however, at hand, and also the dress Millais had procured for "Princess Elizabeth," and as he hated to lose time, he started at once upon the new picture, taking Sophie as his model instead of the professional he had intended to employ.

A singular interest attaches to the magnificent wardrobe that appears in the background of the picture. It was once the property of that unfortunate monarch whose daughter is here depicted, and was used by him as a wardrobe. Of exquisite workmanship, and displaying on the panels two little images of solid silver, it was probably made about the time of Elizabeth. There is an engraving of it in the earliest known work on British furniture. Millais bought it from a dealer shortly after it had been taken from Theobald's, in whose stores it had rested for several centuries, and to these stores, I believe, it was finally returned.

The late Prince Albert Victor, who honoured me with his friendship when we were students together at Cambridge, was so taken with a proof engraving of this picture, presented to him by Her Majesty, that he would allow nothing else to hang on the walls of his dining-room. He told me he had the greatest affection for it, and should take it with him wherever he went.

Elsewhere, too, the picture was highly popular, one of its most enthusiastic admirers being a young lady named Edith Eaton, then residing with her parents at Buffalo,

U.S.A. On January 1st, 1882, she was good enough to send to the artist a composition of her own, the grace of which entitles it, I think, to admission here.

"TO THE 'PRINCESS ELIZABETH.'

"Quaint little maid in the carven frame,
Looking out from the pictured gloom
Into the silent, shadowed room
With eyes whose question is still the same.

"An artist's brush with bold caprice
Has caught you out from a century past,
And on the canvas, pinioned fast,
You are captive held in an endless peace.

"The misty lights of those far-off days
Still linger round you, it would seem,
And, like the shadows of a dream,
They struggle out from unknown space.

"The surging tides of this mortal life
That perfect calm can never mar;
But faintly, echoed from afar,
You catch the sounds of the distant strife.

"The flight of years, with careless ruth,
Can never brush you with their wings.
In Art, and Art alone, there springs
The fountain of eternal youth.'

On the back of these lines her mother writes:—"It is hoped that Mr. Millais will excuse the liberty taken in sending these verses (written by a young girl); since it is ever grateful to the true artist to have proved an inspiration to others, even though so far away that 'Art alone' makes him known to them."

The autumn of 1879 was spent at Eastwood, a charming house on the banks of the Tay, belonging to Mr. Athole MacGregor, and here Millais amused himself with his fishing on the Tay and the rough shooting of Craig Vinian.

A great character was old Thomas T——, our boatman at Eastwood. He was one of the old Highland mail-coachmen, and used to entertain us with stories of the old days when he wielded the whip between Perth and Inverness; the quaint and caustic character of his remarks, whether grave or gay, adding immensely to the force of whatever he said, as the following little anecdote may show. Mrs. X— —, then in the zenith of her fame as the most beautiful

"PRINCESS ELIZABETH IN THE TOWER." 1879

By permission of the Fine Art Society

woman of her day, was staying with us, and spent a day on the river, watching my father fish. The old boatman seemed much impressed with her charms, and next day Millais asked him what he thought of her. "Weel," said T—— (always a rabid *laudator temporis acti*), "A 've seen the day when Missus T—— could ha' *lickit her a' to pot.*" Perhaps she could—she looked it—but not exactly in the sense that her lord and master intended, for the worthy Mrs. T——, who weighed some twenty stone, could hardly have been anything but extremely ill-favoured, even in her most palmy days.

More portraits awaited Millais' return to town. He had undertaken to paint (amongst others) Bishop Fraser, the Right Hon. John Bright, Principal Caird of Glasgow, Mr D. Thwaites, Luther Holden, P.R.C.S., Mrs. Perugini, and Miss Evelyn Otway; and the moment he reached home he set to work to fulfil the commissions.

John Bright, by the way, was, like himself, a keen salmon-fisher, and in the previous autumn they had enjoyed the sport together at Dalguise as guests of Mr. Rupert Potter; for though Bright abhorred the idea of slaughter for the sake of sport, he held with certain scientists the comfortable doctrine that fish are insensible to pain!

During the winter other commissions came in, and along with them an invitation from Florence to add to the collection in the Uffizzi Gallery of portraits of artists painted by themselves. To do this he wheeled up close alongside of the canvas on which he was to paint, a huge looking-glass that always stood in the studio at Palace Gate, and in two or three days the whole painting was completed. "You see," he said, "it is done very quickly; for as I know exactly when to keep still, I 'm a pretty good sitter."

The two subject-pictures "Cuckoo" and "Diana Vernon" were also painted this year, the latter being really a portrait of the Hon. Caroline Roche.

In 1880 came the gratifying intelligence that, in recognition of Millais' genius as an artist, the University of Oxford proposed to confer upon him the distinction of D.C.L. The honour was, of course, accepted, and Millais gladly seized the opportunity for renewing his acquaintance with that delightful city under such pleasant auspices, and at the most charming time of the year. On the appointed day, however, the weather suddenly changed for the worse; the sky was overcast, and no sooner had the procession to the theatre

started than down came the rain in torrents, to the intense disgust of a famous mathematician, who had made so sure of a fine day that he neglected to provide himself with any protection against the storm. Millais flew to his relief; but so suddenly did he open his umbrella that the mathematical "trencher" was sent flying through the air, followed by the owner, who, gallantly charging into the crowd in his efforts to recover it, was unmercifully chaffed by sundry ribald students, who had assembled as usual to witness the show.

The presentation of the D.C.L. degree always calls forth much good-humoured banter and nonsense from the giddy youth of the 'Varsity, and Millais of course came in for his share. On the conclusion of the Public Orator's eulogistic address in Latin, a bright youth quietly lowered down from the gallery a huge pot of Brunswick blacking, presumably as a delicate allusion to a certain picture whose name it recalled.

About this time, to the great delight of Millais, a new and most charming model was discovered in the person of Miss Beatrice Buckstone, grand-daughter of the famous comedian J. B. Buckstone, and with the consent of her parents (for she was then but a child of 12 or 13) she sat for the three pictures, "Cinderella," "Caller Herrin," and "Sweetest Eyes Were Ever Seen." It was at St. James' Theatre, in the winter of 1880–81, that this happy discovery was made. One of my sisters, who happened to be at the theatre one evening when the child was playing in "Good Fortune" as a member of Mr. and Mrs. Kendal's company, was so struck with her beauty that she prevailed on my father to go and see her. He, too, was equally captivated, and at once wrote to her mother, asking leave for her to sit to him. This being granted, little Beatrice presently appeared in the studio, when we all agreed that never in our lives had we seen a more lovely child. Her face was simply perfect, both in form and colour, and nothing could be more charming than the contrast between her bright golden hair and those big, blue-grey Irish eyes that peeped at you from under the shade of the longest black lashes that ever adorned the human face. The pictures for which she sat in no way exaggerated her beauty; they were but portraits of her own sweet self. It seemed a pity that she should ever grow older; but she did, and in course of time became the wife of Mr. Walter Warren, who is connected with the stage.

"SWEETEST EYES." 1881

By permission of Mrs. Sanders

What the Art world thought of "Cinderella" may be gathered from the following letter from one of its most distinguished ornaments, Sir W. B. Richmond, R.A., who was for some years Slade Professor at Oxford.

From W. B. Richmond, R.A.

"BEAVOR LODGE,

"*Hammersmith, April 29th*, 1881.

"MY DEAR MILLAIS,—It is seldom that one dare express to the artistic 'Peers' any feeling that their work may have given birth to; but there may be exceptions, and even at the risk of seeming forward, I must tell you with all my heart how I love and admire your 'Cinderella.' Many of the charms of childhood have been done by Holbein, Titian, Reynolds, and Gainsborough; but you have opened a new view, and have, as it seems to me, enriched the world by your original and 'human' picture.

"Whether you meant all you say in that pathetic face matters not; you have conveyed something so subtle that I doubt even a thought to be sufficiently tangible for its father.

"Instinct alone of the most complete sympathy with the subject could have, as in the act of creation, conveyed such delicacy of fleeting movements of the mind acting on the lovely unspoilt movements of childhood. Forgive me if, as your junior in age and merit, I have ventured thus to express my keenest pleasure at your lovely work.

"Yours always sincerely,

"W. B. RICHMOND."

Reference has already been made to the exhibition of Millais' paintings in the Bond Street Rooms in 1881. About twenty of his best pictures were sent there, and the show, which was under the charge of his old friend Joe Jopling, proved an immense success. Especially gratifying to Millais was the interest it aroused amongst his brother artists, and their generous appreciation of his works, as evidenced by letters from nearly all the leading painters of the day. The three following letters (arranged in order of dates) fairly represent the general feeling of the profession.

From H. S. Marks, R.A.

"HAMILTON TERRACE, ST. JOHN'S WOOD, N.W.,
"*February 20th*, 1881.

"MY DEAR MILLAIS,—I saw your exhibition yesterday with infinite pleasure, despite the people, who stood with their backs to the pictures, discussing the B—— marriage and the newest play.

"I always thought you a very great painter, but this sample exhibition of but a tithe of your work brings more vividly to me the fact of your great and varied power.

"In you I recognise always the painter of *human nature* and *common sense*—the man of wide sympathies, who can invest man with his dignity, woman with her loveliness, childhood with an unaffected grace quite his own.

"'Chill October' shows the same broad sympathy with inanimate Nature; while he who has studied birds a little may be allowed to compliment you on the truth of character and action in the ornithological touches in these pictures.

"It should be a proud thought for you that, having never swerved from the right path, and having fought the good fight against all odds, you are recognised by your brothers as the distinguished head of the profession.

"May you live long to enjoy so great and so deserved a distinction, to give us new pleasure.

"Had I been an outsider, I could not have written this; as a fellow Royal Academician, I can sign myself

"Yours faithfully, but not flatteringly,
"H. S. MARKS."

From J. Sant, R.A.

"43, LANCASTER GATE, HYDE PARK, W.,
"*February 21st.*

"MY DEAR MILLAIS,—I have been to the 'Fine Arts' (truly), and am delighted with your admirable work there; the glorious company shows what you have done and can do. If I am humbled in my own opinion of myself when I look on this picture which is now staring me in the face, I shall not shed salt tears, but rather rejoice that your work will for ever prove a lesson to all who follow the 'serene and silent Art.' You deserve what you have—all success and honour. "Yours sincerely, "J. SANT."

From Briton Riviere, R.A.

"FLAXLEY,

"*March 11th*, 1881.

"MY DEAR MILLAIS,—You may not care for the praise of a feeble man, but I have just seen that collection of your works, and I cannot resist telling you how profound an impression they have made upon me. From the very earliest effort to the last, the work is always great and always your own entirely.

"These pictures make one ask oneself what is the good of painting while we have among us a man who has done (witness the 'Princess Elizabeth' and 'Cherry Ripe'), and is now doing, such admirable work. Amongst them all I am still true to my first love, and 'The Boyhood of Raleigh' still has precisely the same effect upon me that it had when it first appeared. Yet it is run so close by all the other pictures that it is impossible to place it first.

"Forgive this scribble from yours,

"Always a believer,

"BRITON RIVIERE."

Millais' reply to the above expresses briefly, as was his wont, the pleasure these letters had given him.

To Briton Riviere, R.A.

"2, PALACE GATE, KENSINGTON,

"*March 12th*, 1881.

"DEAR RIVIERE,—If an artist was permitted to wear orders, I would like to carry on my breast the first five or six letters I have received anent the exhibition in Bond Street—letters from brother artists, so generous and so candid, that I think they do honour to the profession, at the same time that they do me so much honour and make me (I hope innocently) happy. "Yours always sincerely,

"J. E. MILLAIS."

In no year did Millais appear to greater advantage in portraiture than in 1881. In succession he painted Lord Beaconsfield (unfinished), Cardinal Newman, Principal Caird,

of Glasgow, Sir John Astley, Sir Henry Thompson, Lord Wimborne, Sir Gilbert Greenall, the Duchess of Westminster, and Captain and Mrs. James (Effie Millais); and all alike were recognised as fine examples of his talent, especially the portrait of Lord Beaconsfield, which, as will presently be seen, commanded, even in its unfinished state, the approval of the Queen.

"In March both Lord Tennyson and Lord Beaconsfield came to give him sittings for their portraits. Beaconsfield, whose portrait was a commission from the Right Hon. W. H. Smith, M.P., was then in poor health. He walked upstairs to the studio with some difficulty, and the task of posing in the standing attitude was at the time too much for his strength, so all that could be done was to paint the head in and make a rough outline of his figure as he stood for a moment or two previous to being seated on the high-backed chair which was placed for him on the dais. He came only three times to the studio, and the last time his pluck alone carried him through his self-imposed ordeal. An arrangement was made for him to come again two or three days later, but the following day he was taken so seriously ill that the appointment had to be given up. What followed is a matter of history. To Millais' deep and lasting regret, he never again saw this most brilliant and most interesting of England's statesmen.

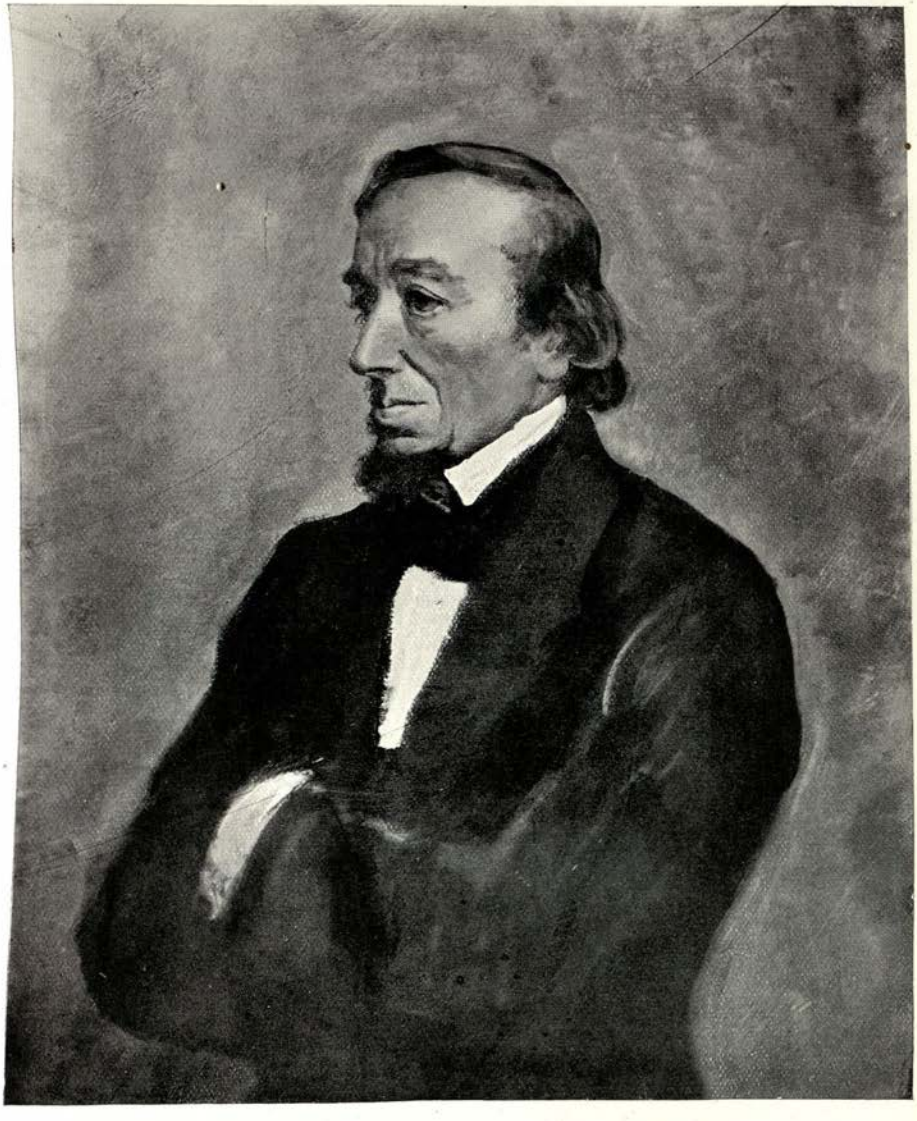
The two following letters will be read with interest, the second (written in bed) being the last that ever came from the pen of the illustrious statesman.

From Lord Beaconsfield.

"19, CURZON STREET, W.,
"*March 2nd*, 1881.

"DEAR MR. MILLAIS,—I am a very bad sitter, but will not easily forego my chance of being renowned to posterity by your illustrious pencil. All this week I am much engaged, but I am free, at present, on Tuesday and Wednesday the 8th and 9th, and could on either day be at your service. Choose the day. Would noon be a good hour?

"Yours faithfully,
"BEACONSFIELD."



BENJAMIN DISRAELI, EARL OF BEACONSFIELD. 1881

(In progress, after two sittings)

By permission of the Fine Art Society

From the same.

"19, CURZON STREET, W.,
"*March 9th*, 1881.

"MY DEAR APELLES,—Alas! I am in the gout, and cannot leave my bed! Most vexatious! I will write to you again, and trust I shall be able to give you the greater part of next week. "Yours sincerely,
"BEACONSFIELD."

Writing to his wife on March 31st, Millais says:—

"Tennyson has just gone, and comes again to-morrow. Unfortunately Lord Beaconsfield has been taken seriously ill, but I have got his likeness fairly well, if he is unable to sit again. I called yesterday and saw Lord Barrington [his private secretary], who told me that he (Beaconsfield) is very anxious for his portrait to be in the Royal Academy, and will get the Queen's command to admit it—the only way to get it in now. He hopes to be well enough to sit again in April, but to-day's bulletin is ominous. It looks as if he would die! I have two pretty ladies to paint, and Cardinal Manning immediately, so I have enough to do. Letters are pouring in, and I am beside myself to answer them. I have also to begin Sir Henry Thompson."

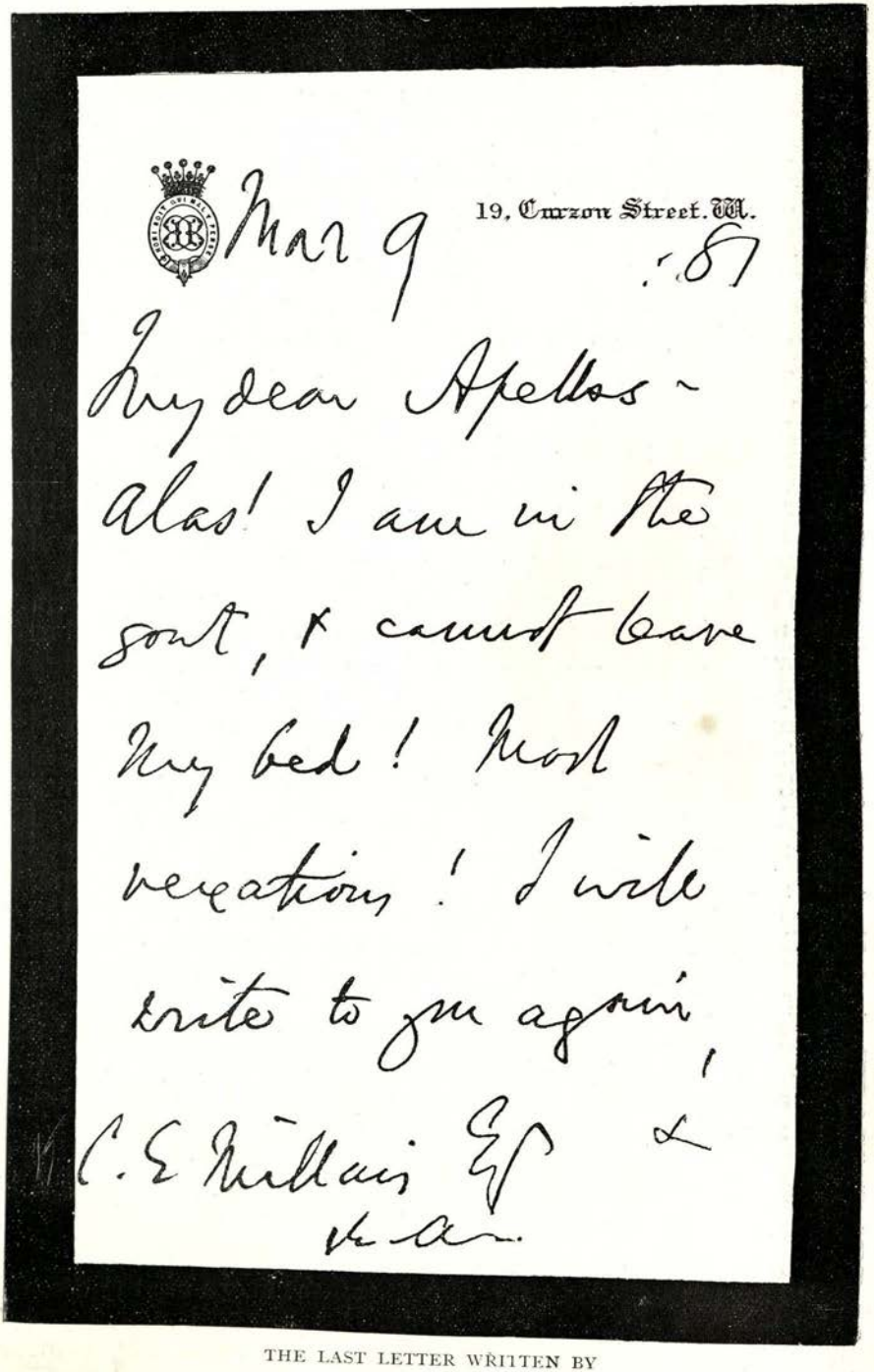
His fears were only too well grounded. On April 19th Lord Beaconsfield passed away, and Millais having received a command from the Queen to exhibit his portrait, finished or unfinished, set to work at once on the background, leaving the face untouched, and only clothing the figure in the familiar frock-coat of the departed statesman. The picture was then sent to the Academy, where it was exhibited by itself on a screen hung with crape.

Afterwards, on Her Majesty's command, Millais made a replica of the portrait on a smaller scale, pending the completion of which he received the following letter from the Queen's private secretary:—

From the Earl of Abercromby.

"33, CHARLES STREET, BERKELEY SQUARE, W.,
"*June 29th*, 1881.

"DEAR MR. MILLAIS,—The Queen has sent me the three photographs which I enclose, as Her Majesty wished you to see them in case they may assist you in making some



19, Curzon Street. W.

Mar 9 '87

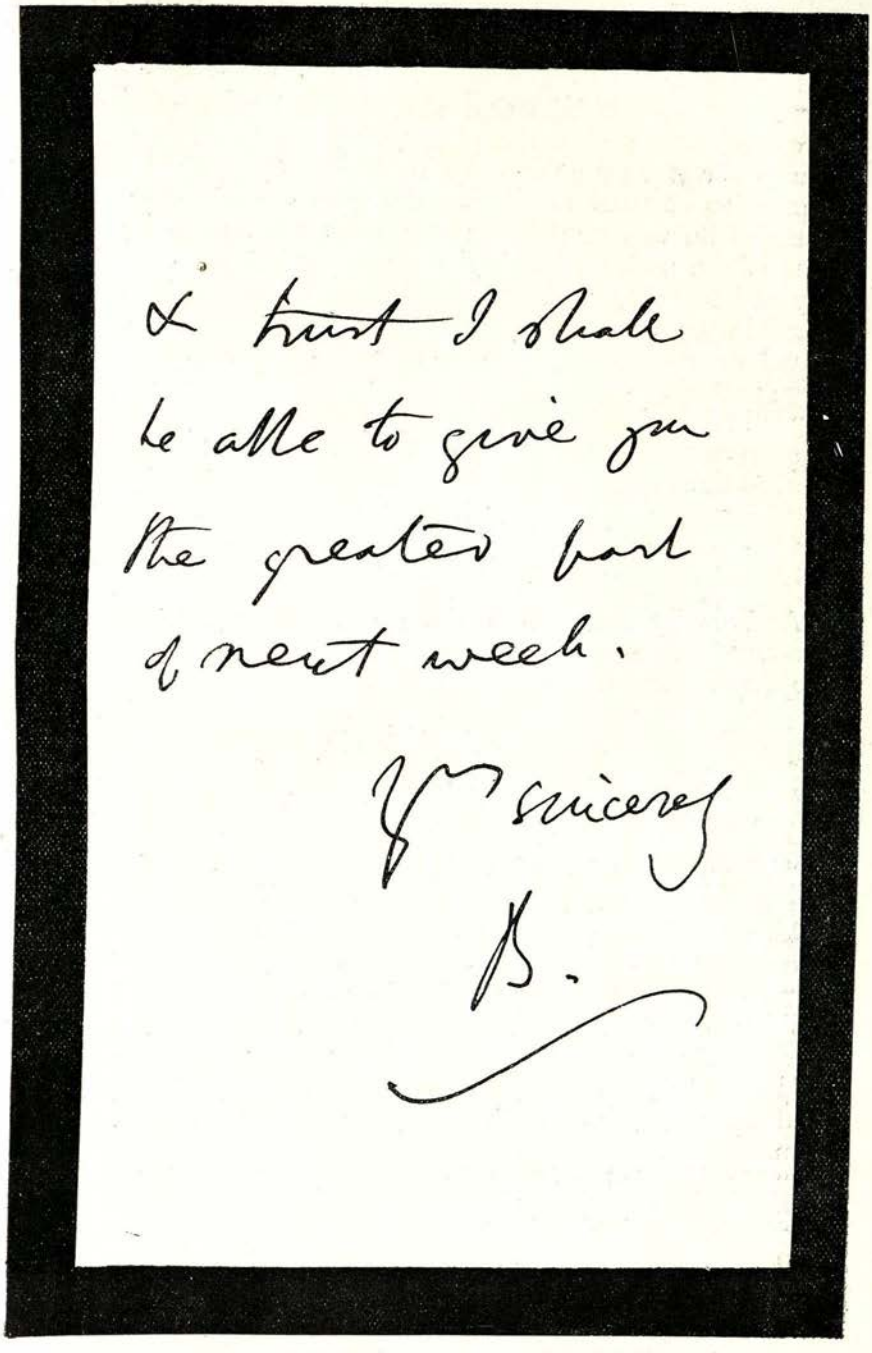
My dear Apelles –

Alas! I am in the gout, & cannot leave my bed! Most vexatious! I will write to you again,

C. E. Millais Esq &

[illegible]

THE LAST LETTER WRITTEN BY


I trust I shall be able to give you the greater part of next week.

Yours sincerely

B.

BENJAMIN DISRAELI, EARL OF BEACONSFIELD

slight alterations in the copy of the portrait of Lord Beaconsfield.

"The Queen thinks that the mouth in the photograph is exaggerated; that the photograph looking down at the newspaper gives the form and also something of the peculiar expression about the corner of the mouth, suggesting a keen sense of humour, which contrasts with the extreme seriousness of the upper part of the face. It prevents the whole expression being sad, which perhaps you may be able to avoid in your second portrait, though, of course, it was the actual expression of the face at the time you painted the large portrait.

"Will you be so kind as to return me the photographs as soon as you conveniently can, as Her Majesty wishes me to send them back to her.

"Believe me, yours truly,

"J. G. ABERCROMBY."

And finally came from the Queen herself, in her own handwriting, a gracious acknowledgment such as Her Majesty alone knows how to pen.

From Her Majesty the Queen.

"BALMORAL CASTLE,

"*October 16th,* 1881.

"The Queen wishes herself to express to Mr. Millais her warm thanks for the beautiful picture of dear Lord Beaconsfield, which he has so very kindly painted for her, and which she values most highly.

"It will form a most valuable addition to the Queen's collection of modern pictures, and has for her a peculiar and melancholy interest from being the last portrait her dear and ever-lamented friend and great Minister ever sat for, and when, as it were, the shadow of death was already upon him.

"Mr. Millais has given the peculiar, intellectual, and gentle expression of his face."

CHAPTER XVI.

1881–1885

Tennyson—Edward Lear's music—Tennyson's dislike to servants in the room—He recognises a strong likeness between himself and Charles Dickens—Millais paints his portrait—Sir Henry Thompson's portrait by Millais—Millais' portrait by Sir Henry Thompson—Sir John Astley—Cardinal Newman—John Garret—Murthly—A perfect highland residence—Good sport—Yarns of the river—A monster salmon—The careful sportsman—A solemn warning strangely illustrated—Thomas Carlyle—An anecdote of him—The Hanging Committee—Mrs. James Stern—Millais becomes a member of the Institute of France—"Pomona"—"Nell Gwynne"—"The Grey Lady"—Pictures of 1884—A portrait from scant materials—Second portrait of Mr. Gladstone—Millais visits Mr. Gladstone at Hawarden—John Gould—A visit to the old naturalist—"The Ruling Passion"—"Found"—Millais becomes a baronet—Letter from Mr. Gladstone—Congratulations—A story by Lord James—A dinner party of thirteen, and what followed.

"SWEETEST EYES" being now finished, Millais began his portrait of Tennyson, for Mr. Knowles, Editor of *The Nineteenth Century*, and an intimate friend of the poet. He had known Tennyson for many years, one might almost say from his youth upward, and at one time they were much together; but their friendship never seems to have ripened into intimacy—a circumstance somewhat remarkable, as an intense love of Nature was common to them both, and no man was more keenly alive than Millais to the charm of Tennyson's works. Most of them he knew by heart, some he selected as subjects for pictures, and as we have seen, some of his best work in black-and-white was the illustration of the laureate's poems.

It was under the inspiration of the poet himself that, while staying at Farringford, he made sketches for "Maud" and "Dora," Tennyson's son, Hallam, sitting to him for one of the illustrations of the last-named poem.*

But to Millais Tennyson was always somewhat of an

* See Tennyson's "Life," by his son, Vol. I. p. 380.

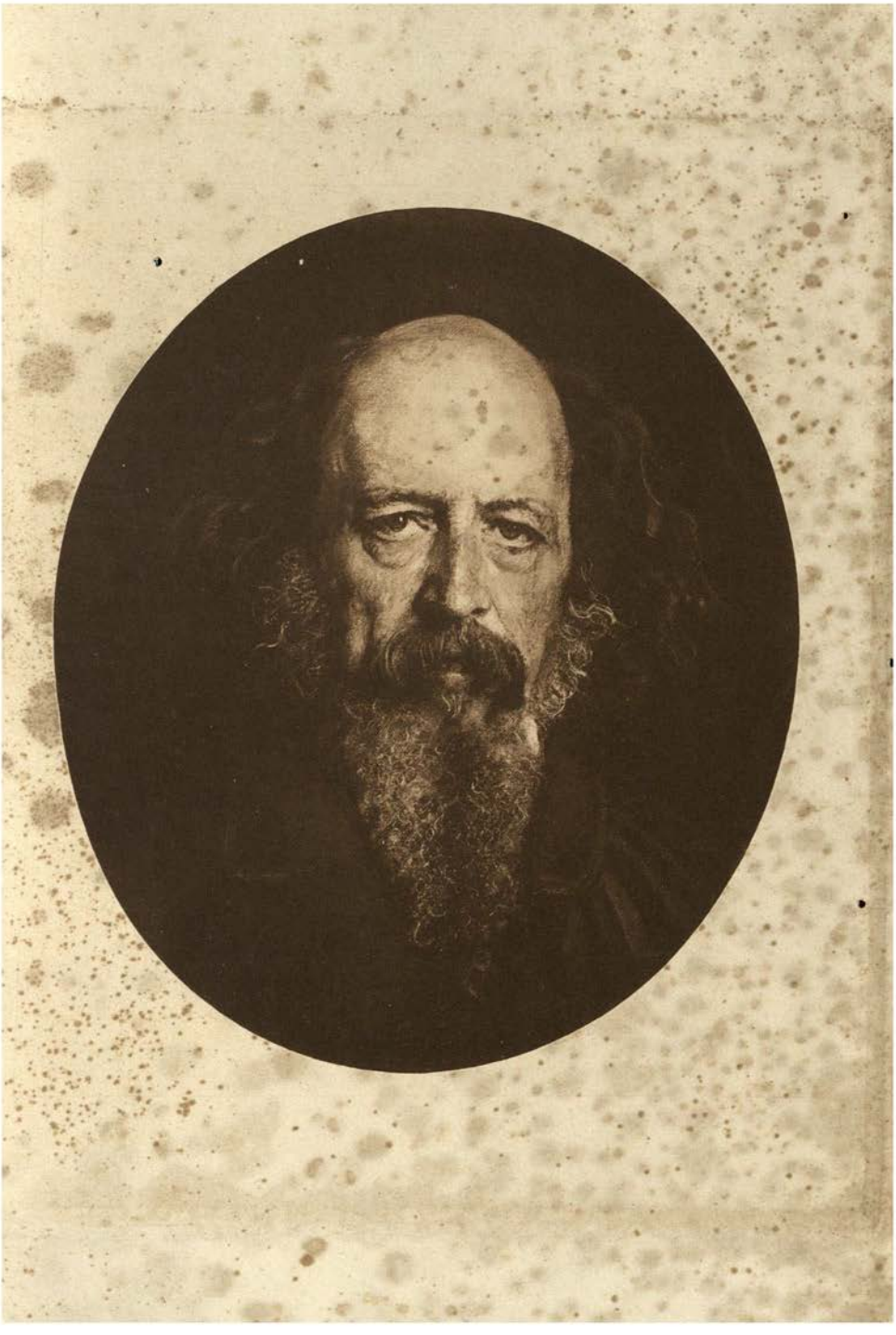
enigma. For at least forty years he was so short-sighted that any book he wished to read must be held almost close to his eyes, and yet the scenery of his poems and all the natural objects he refers to are so exquisitely and so minutely depicted that one could hardly believe that he had never seen them. His taste for music was most varied. Though, as we know, he delighted in the works of the great composers, he would now and then seemingly enjoy music that was scarcely classical. An instance of this occurred at a musical party one evening in Cromwell Place. Edward Lear, a charming man and author of the well-known *Book of Nonsense*, could hardly be called a musician, but being good at "vamping" he sat down to the piano and hummed rather than sang two of Tennyson's songs to tunes of his own composing. It was a clever performance; but the really musical people there were quite surprised at the eulogistic terms in which Tennyson spoke of the compositions. I cannot help thinking, however, that it was regard for the man rather than the music which caused this unexpected outburst of praise.

Tennyson greatly disliked the presence of servants at meals; so one day when he and Mr. Knowles* came unexpectedly to lunch, my mother did the waiting herself, and afterwards (my father being away at the time) showed them round the studio. Nothing, however, seemed to interest the poet till they came to the sketch of Dickens made after his death, when after looking at it for some time he suddenly exclaimed, "That is a most extraordinary drawing. It is exactly like myself!" And so it was, though no one had ever noticed this before. Dickens was a much smaller man than Tennyson, both in stature and figure, but the facial resemblance between the two was quite remarkable.

That grand leonine head of Tennyson's, and the noble mind that beamed through every feature, were inspiration enough to insure the best work of any artist to whom he might sit; and Millais rising to the occasion, as he always did, was happy enough to secure a portrait so satisfactory to himself that he spoke of it to Tennyson's eldest son, the present Peer, as in his estimation the finest he had ever painted.† He said, too, much the same thing in the following letter.

* My sincere thanks are due to Mr. Knowles for allowing me to reproduce here the Tennyson portrait—an obligation all the greater as he himself is about to use the picture for a work of his own.

† Tennyson's "Life," Vol. II. p. 261.



To Philip Calderon, R.A.

"BOWERSWELL, PERTH, N.B.,
"*October 25th*, 1892.

"DEAR CALDERON,—I am shooting three days a week, and haven't commenced a landscape, and as the frost has come severely I don't think I shall have the chance of doing so this year. Winter is evidently to arrive earlier than usual, for the distant mountains, seen from here, are already white with snow, and the leaves are showering from the trees.

"I saw Woolner at the Garrick the night before I left town for the North . . . and talked a great deal about Tennyson.

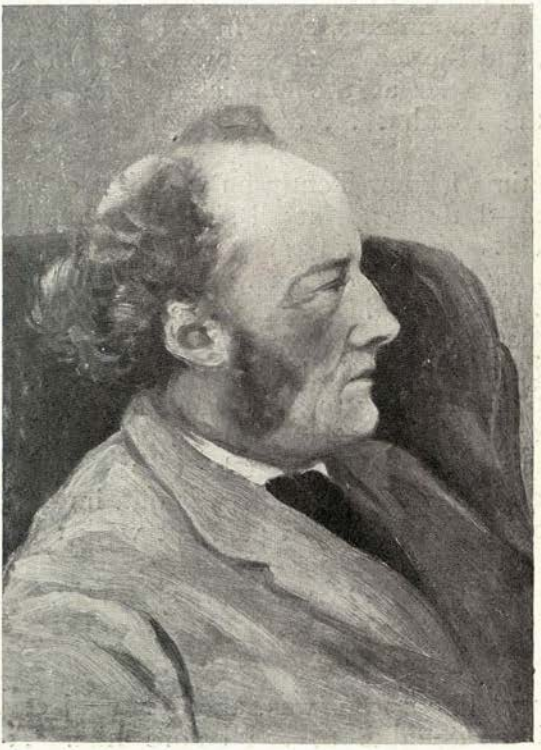
"At one time I knew Tennyson well, but of late years saw little of him—I think not at all since I painted his portrait, which, without immodesty, I am sure is the best of him. From my earliest days I have been a worshipper of his works, and have still, I believe, his first volume, published with his brother's poems.

"I stayed at Farringford before I was married, and he took me up one evening to show me his two children asleep in their cots (Lionel and Hallam). Proud father! At that time he was such a smoker that he took his tobacco from a *basket* beside him, when one pipe was out, immediately filling another from it; and many a pleasant walk and talk I had with him on the downs.

"Ever yours sincerely,
"J. E. MILLAIS."

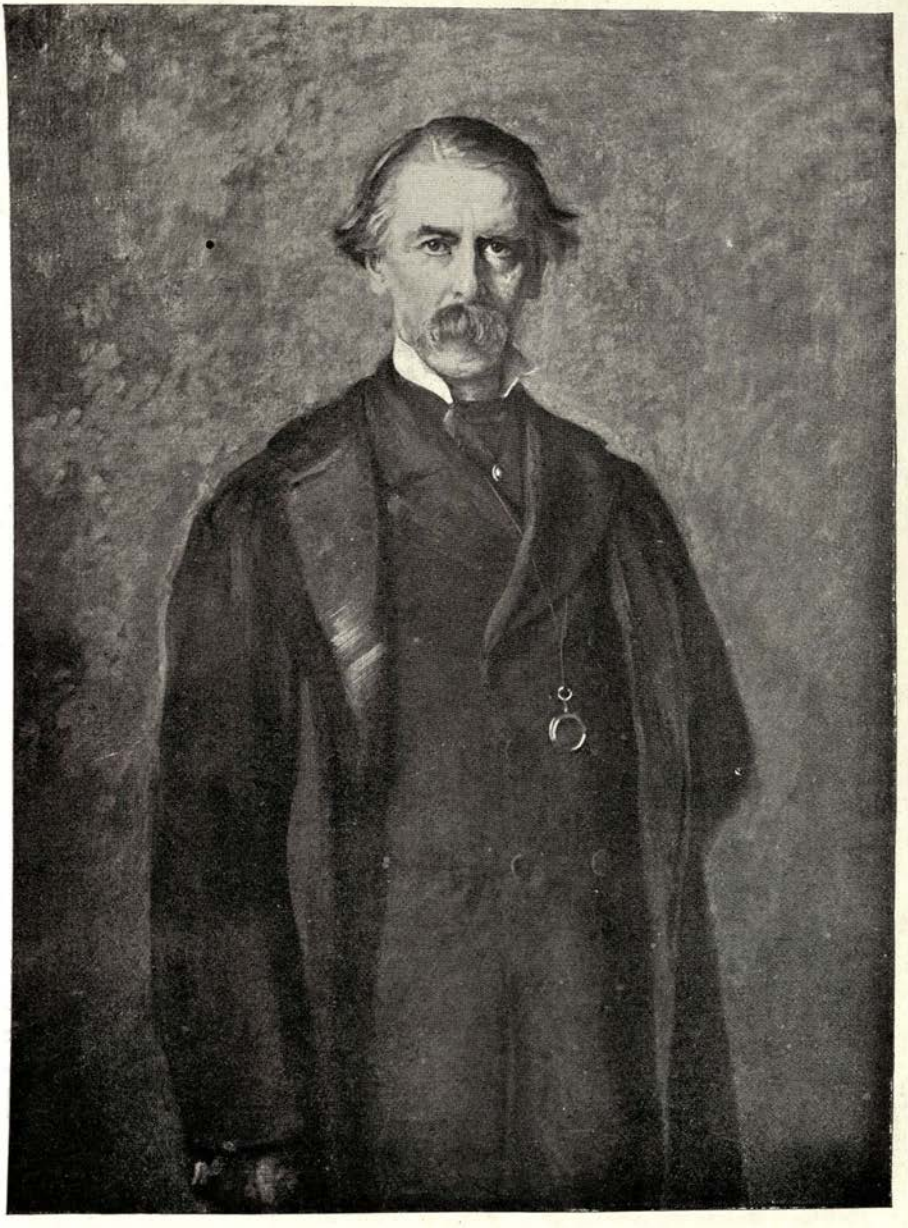
Sir Henry Thompson was another subject such as a portrait-painter delights to see before him. A splendidly modelled head, with bushy eyebrows and deep-seated penetrating eyes, revealed to the least observant eye the powerful mind of one of our greatest surgeons. It was a real pleasure to Millais to paint him, and all the greater as Sir Henry was himself an artist of no mean repute. In early life he studied painting as a pupil of O'Neil, and afterwards of Alma Tadema, and on more than one occasion his pictures were accepted by the Royal Academy. Referring to this portrait, a well-known critic says, "The keenness and incisive insight, decision, and masterfulness of the original are perfectly suggested, and with a hand as firm to paint as was the eye to see."

I was lucky enough to meet Sir Henry in 1897, while strolling about amongst the Surrey hills, and after a long talk about my father and the biography I had then in view, he said, "Well, if you are going to show Thompson by Millais, I think you ought to put in Millais by Thompson." Delightful suggestion! I jumped at it with eagerness, and presently he favoured me with the following note:—"Some



MILLAIS, BY SIR HENRY THOMPSON, BART. 1881

twenty-five years ago perhaps, Sir Robert Collier (afterwards Lord Monkswell) invited Sir Henry James (now Lord James), Sir John Millais, and myself to his house in Essex, from Saturday to Monday, as a whist party. It was cold, wintry weather, near Christmas, and on Sunday morning James, being then Attorney-General, and Collier, being Lord Justice of Privy Council, thought that officially they had better go to church. Millais and I elected to stay at home. Said I to Millais, 'What are you going to do?' He said,



SIR HENRY THOMPSON, BART. 1881

By permission of Sir Henry Thompson, Bart.

'Sit here and smoke.' 'Then,' said I, 'I will get a little mill-board, set a palette and paint you, if I may.' 'All right,' said he. He sat quite still with his back to the window, and I set to work. I worked at my study the best part of two hours, and put it on the mantelpiece. Soon afterwards the two others came in. 'There,' said Millais, 'that's what *we've* been doing!' It was never touched afterwards, and they all thought it would do as it was."

The portrait of Sir John Astley, that was now taken up, Millais spoke of as "the easiest thing I ever did in my life." There was no need to pose this subject; he just stood there, rattled off his racy yarns, and smoked his cigar, the artist himself chiming in whenever there was a pause; and the picture, growing under his hand with astonishing speed, was finished in a few days.

As already noted, Sir Gilbert Greenall and Cardinal Newman were also painted this year; and Millais, who had a great respect for the Cardinal, declared him to be the most interesting sitter, except Mr. Gladstone, who ever entered his studio. His portrait was, in the artist's opinion, amongst the finest he ever painted.

In marked contrast to either of these men was Mr. John Garret, President of the Baltimore and Maryland Railway Company, who was now to sit for his portrait. An American fresh from the States was he, and no more delightful specimen of the race ever left the country. From humble surroundings he had risen to wealth and honour as one of the richest and most respected men in the States; a most genial man withal, a gentleman at heart, and brimming over with the dry humour of his country. Very taking was the frank and artless way in which he talked of himself and his doings, without a particle of swagger or self-conceit; and his tales about other people were so irresistibly comic that the artist had to drop his brush every now and then for a hearty laugh. For once in his life he was quite sorry when the portrait was finished; sorry, too, that he could not accept Mr. Garret's invitation to come over and paint him again in his own home, surrounded by all his pet thoroughbreds. An order this that would require a canvas of Brobdingnagian size, and (as Millais said) he really could not undertake to paint by the acre.

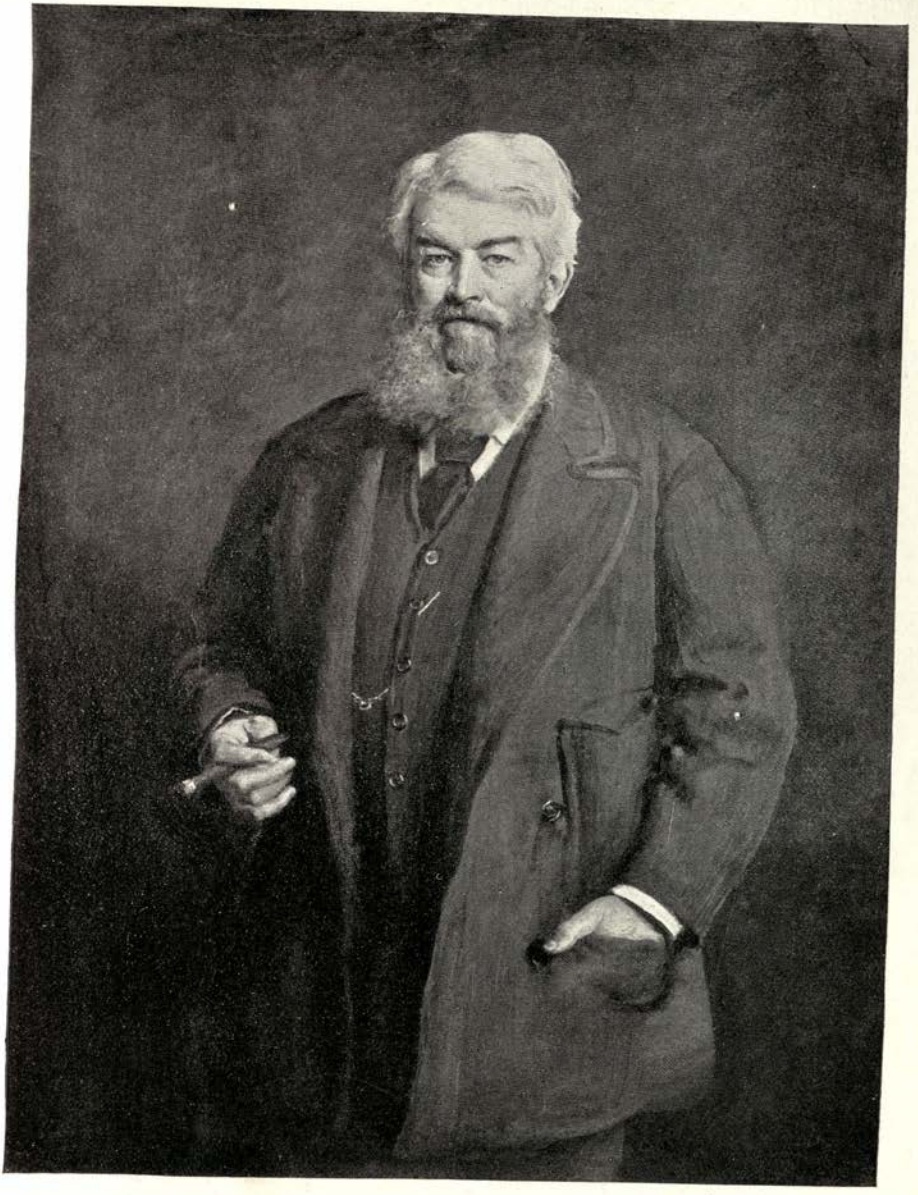
Our tenancy of Murthly commenced this year (1881), and

for ten consecutive years my father held it to his great delight. He knew by heart, as one may say, every bit of the ground and every turn of the river, and his love of the place increased year by year.

Except deer-stalking—and for this, as time went on, he felt himself getting a bit too old—Murthly had everything that a sportsman could desire. Though big bags were not to be made, there was ample sport for two or three guns from August 1st to the end of January, and the variety of the game added greatly to the interest of the shooting. Besides pheasants, of which about a thousand were reared every year, from 300 to 600 brace of partridges were brought to bag each season. There was also first-rate wood-shooting, including black-game, woodcock, capercailzie, hares, rabbits, and roedeer; and two little moors yielded about 150 brace of grouse. But what pleased us most of all was "the bog," situated in the middle of one of the grouse moors and about three-quarters of a mile long, with another small bog some eight hundred yards away, where the duck, teal, and snipe could take refuge on being disturbed.

A large number of these birds always bred there, and after the first two or three weeks of shooting, the places of those that were killed were always filled by passing migrants wending their way south; so one frequently had just as good a day's shooting on October 1st as on August 12th. It was a sight to see when the first shot of the season was fired among the water-fowl. In one moment over a thousand ducks and teal were in the air. Yet to shoot them was no easy task, as many a keen sportsman found out to the lowering of his pride as a gunner. One noble lord, who was considered a good shot, told me himself that he had got rid of 105 cartridges, and that his bag for the day was two partridges, both of which he killed with one shot!

My father delighted in these jolly days at "the Bog," and, with his enthusiastic nature, expected everyone else to do so, no matter whether the mosquitoes bit their legs or they got wet up to the middle and shot nothing. I can see him now as he used to squat behind his favourite whin-bush, banging away to left and right, and occasionally fetching down what he persisted in calling "the teal that at heaven's gate sings." When he got a particularly tall one he was as pleased as a schoolboy, and would have been sorely disappointed if anyone had failed to rejoice with him;



SIR JOHN ASTLEY. 1881

By permission of Sir F. Astley-Corbett

but his delight in any success was always that of simple enthusiasm, absolutely free from any thought of swagger. If anyone else shot well he was the first to notice it, and many a time his hearty applause spoiled his own chance of a shot.

This shooting at "the Bog," which took place once a week all through the season, was not without its dangers, even to the most experienced sportsmen. In one drive the butts were placed in echelon, and, being constructed of whin-bushes on a whin-covered moor, were not easily seen. Some few accidents, therefore, occurred there. One day a well-known sportsman fired straight into a whin-bush, behind which my uncle, George Gray, was sitting extracting his cartridges. On another occasion my father himself, when firing at a blackcock, put an ounce of shot, at twenty yards, into the game-bag which covered the person of Master Bob Keay, the keeper's son, who was quietly packing the game behind a tussock. But the most alarming occurrence within my experience happened in this wise: My father was in one of the forward butts to the left, and I in one at the extreme end of the bog. I was getting most of the shooting, and as the drive was nearing the end, my father, seeing some snipe slipping away between us, moved down behind the bushes to a butt exactly opposite me, without telling me he had done so. By-and-by a snipe came along low, and I killed it, when, to my horror, an incensed parent suddenly rose from behind a big whin-bush in the line of my fire, and let go some red-hot words that one may hope were blotted out in another place, like Uncle Toby's famous oath. Happily, only two pellets had struck him, one on the forehead and the other on the chin; for if one of them had touched his eye it would certainly have blinded him. A word of explanation satisfied him that the accident was due to himself alone; and for the rest, what can you not forgive a man who has just tasted part of an ounce of No. 6? The only unpardonable thing was the flippancy of a wretched punster, who persisted in calling me "Bag-dad" for the rest of the day.

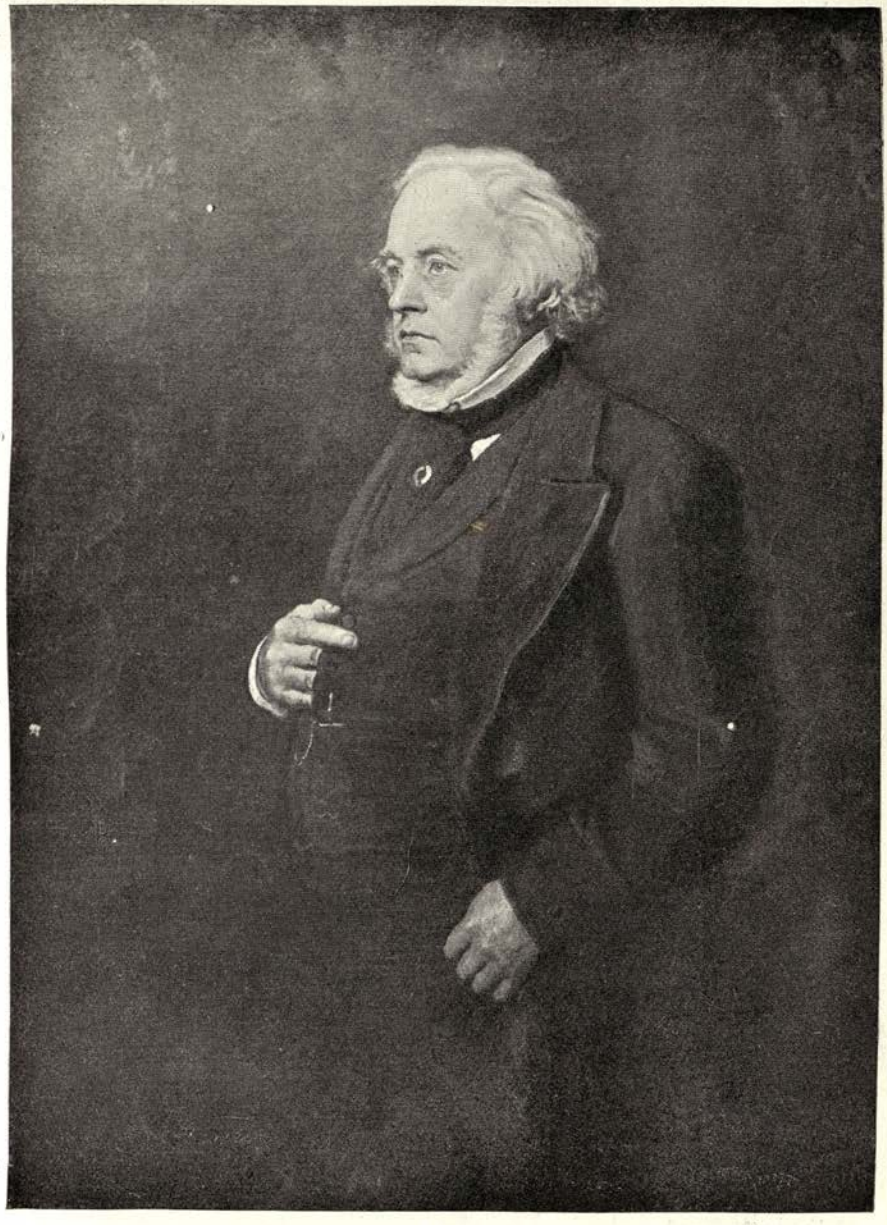
The fishing at Murthly was distinctly good. Though previous tenants and their friends had not caught more than forty or fifty fish each season, my father got about that number each year to his own rod alone. Our best season was in 1890, when 120 fish were killed between August 22nd

and October 10th (no great number in comparison with takes in other rivers in Scotland), yet the average size of the salmon is probably larger than that of any other river in the world. A photograph I have shows the result of a first-rate day by two rods, one on the upper and one on the lower beat. Fifteen fish are here seen, with an average weight of twenty-one pounds, the largest weighing thirty-two pounds.

The river was divided into two sections comprising in all about six miles of water, and most of the fishing was done by casting from a cobble, as the streams were too deep to wade. For harling (*i.e.*, sitting in a boat and trailing a fly and a couple of minnows behind, so that the fish comes and hooks itself) my father had the profoundest contempt, and thought little of the man who caught fish in that way if he were able to cast. Rain or shine, nearly every day when possible to fish saw the old sportsman flogging away at his favourite pools. His energy was extraordinary. Even a young man finds it pretty hard work to throw twenty or thirty yards of line on a nineteen-foot rod continuously for six or seven hours together, but he delighted in doing it, and hardly ever gave up his rod to Miller (the fisherman) to cast in his stead.

Before coming to Murthly he had never landed anything exceeding thirty-two pounds, but here there was always a chance—a chance dear to the heart of a salmon-fisher—of that forty or fifty-pounder which he longed to hook; and the day came at last (in 1888), when a forty-pounder kindly accepted his invitation—to his subsequent regret. A few days afterwards another of equal weight came to land when he least expected it, and but for Miller's carelessness a third, about the same size, would have shared the same fate. He was well hooked, and after over an hour's struggle to get away was so obviously exhausted that they towed him to the shore, when the gaffer, missing his first shot, made the fatal mistake of trying a second immediately afterwards, thereby catching, not the fish, but the cast, which instantly parted.

And here (with many apologies to the reader) I am afraid I must bring myself into this narrative. As all fishermen know, there is in every big stretch of water a master fish (generally an old male) which annually comes up from the sea, and, locating himself behind some big stone, keeps off all other fish about his own size. Such a one for several



THE RIGHT HONOURABLE JOHN BRIGHT. 1880

By permission of Thos. Agnew and Sons

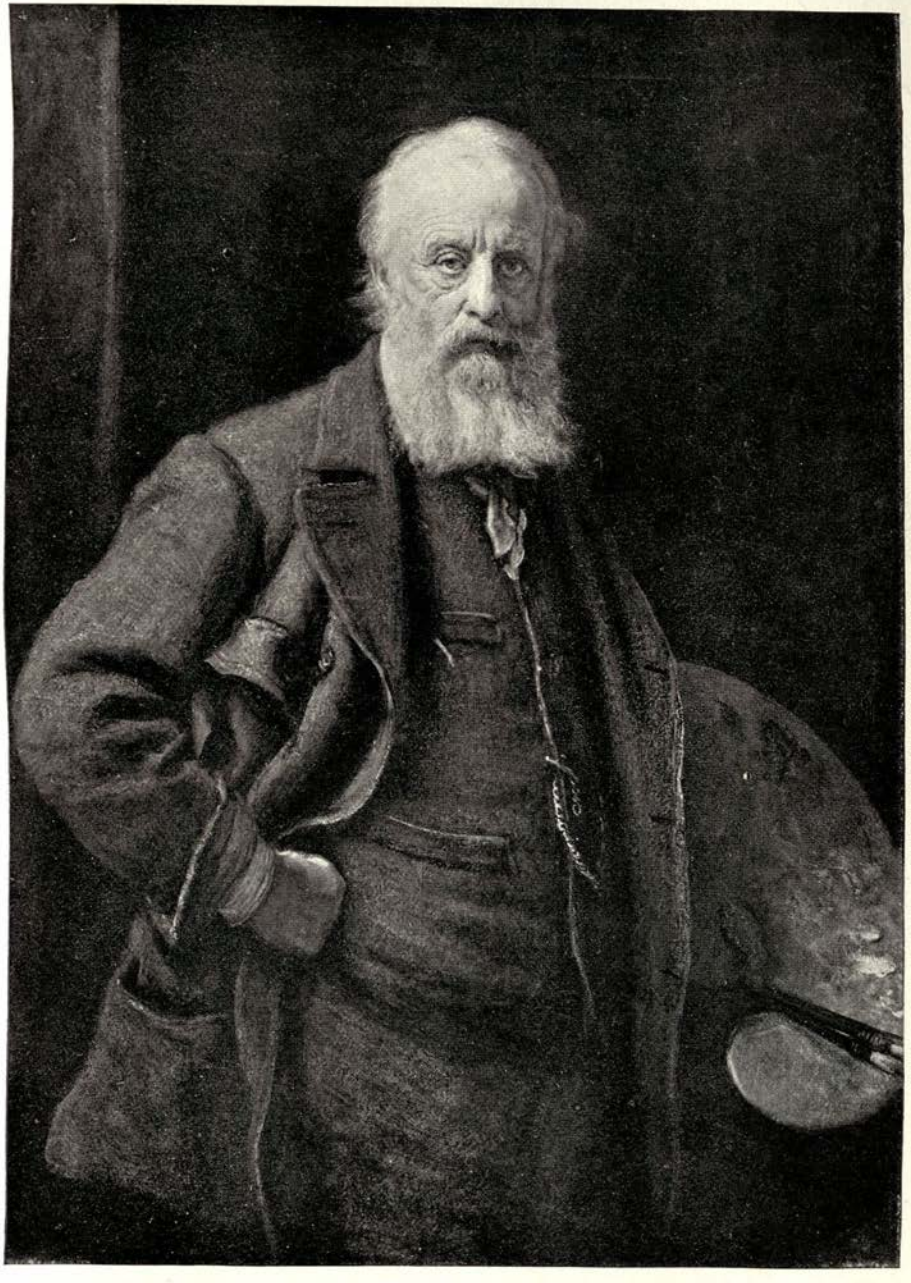
years frequented the great black pool opposite Miller's house, and every device was tried to catch him, but in vain. My father tried and Miller tried, and at last I tried, my father kindly lending me his boat one afternoon, while he contented himself with looking on. Now this piece of water is about the most difficult cast on the Tay, requiring a very long line and, commonly, a lot of patience to fish it successfully; but this was just what my father could not stand as a mere spectator, with no hand in the game, so at the first sign of impatience I handed him the rod, and on the third cast he was into what was evidently a monster. My time was now up (I had to fly for a train to Cambridge), but two days later I had a letter from him telling me he had caught the "calf," a grand, clean-run fish of forty-four pounds, after a fair fight of an hour and a half. Delightful news this, told in the writer's happiest vein, to which, in sheer nonsense, I replied that next year I would fish that water with him and catch a bigger one. Well, nothing is so sure to happen as the unexpected. Towards the end of 1890 I was fishing there with my father, when, on my second cast behind the big stone, the line straightened, and I had hold of another "calf!" There was no doubt as to his size, for we had a fine view of him as he sprang out of the water after rushing up stream for about one hundred yards; and though big fish seldom give very interesting play, this one, after a preliminary sulk, fought like a lion for two hours and a half, taking us four times across the river. Even the powers of a "calf," however, are limited, and though he absolutely refused to come into the shallows, we got the boat endways-on from the shore, and after several attempts Miller got home with his cleek. There was a kick from the fish as he came over the gunwale, the gaff straightened, and the monster was in the boat, whilst my father and I did a dance of delight on the bank. This fellow weighed forty-six pounds, the largest ever caught at Murthly.

The annual wood shoot, which usually took place about October 20th, was an event always much enjoyed by Millais. Five good guns were generally invited to join us, including old friends in the neighbourhood, such as Mr. John Bett, of Rohallion; Mr. Athol MacGregor, from Eastwood; Colonel Stuart Richardson, of Ballathie; and George Gray, from Perth. This shoot lasted for three days, and we always covered the whole ground, enjoying, as we went along, a great variety of beautiful landscape, from cultivated fields to

shaggy Scotch fir-woods, heather-lands, and bogs. To a good performer with the gun it was quite possible to kill, right and left, a roebuck and a snipe, and immediately afterwards to bag, in like manner, a lordly cock capercailzie and a woodcock.

The shooting at Murthly being somewhat dangerous, none but the safest guns were asked, and even these were always warned by the host to avoid firing towards houses, etc. This little lecture, which, in course of time, became a standing joke in the family, was repeated one day (a day I can never forget) while crossing a big turnip field in pursuit of partridges. In the middle of the field was a cottage, at one of the windows of which sat an old woman engaged in knitting, and now, of course, the customary "word in season" could not be omitted. We listened with mock gravity, but five minutes later the wisdom of the advice was proved to us in a way we had hardly expected. Firing at a partridge flying back, my father killed his bird, peppered the old woman, and smashed five panes of glass, all at one shot! I am sorry to say it, but a shriek of joy went up from the whole party, while my father hurried off to make all the reparation in his power for the injury he had inflicted.

In 1891 Sir Douglas Stewart, the proprietor, died, and the estate falling into the hands of Mr. Fotheringham, who naturally wished to take it over himself, we had to give it up. This was a great blow to all of us, as after such a long tenancy we had almost come to regard it as our home. Apart from the place itself, so charming and so unique in its way, my father had a great affection for all the people about it, and I venture to say they had for him. In the three keepers—James Keay, James Haggart, and Robert Conacher—we had quite exceptional men of their class, Highlanders of the very best type, in whom were blended all the finest qualities of unspoilt natures. Of James Keay (a gentleman in everything but social rank) my father was particularly fond, and he always considered him one of the best men he ever came in contact with. James Miller too (the fisherman), though a man of somewhat different stamp, was a great favourite of his; and of all the mourners that a few years later assembled in St. Paul's Cathedral to pay their last tribute to Sir John's memory, I doubt if any outside the family knew him better or felt his loss more sincerely than these honest and tough old Highlanders.



J. C. HOOK, R.A. 1882

By permission of Mr. J. C. Hook, R.A.

So much for Murthly and its reminiscences. I must come back now to the beginning of 1882, when, at the request of his old friend Reginald Cholmondely, Millais undertook to paint for him a portrait of Thomas Carlyle. Carlyle was then a frail old man of eighty-three, but his picturesque and rugged features lent themselves well to portraiture, as may be seen from the excellent likeness of him which now hangs in the National Portrait Gallery. It was purchased by the nation in 1894, and in a letter of that year to Sir George Scharf, Millais says, "I painted Carlyle in three sittings. The hands alone were unfinished."

Amongst the numerous anecdotes connected with Carlyle is a story about these visits to Palace Gate, commonly told as an illustration of his sarcasm and rudeness of speech; but the facts are not exactly as recorded. The tale runs that, struck with the grandeur of the marble staircase and the fine pictures that hung on the walls, he said, turning to the artist, "And does all this er——" (indicating the surroundings with a wave of his hand) "come from a paint-pot?" It was not he who made this polite inquiry, but his niece who accompanied him and who afterwards wrote his life.

A commission from the Queen now engaged Millais' attention. He was to paint for exhibition this year a portrait of H.R.H. the Princess Marie of Edinburgh, then a child of seven or eight years, and now Crown Princess of Roumania. Instructions for this portrait were conveyed to him through Lord Abercromby, who after some preliminary correspondence wrote to Millais:—"The Queen is much pleased at the manner in which you have so readily proposed to paint the portrait, and Her Majesty leaves the whole arrangement of the attitude and dress entirely to you, wishing to have not merely a portrait, but a characteristic picture of your own composition. I enclose another photograph, as the attitude is so pretty and graceful that I thought you might wish to have it by you. It gives a very good idea of the gracefulness of the little Princess, and (as you so well know) children's attitudes vary greatly and have so much of character in them."

In composing this picture Millais thought it would be well to show the multitude that, though of high degree, the little Princess was by no means brought up to lead an idle and useless life, but was taught to work for others, if not for herself; so he designedly presented her holding her knitting

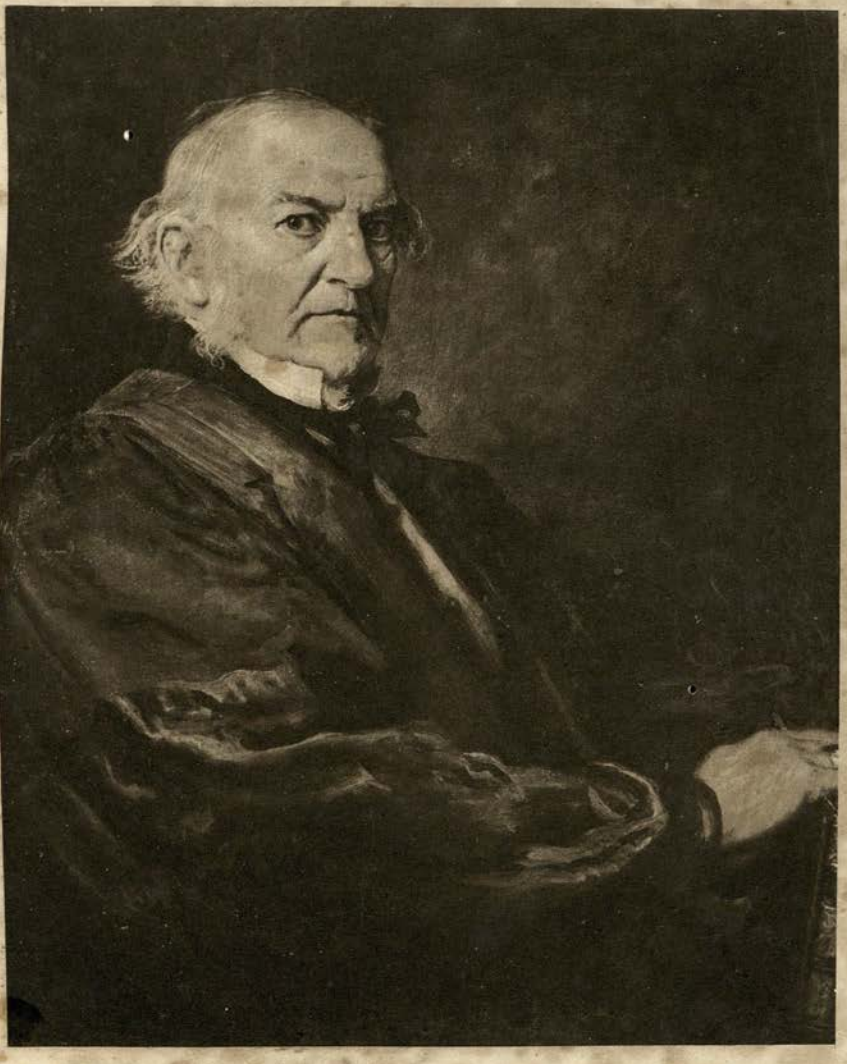
in her hands. The picture, however, though Her Majesty was graciously pleased to approve of it, was not altogether to his mind. He strove hard to get the effect he wanted, but the divine *afflatus* that alone can give life to works of this sort failed him, as upon occasion it was wont to do. The result was an excellent likeness, but nothing more.

In a letter to my mother, dated April 18th, 1882, he speaks of the hard work then devolving on him as a member of the Hanging Committee of the Academy, which perhaps accounted in some measure for this failure. He says:—"At last I have a moment to write, having finished the hanging at the Royal Academy yesterday. From half-past nine till dark I have been there every day, and dined and attended councils afterwards till *eleven*. Never has there been such work. *Eight thousand* works were sent in; so you may imagine what trouble and anxiety the hangers have had in selecting and placing works according to their merit. During this time my correspondence increased, and this morning I have been writing without cessation till now, nearly two o'clock. This is my twenty-second letter, and still my table is littered with the unanswered. The Duke of Westminster writes asking me to paint the lady he is to marry. I have, of course, undertaken the commission, but have to answer his last, appointing sittings. The Queen yesterday sent through Ponsonby, her approval of the Princess Marie's portrait. She seems highly pleased, so that is all right."*

Other notable portraits of this year were those of the Marquis of Salisbury (painted for W. H. Smith, M.P.), the Duchess of Westminster, J. C. Hook, R.A., and Mrs. James Stern. Hook's portrait was given to him in exchange for one of his own pictures of the sea. "Mrs. Stern" Millais considered the best portrait of a lady he had ever painted, except, perhaps, that of Mrs. Bischoffsheim—as it well might be, considering the time and labour bestowed upon it. In a letter to me Mr. Stern writes:—

"Mrs. Stern has the most pleasant recollections of her sittings to your father. When he began to paint her portrait

* In his speech at the Academy banquet in May, 1882, the Duke of Edinburgh said:—"Before sitting down I should like to say, in one word, how much I have enjoyed the pleasure of seeing the fine pictures which adorn this room and the adjoining rooms. And more especially I desire to thank one of the most distinguished members of your institution—Mr. Millais—for the admirable way in which he has perpetuated, and the charming manner in which he has drawn the features of my little girl."



he asked her if she would give him as many sittings as he wanted, as he wished to finish her picture like a miniature. Mrs. Stern answered that she would be delighted to do so, and he actually painted the face *through a magnifying glass.*"*

Of all the honours that were showered upon Millais during his lifetime none were more highly valued by him than the two he received this year. As against two formidable rivals, the Abbé Liszt and M. Geefs, the Académie des Beaux Arts elected him as a Foreign Associate, while from Germany came the Order "Pour le Mérite," these being respectively the highest civil distinctions that either of the two countries has to bestow, and reserved exclusively for men of eminence in Art or Science. The election by the French Academy was announced to Millais in the following letter:—

From M. Delaborde.

"INSTITUT DE FRANCE,
"ACADEMIE DÉS BEAUX ARTS, PARIS,
"4 *Mars*, 1882.

"MONSIEUR ET TRÉS-HONORÉ CONFRÈRE,—J'ai l'honneur de vous prévenir que dans la séance de ce jour l'académie vous a nommé à la place d'associé étranger vacante par suite du déces de M. Giovanni Dapré.

"Aussitôt que l'académie aura reçu l'ampliation du décret approuvant votre élection, je m'empresserai de vous l'addresser.

"Agréez, Monsieur et très-honoré confrère, avec mes félicitations personelles l'assurance de ma haute considération et mes sentiments devoués. "VTE. HENRI DELABORDE."

From other members of the Institute came also hearty letters of congratulation, and the Duc d'Aumale, who had himself done much for Art in its widest sense, left his card at Palace Gate, on which was written after his name, "*félicite Mr. Millais de son confrère a l'Académie des Beaux Arts.*"

Millais' best picture of the year was undoubtedly "Pomona." The little goddess of the orchard was Margaret Millais, third daughter of his brother William; and as a reward for her sittings he presented her the following year with a charming portrait of herself.

* It is interesting to note that Mrs. James Stern is the sister of Mrs. Bischoffsheim.

This year also produced "The Captive," for which Miss Ruby Streatfield, now the Hon. Mrs. Colville, stood, and amongst other work was the completion of a big canvas begun by Landseer and left unfinished at his death—the picture now known as "Nell Gwynne." As already stated, Landseer expressed a wish, when dying, that Millais and no other should complete the three paintings left unfinished in his studio, and this was one of them. The title was selected by my father, and my sister Effie sat for the figure of the lady. When it came into his possession there was nothing on the canvas except the white palfrey, which was beautifully finished. A blank space was left for the hound in the immediate foreground, and in the background was a suggestion of a lake and swans. And now, being greatly pressed for time, he called in the aid of John O'Connor, who painted for him the big stone archway—the first time since "The Rescue" (when Charles Collins painted the fire-hose) that he ever allowed the hand of another to touch any canvas of his.

In 1883 "The Grey Lady" came into being. Some years before, it may be remembered, Millais painted one of the upper staircases at St. Mary's Tower, Birnam, as a background for "The Princes in the Tower," but ultimately laid the painting aside as unsuitable for his purpose. This he now took up again, utilising it for the picture in hand. The wraith of a murdered woman is supposed to haunt the staircase of a Highland castle, and is here seen staggering across the foreground in a tragic attitude, the subtle treatment of the subject recalling that of his earlier picture, "The Eve of St. Agnes.' My sister Alice (Mrs. Stuart-Wortley) sat for the figure; and it is really a capital likeness of her, attenuated to the shadowy form of a ghost.

"I noticed the unfinished canvas," says Mrs. Stuart-Wortley, "one winter's day in his studio, and he said what a ghostly subject it would make. The same evening he asked me to sit to him, so on that and most evenings following I posed for the figure of 'The Grey Lady.' It is probably the only picture he painted almost entirely by the electric light."

Altogether it was a very busy year, much of the artist's time being devoted to the interest of his friends. Besides the portrait of himself, now finished and presented to the Uffizzi Gallery in Florence, he painted and gave away three other portraits. One of his niece, Margaret Millais, he pre-

MISS ALCYONE STEPNEY. 1880

By permission of Lady Stepney

sented to herself, one of Sir Henry Irving to the Garrick Club, and one of the Marquis of Lorne to the Canadian Art Gallery. It was owing to a request from the Princess Louise, when the Marquis was Viceroy of Canada, that this last-named picture was painted. The Princess asked for a sketch for the gallery then being organised, and in response Millais sent this portrait as his contribution to the collection.

The two child-pictures—"Little Miss Muffet" and "The Message from the Sea"—were produced in 1884. They were both painted from models, and passed into the hands of Mr. Wertheimer, as did also that of "Perfect Bliss"—a child revelling, all unnoticed, in the luscious fruits of a strawberry-bed. Two other works followed them, "The Stowaway" and "The Waif and Stray"; and before the year was out he finished, besides a number of portraits, the large canvas entitled "An Idyll of 1745." In this picture a little English drummer-boy, dressed in the gorgeous uniform of the day, is leaning against a tree on the bank of a Highland stream and discoursing sweet music on a fife to three rough little maidens from the hills, who, with wide-open eyes, regard him admiringly. On the other side of the tree is another English soldier-boy, watching with evident pleasure the innocent joy of the rustic audience; and in the distance are seen the tents of the Southern army.*

The models for the three girls gave him more trouble than any he ever had to deal with. They were three little gypsies whom he engaged to come and sit for him in London; and with the characteristic carelessness of their race, they just came when they liked, and only smiled benignly when lectured on their lack of punctuality and the grievance it was to the artist. Again and again he would explain to them that unless they came at eleven o'clock he could not get the light he wanted. They would promise to come, but not until one o'clock next day would any of them turn up, and then perhaps only one. Once, to his intense annoyance, they failed to appear until the afternoon light was waning, and none of them attempted to offer any excuse. That he was uncommonly glad when the work was finished goes without saying.

One of this year's portraits that interested him very much

* Originally the scene was drawn in as taking place on board ship; but as the artist progressed he abandoned the idea, and altered the background to that of a highland landscape.

was that of little Lady Peggy Primrose,* youngest daughter of the Earl of Rosebery. During the progress of this work the child became much attached to my father; and afterwards when, owing to an illness, some of her pretty hair had to be cut off, one of her golden locks was sent to him at Murthly, at her special request. He was much touched by this souvenir of his little friend; and the childish gift is still carefully preserved at Bowerswell. The portrait was exhibited at the Academy in the following year as a pendant to that of Lady Sybil Primrose by Leighton.

Another portrait of this year was completed under circumstances of considerable difficulty. Millais was asked by his old friend, the late Sir George Russell, of Swallowfield, to try and make a portrait of his deceased brother Sir Charles, the only materials at command being a sketch by Desanges, a water-colour of the boy in early youth by Richmond, and a lock of his hair. From these, however, he evolved a portrait the truth of which may be gathered from what Sir George said of it in a letter to the artist:—

"Your picture of my dear brother has arrived. The more we look at it, the more amazed and delighted we are. It is truly wonderful, and to me the possession is one of priceless value—under your touch he seems to live again. No words of mine can adequately thank you, and I shall prize it not only as a marvellous and beautiful portrait, but also as a memento of my dear old friend, yourself.—Always your grateful and affectionate friend,

"GEORGE RUSSELL."

Before leaving for the North in August a good start was made with a second portrait of Gladstone, representing him on this occasion in his robes of crimson and lake as a D.C.L. of Oxford. The brilliant colouring of the robes seemed to give additional force and fire to a face always marked by the strong individuality of the man, and when finished, in the following year, Millais considered the portrait a better one than that of 1879. Lord Rosebery happily described it as "Gladstone the fighter," in contradistinction to the earlier portrait, which he named "Gladstone the scholar."

Writing to his wife on August 1st, 1884, Millais says:—"Only a moment to write, so hard at work. I have Gladstone better than the first time. Miss Gladstone and Lady Stepney have been, and are *delighted*. I never did so fine a portrait, and I am getting on with the other works as well. I hope to

* Now Countess of Crewe.

DIANA VERNON. 1880

By permission of Mr. R. Gurney

finish them, but not Gladstone, which would be impossible. Dined with him last week. Lord Rosebery has been and seen 'Peggy,' and is also delighted, so I have good reason to be pleased; but the work is terribly hard, painting till five every day. Just finished basket of flowers in Fox White's picture ['A Waif']. Have been all day at this. I have only now to finish 'Peggy's' background. I come North with George and Charles Hall on the 8th, arriving at Birnam next morning; so send the traps for us. . . ."

Returning to England in October, he paid a short visit to Mr. Gladstone at Hawarden—a visit he greatly enjoyed—and then commenced at home what he always considered one of his best works, "The Ruling Passion."

The origin of this picture was somewhat singular. John Gould, the famous ornithologist, had a fine collection of birds-of-paradise, most of them then extremely rare and valuable; and through the agency of German and Dutch collectors he managed to obtain from New Guinea specimens of any new species that might be discovered. Mr. Reginald Cholmondeley, of whom I have spoken before, was also an enthusiastic collector, and with a view to business he paid several visits to Gould at his house in Charlotte Square, and ultimately by the exercise of great tact and patience he attained his end, securing at big prices such specimens as he wanted. I went with him on several of these occasions, and was greatly amused at the old man's veneration for his treasures, and the tenacity with which he clung to them when my companion even so much as hinted at a purchase. He was at this time a confirmed invalid and confined to his couch, and when a drawer-full of birds was placed in his lap he would slowly and solemnly lift the lid and handle his specimens with fingers trembling with emotion. At other times his temper, owing to his infirmities, was not altogether angelic. He hated the sight of a stranger, and except the few naturalists of his acquaintance, no one was ever allowed to be admitted to his presence. Greatly, therefore, was I surprised when one day he expressed a wish to see my father.

It was in the middle of winter when my father and I called upon him, by appointment; and after waiting impatiently half an hour in a cold hall, we were just on the point of leaving when the door opened, and we were ushered into his sitting-room. The old man was evidently got up for the occasion.

In front of him, as he sat propped up on his couch, was a lovely water-colour drawing of a humming-bird recently discovered (the Chimborazo Hill Star, I think), on which he apparently wished us to believe he was working. But it would not do. We nearly laughed outright when, in reply to an inquiry whether the work was finished, he said, "Oh, no; I am just going to put in another humming-bird in the background," and suiting the action to the word, sketched on it an object such as never yet was seen on land or sea. However, artist or not, he was a devoted and well-informed naturalist, who by sheer hard work had won his way to the front in a profession in which none but an enthusiast could ever hope to succeed.

And now, calling in his two daughters to help him—for they alone were ever allowed to touch his cases—the old man showed us all his latest gems from New Guinea and the Papuan Islands, and afterwards his unique collection of humming-birds, all of which were set up in cases, and may now be seen (alas! with diminished lustre) in the Natural History Museum at South Kensington.*

My father was delighted with all he saw, and on our way home he said to me, "That's a fine subject; a very fine subject. I shall paint it when I have time." And he did. "The Ruling Passion" was commenced in the early spring of 1885, and finished in time for the Academy Exhibition that year—a really wonderful performance, considering the labour expended on the numerous figures and accessories.

Perhaps no work of Millais has improved so much in the same space of time. When it was first hung in the dining-room at Palace Gate there was a coldness and want of tone about it that was most noticeable; yet every year it seems to have sunk and sweetened, till to-day it is almost like a different picture. The figure of the woman leaning over the couch with her arm round the neck of one of the boys is, I venture to think, as fine as anything he ever painted; but if he could have persuaded himself to sacrifice the two little children (as he did in "The North-West Passage," after weeks of labour on them) the picture would no doubt have been vastly improved. With their happy, bright little faces they somewhat clog the composition and weaken, if not destroy, the sentiment, as Millais himself eventually saw. However, "time and

* After Gould's death his collection of humming-birds was sold to the authorities of the Natural History Museum for something over £5000.

"THE RULING PASSION." 1885

varnish," as he said, have been very good even to them, and a hundred years hence they may possibly be looked upon as indispensable accessories to the composition. As originally painted, the crude colour of the old man's pillow and blanket militated against the general tone of the picture; so when it came back from the Academy Millais altered this, to the great improvement of the work.

Mr. Spielmann says of it, "Mr. Ruskin, who wrote, 'I have never seen any work of modern Art with more delight and admiration than this,' once told me that he thought it the finest of its kind painted in modern times, whether for sentiment or for management of colour."

Millais' old friend, T. O. Barlow, the engraver—then, alas, nearing the end of his days—sat for the principal figure; the two little boys were "Bubbles" and his brother George, the artist's grandsons; the graceful woman was a model who also stood for the principal figure in "The Nest"; and the boy in the sailor-suit was Ivor Byng, son of the Hon. and Rev. Francis Byng, formerly chaplain to the House of Commons. The girl in the foreground, to the left, was a professional model, who also sat for one of the girls in the "Idyll." The big Sheraton bookcase at the back of the picture was formerly used in my mother's room, and all the birds were taken from my collection.

The picture was originally painted as a commission; but the prospective owner rather objected to it as reminding him of the sick-room in which one of his family had recently died after a long illness. My father therefore decided to keep it himself, hoping, as he said, that if it ever passed out of the possession of the family it would go to some public gallery.

The public and the critics were constantly crying out to Millais that he should abandon his portraits, landscapes, and child pictures, and devote his attention to more important subjects; but, as will be seen from the following letter, he was not encouraged in this direction by the way in which "The Ruling Passion," was received.

To Mrs. Perugini.

"2, PALACE GATE, KENSINGTON,

"*May 7th*, 1885.

"DEAR KATE,—Thank you so much for the book about your father, which is *most interesting*. I have only just

found out that you have *given* it to me. I want the loan of *The Old Curiosity Shop* (illustrated edition), as I am thinking of painting the old grandfather and Little Nell; indeed, I have begun it to-day, my first attempt at work since I was invalided.

"I must, of course, adhere to the received idea of the character, and can only do so by referring to the illustrations.

"I have only worked two hours, and feel I have done too much, so I am not very hopeful at present. Both Sir A. B—— and Mr. C—— decline to have 'The Ruling Passion.' I don't think, therefore, I will trouble the critics and public any more with what is called 'an important picture.'

"With love to Carlo, believe me,

"Ever sincerely yours,

"J. E. MILLAIS."

"Found" was another of the canvases left unfinished by Sir Edwin Landseer; the subject, a dead fallow buck found by some Scotch terriers. They are all in the immediate foreground, and painted in his very best manner. Millais painted in the landscape, but did not carry out the idea of the sketch by Landseer, representing, in coloured chalks, a Highland valley (Glenfeshie), no fallow deer being found there. I am not quite sure where the background was painted, but I think it was in an English park; probably Knole, near Sevenoaks.

It was in June of this year that, with the approval of the Queen, Mr. Gladstone's Government, then on the eve of retirement, decided to do honour to Art by offering baronetcies to Millais and Mr. Watts. Mr. Watts, for reasons highly honourable to himself, declined the offer; but, as will be seen from the subjoined letter from Matthew Arnold, Millais had long held that a distinction like this was not only an honour to the recipient, but to the whole body of artists, and an encouragement to the pursuit of Art in its highest and noblest form. He therefore accepted with pleasure the proffered dignity.

And now letters of congratulation poured in upon him from all quarters, from friends at home and friends abroad —letters enough to fill another volume of this work—but none of them more generous, more enthusiastic, or more

MRS. JAMES STERN. 1882

By permission of Mr. James Stern

valued by my father than those from his brother artists. Some few of these I append, together with one or two others that seem to me of special interest. And first the graceful letter from Mr. Gladstone, conveying the offer of the baronetcy.

From the Right Hon. W. E. Gladstone.

"10, DOWNING STREET, WHITEHALL,

"*June 24th*, 1885.

"MY DEAR MILLAIS,—It is with a very lively satisfaction, both personal and public, that I write, with the sanction of Her Majesty (and lawfully, though at the last gap), to ask you to accept the honour of hereditary title and take your place amongst the baronets of the United Kingdom.

"Believe me, sincerely yours,

"W. E. GLADSTONE.

"Unless I hear to the contrary, I hope to come and sit at twelve to-morrow."

From Mr. Frederick Leighton, R.A.

"2, HOLLAND PARK ROAD, S.W.,

"*June 26th*, 1885.

"DEAR MILLAIS,—Let me be among the very first to congratulate you warmly on your new and merited honours. English artists will rejoice that the position of Art in the national life has been at last acknowledged by an English prime minister, and they will rejoice not less that two such worthy recipients of honours were at hand among us.

"Believe me, dear Millais, ever yours,

"FRED LEIGHTON."

From Mr. P. H. Calderon, R.A.

"WESTON LODGE, 16, GROVE END ROAD, N.W.,

"*June 26th*, 1885.

"MY DEAR MILLAIS,—A thousand hearty congratulations! We painters are tremendous philosophers, and despise titles and honours; but when they come either to ourselves or to those we love, we chuckle with joy as much as anybody else.

"All the members of our craft grieved when you were laid up; and now they will all rejoice at your well-merited honour. So, all hail to Sir John Everett Millais, the first painter ever made a baronet!

"Pray present my regards and congratulations to Lady Millais, and believe me ever

"Yours sincerely,

"PHILIP H. ÇALDERON."

From Mr. H. T. Wells, R.A.

"THORPE LODGE, CAMPDEN HILL, W.,

"*June 26th*, 1885.

"DEAR MILLAIS,—I have just read the news! At last artists are baronets, and henceforth you and Watts will stand in evidence that doctors, lawyers, and merchants have not the monopoly of that rank. Need I say that my admiration of the man and of the artist makes me rejoice in the fact that you have been chosen for the innovation? My heartiest congratulations to you and Lady Millais.

"I hope to call upon you to-morrow about 6.30 p.m. for the chance of picking you up and walking with you to this house. Calderon said he should come half an hour before the dinner, for a lounge in the studio; so, as the host, I must be here at seven o'clock to receive him. . . .

"Armstead and Fildes are also coming to meet you. They could scarcely have hoped that the little dinner with you would be so happily timed. A certain bottle of champagne, the last of its famous class, has been waiting in my cellar for some very honourable occasion. Its fate is now decided. It is old, and I shall watch the uncorking with anxiety. If it pops, it will be divine.

"Yours very truly,

"HENRY T. WELLS."

From Mr. Du Maurier.

"NEW GROVE HOUSE, HAMPSTEAD HEATH,

"*June 26th*, 1885.

"MY DEAR MILLAIS,—Let me warmly congratulate the baronetage of England, in your person, on your accession to the order. I think they should have made you a Baron

"CINDERELLA." 1881

By permission of Thomas McLean and Son

instead of a baronet; but it is a step in the right direction. After all, the great surgeons and physicians, whom I look upon as being, *avec nous autres*, the salt of the earth, are honoured at least to this extent; so we are in fairly good company, in spite of *swipes*, *stinks*, and *stucco*.

"With everybody's love, yours sincerely,

"G. Du Maurier."

From Mr. Matthew Arnold.

"Athenæum Club, Pall Mall, S.W.,

"*June 29th.*

"My dear Millais,—Nothing could make you more the head of your profession and more admired by the public than you are, but I am very glad that you should shed lustre on the baronetage; the more so as I remember a conversation at Birnam in which you maintained with a great deal of force that these marks of recognition to artists had their real value and utility. I am glad that the recognition should have been given, and glad too of the opportunity of saying with what cordial admiration, liking, and regard, I am

"Sincerely yours,

"Matthew Arnold.

"I hope and trust you are all right again. I wonder if Mrs. Millais (to whom give my best congratulations) would let me come to luncheon some day in July."

Returning now to his life at Palace Gate, I find a letter to my mother, dated August 1st, 1885, in which he says:—"You will be glad to hear I have quite finished 'Little Nell,' Mrs. Jones, and Gladstone; so I have only a little to do to the Master of the Rolls [Lord Esher] and Barlow—backgrounds. Indeed, I finished before I expected, but it has been hard, hard work. . . . I find, on comparing what I have been doing with the Royal Academy work just returned, that it is better than what I have done since; but the scratches* done by malicious hands will take me some time to repair.

* These "scratches" were the work of some miscreant who went through the rooms of the Academy shortly after its opening, scratching and cutting with some sharp instrument many of the best pictures. It was thought that the perpetrator of this infamous act was some artist whose mind had been unhinged by repeated disappointments, but the culprit was never discovered.

"Crabbe, George Stibbard, and I leave on Sunday evening, so have everything ready for us. I have just got through a terrible lot of unanswered correspondence, so as to be clear. My head is quite giddy with all I have had to do, and I never seem to be free of *vexatious* work.

"I wrote just now asking Lord Wolseley for October 1st till the 10th, to fish, as he failed to come last season."

A few days later he and his friends joined my mother and other members of the family at Birnam Hall, Murthly, and in the following months the party was increased by the arrival of five additional guests—Matthew Arnold, Miss G. S——, and three of my old college friends, Edgar Dawson, Arthur Newton, and E. S—— (I suppress his name, for reasons that will presently appear), making thirteen in all. An unlucky number this, as we all know; but nobody noticed it till we had all sat down to dinner, when Miss G. S—— called attention to the fact. She dare not, she said, be one of the thirteen, after her painful experience on a former occasion when thirteen were present; and my father failing to laugh her out of her superstition, asked me as the only son at home to go and dine in the drawing-room, which I accordingly did. Still the lady was not at ease; she became very anxious, and said repeatedly, "I fear some calamity will happen."

When the ladies were about to rise, I came back to the dining-room, and found Matthew Arnold discoursing learnedly on the subject of superstition. "And now, Miss S——," said he, with a laugh, "the idea is that whoever leaves the table first will die within a year, so, with the permission of the ladies, we will cheat the Fates for once. I and these fine strong lads (pointing to Edgar Dawson and E. S——) will all rise together, and I think our united constitutions will be able to withstand the assault of the Reaper." The three men then rose, and the ladies left the room.

The sequel was, to say the least, remarkable. Some six months later Matthew Arnold, then in the prime of life, and to all appearance in robust health, died suddenly of heart disease. And hardly had we recovered from the shock of this terrible news, than we learnt from the papers that E. S—— was found dead in his bed, with an empty revolver by his side! He was a clever young fellow, and had dramatised with immense success a novel by an authoress now famous, but then comparatively unknown;

"POMONA." 1882

By permission of A. Tooth and Sons

but no sooner was it put on the stage than the authoress, who afterwards dramatised it herself, compelled him to withdraw his play. Then, in a fit of the blues, he wandered off to America to hide his grief, ultimately reaching New York, where his life was ended; whether by his own hand or that of another it is impossible to say. The most skilled detectives of New York were baffled in their inquiry, though inclined to favour the theory of murder.

After this our thoughts naturally flew to Edgar Dawson, the last of the daring three. He was a very dear friend of mine, with whom I had corresponded for many years, and happily I could assure my friends that he, at least, had outlived the fatal year. He had gone out to Australia for the benefit of his health, and in his last letter he told me he was coming home again by the *Quetta*, a steamer that, leaving Melbourne on February 18th, was already on its way to England. But, alas, that steamer never reached its destination! It foundered on one of the thousand reefs that skirt the coast of New Guinea, and not a single soul was left to tell the tale.

And now what shall be said to these things? The facts are exactly as I have stated them, and are only too well known to many now living. The conclusion to be drawn from them I leave to my readers. For myself, I am content to state what I know, without attempting "to point a moral or adorn a tale."

CHAPTER XVII.

1885–1889

"Bubbles"—The model—The true history of the picture—Ignorant criticism—Marie Corelli's mistake—Her apology—The artist's model—The Grosvenor Exhibition, 1886—Millais meets "The Huguenot" again—"Mercy"—Millais love for the Highlands and its people—Autumn and winter landscapes—An artist taking hints—"The Old Garden"—Third portrait of Mr. Gladstone—Mr. Gladstone's letter—The National Portrait Gallery—A strong appeal—"Dew-drenched furze."

COME we now to "Bubbles," one of the last pictures of 1885, and now familiar to all the English-speaking world. Spielmann says of it:—"This world-famous picture, so happy in inspiration (and so keenly adopted for commercial purposes), spread over the world by the million by illustrated newspaper, print-dealer, and soap manufacturer, is a far higher class of painting than it has become the fashion to assume. It has frequently been called a 'pot-boiler'; but it is forgotten that 'pot-boilers,' whatever the motive of production, are usually better and more freely-painted pictures than those which are more deliberately thought out and more restrainedly executed. In this case the painting of the head is pure, rapid, and sweet in touch, without any torturing of the colours; and at least it may be said that it introduced, through one man's initiative (and he not Millais), a revolution in favour of 'artistic advertisement.'"

And, in the main, Spielmann is right. The picture was not, however, in any sense a "pot-boiler," nor was it painted with any idea of the commercial purpose to which it was ultimately turned. Millais painted it simply and solely for his own pleasure. He was very fond of his little grandson, Willie James—a singularly beautiful and most winning child—and seeing him one day blowing soap-bubbles through a pipe, he thought what a dainty picture he would make, and at once set to work to paint him, bubbles and all. Willie, then about four years of age, was delighted

"BUBBLES." 1886

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to sit. He would, perhaps, hear some more of those charming fairy tales that his grandfather was so fond of telling him? And he did. The sitting brought enjoyment to them both, and the portrait was finished in an incredibly short space of time—a speaking likeness of the child, without any flattery whatever. Only the soap bubbles remained to be added. And here a difficulty arose. Bubbles (as Millais liked to paint them) are too evanescent for portraiture; so he had a sphere of crystal made, and got from this exactly the lights and colours of its aerial counterpart.

Shortly afterwards Sir William Ingram came to the studio, and falling in love with the picture bought it for the *Illustrated London News*. Other pictures, such as "Cinderella," "Puss in Boots," "Little Mrs. Gamp," and "Cherry Ripe," had been previously disposed of in like manner, and artistically reproduced as supplements to that paper or the *Graphic;* and knowing that the purchasers would do justice to his work, as they had done before, Millais handed it over without any concern as to its fate, or that of the copyright that, of course, went with it.

After using it as a supplement to their paper, the proprietors sold the picture (as they had every right to do) to Messrs. Pears. And now Mr. Barrett, Messrs. Pears' manager, appeared upon the scene. To my father's astonishment he called at the studio one morning with specimens of the coloured engraving that they proposed to publish as an advertisement of their wares. My father was furious. He protested strongly against this utilisation of his art; but knowing that he had no power to prevent their using the picture in any way they liked, he at last consented to look at the specimens. Their excellence tended somewhat to assuage his wrath; he admitted, as he was bound to do, that the work was admirably done, and with an expression of his regret at the purpose to which it was to be turned the interview ended. Clearly, therefore, no blame attached to him; and as to Messrs. Pears, I cannot but feel that we ought to be grateful to them for their spirited departure from the beaten track of advertisers. The example they set has tended to raise the character of our illustrated advertisements, whether in papers or posters, and may possibly lead to the final extinction of such atrocious vulgarities as now offend the eye at every turn.

The advertisement appeared; and then some of the smaller

fry of the Press, "the little buzzing things that stink and sting," began to whine about the "degradation of Art," of which, in their ignorance, they found Millais guilty. These attacks he treated with contempt like a famous predecessor, who shifted his trumpet and only took snuff.

But presently a more formidable antagonist raised her lance against him. In her brilliant novel, *The Sorrows of Satan*, Marie Corelli made one of her characters say: "I am one of those who think the fame of Millais as an artist was marred when he degraded himself to the level of painting the little green boy blowing bubbles of Pears' soap. *That was an advertisement*, and that very incident in his career, trifling as it seems, will prevent his ever standing on the dignified height of distinction with such masters in Art as Romney, Sir Peter Lely, Gainsborough, and Reynolds."

A nasty hit this, and one that Millais had hardly expected from a lady who had so often complained of the attacks upon her own works; and having some slight acquaintance with her, he sent her a statement of the facts, asking jocosely, "What, in the name of your 'Satan,' do you mean by saying what is not true?"

Her reply was at once generous and characteristic. I am permitted to give it in full, seeing that her book was read by thousands of people who may never have heard of the correction she made in later editions.

From Miss Marie Corelli.

"WAMPACH'S HOTEL, FOLKESTONE,
"*December 24th*, 1895.

"DEAR SIR JOHN MILLAIS,—Your letter has had the effect of a sudden bomb thrown in upon the calm of my present sea-side meditations; but I have rallied my energies at last, and I assure you in the name of Satan, and all other fallen and risen angels, that I meant no harm in the remark I put into Geoffrey Tempest's mouth concerning you. It is out of the high and faithful admiration I have for you, as a king amongst English painters, that I get inwardly wrathful whenever I think of your 'Bubbles' in the hands of Pears as a soap advertisement. Gods of Olympus! I have seen and *loved* the *original picture*—the most exquisite and dainty child ever dreamed of, with the air of a baby poet as well as of a small angel—and I look upon all Pears' posters as gross

libels, both of your work and you. I can't help it; I am made so. I hate all blatant advertisement; but, of course, I could not know (not being behind the scenes) that you had not really painted it for Pears. Now the 'thousands of poor people' you allude to are no doubt very well-meaning in their way, but they cannot be said to understand painting; and numbers of them think you did the picture solely for Pears, and that it is exactly like the exaggerated poster. Of course it makes me angry—even spiteful—and I confess to being angry with you (not knowing the rights of the matter) for letting Pears have it. 'Bubbles' should hang beside Sir Joshua's 'Age of Innocence' in the National Gallery, where the poor people could go and see it with the veneration that befits all great Art. I hope you will forgive me my excess of zeal; for now that I know you had nothing to do in the 'soap business,' I will transfer my wrath to the dealer, and pray you to accept my frank apologies. The passage shall be altered and put straight in the next edition of *Satan*. In the interim I send you as a Christmas-card the portrait of my small sweetheart, the little boy you admired, who personated 'Bubbles' at the tableaux at Queen's Hall last spring.

"He was a trifle big for the part, and the photographer has not posed him with absolute correctness; but still, it makes a pretty picture. I hope I may bring him again to see you some day. He still talks in solemn tones of 'the great Sir John Millais,' and said to his mother, 'You know it is quite true, mother, Sir John *did* speak to me'—as if he fancied there might be some doubt cast on the event. We are staying here till Christmas is over, and hope to return to town next Sunday.

"With regards, and once more begging your pardon for my impulsive remark, which arose only out of excess of honour for your work,

"Believe me

"Very sincerely yours,

"MARIE CORELLI."

An apology so ample and so charmingly conveyed could not fail of hearty acceptance by my father. In subsequent editions of the book the offending words were expunged, and Miss Corelli has ever since been regarded as a friend of the family.

Returning now to the more immediate subject of this work, there was, somewhere about this time, an amusing scene at Palace Gate that I well remember. My father was on the look-out for a model for one of Shakespeare's heroines that he intended to paint, and while we were sitting at lunch the butler announced that a lady had called to see him on the subject. Being engaged in an interesting conversation with Matthew Arnold, my father said to me, "Here, Johnnie, run down and see if she will do." I accordingly went downstairs, and found myself in the presence of one of the most beautiful women I have ever seen. "Well, do you think I shall do?" she said, after some preliminary conversation. "Oh, certainly," I replied. "Come at ten o'clock on Monday morning."

About five minutes later in came the butler again. "Another lady downstairs, please, Sir John." "Oh, go along and see her too, Johnnie," said my father impatiently. I went, and, behold! another lovely creature, whose charms almost rivalled those of the first applicant. After a short interview, she said, "When may I come?" "Ten o'clock on Monday morning," I replied, and went back to the dining-room. By this time, however, my father had flown, and not until next day could I tell him of the success of my mission. Then, in glowing terms, I painted to him the charms of the two models I had engaged; but, to my surprise, he did not seem at all pleased. Forgetting for the moment his instructions to me, he had himself engaged two other models for ten o'clock on Monday morning, and all I got as he walked off to his studio was, "Ah! that's the worst of sending young fellows like you to interview pretty girls. You'd engage every blessed houri that stepped inside the place, if you got the chance!"

When Monday came all the four ladies turned up; but, following the example of the "wise child who goes out of the room to laugh when the old man has hit his thumb with a hammer," I refrained from entering the studio that morning. Enough for me to learn, as I did a little later on, that one of *my* ladies—Miss Dolan, a favourite model of Lord Leighton's—had been selected.

In 1886 came the exhibition of Millais' collected works at the Grosvenor Gallery, about which Mr. F. G. Stephens kindly sends me the following notes:—

STUDY OF A GIRL IN GREEK DRESS. 1886

"Millais was very much interested in the arrangement of his pictures at the first great collection of them, which was made at the Grosvenor Gallery in 1886. On this occasion it was at first intended to hang them in chronological order, beginning, for instance, with the portrait of Mr. Wyatt, of Oxford, and the 'Isabella' of 1849, and ending with 'The Ruling Passion' of 1885. Part of this intention was carried out; but when Millais saw that, however instructive the arrangement might be, it resulted in that which was by no means decorative as a whole, he cried out with characteristic energy, denounced the very notion of such a scheme, and insisted on the works being regrouped, the earlier works, except 'The Huguenot,' being relegated to the small room of the gallery, and the larger ones disposed according to their colouration and their tone schemes on the walls of the chief room. It was while compiling the notes embodied in the catalogue of the exhibition—all the proofs of which he carefully corrected—that I told him how according to Northcote, who had the fact from Richardson, to whom an old lady while sitting to him for her portrait related it, that when very young she had sat to Van Dyck. Richardson learnt from her that at that time, and while they were but recently painted, all the portraits she saw in Van Dyck's studio were very much lighter, brighter, and less mellow than they were even in Northcote's days—that is more than a hundred and a quarter years ago. Millais was deeply interested in this, and told me he should modify his practice accordingly. It was at this epoch that 'The Huguenot,' which he had not seen for more than thirty years, was brought to London in order to be exhibited again. The case it travelled in was opened in my presence, and while Millais was in the gallery; so I called him to look at his masterpiece. He came, and having the panel released from the frame he took it in his hands, and studied the surface of the picture with the keenest interest and most searching attention. Nothing could exceed the force of this regard. He called upon me to notice some characteristics of the handling, and reminded me of various technical details in it which, as I had often seen him at work upon the panel in the Gower Street studio during 1853, were still present in my memory. He laughed with pleasure when, recognising certain trial-touches with a sable brush made upon the white margin of the panel (which the frame originally concealed), he told me a ludicrous story connected

with Miss Ryan, the model who sat to him. It was with evident pride and many happy memories that, putting the picture back again into its frame, he said: 'Really, I did not paint so badly in those days, old man!' He was especially delighted because the panel, having been in the country since it left the Academy of 1853, was then (1883) perfectly unchanged in all respects. 'I used,' he said, 'such a colour for this, and such for that. It was risky, perhaps; but there, you see, it's all right now.' I never saw him more deeply moved anent his own work than on this occasion."

Amongst the pictures of 1886 probably none gave Millais more trouble than "Mercy," otherwise "St. Bartholomew's Day, 1572." Judging by the following letter, he seems to have got quite tired of it before it was finished, and disheartened at finding less important works preferred by the public:—

To Mr. Briton Riviere, R.A.

"2, PALACE GATE, KENSINGTON,

"*July 11th*, 1886.

"DEAR RIVIERE,—I have done the picture. That is, I have only, I hope, small things to complete it.

"I am sometimes happy over it, but oftener wretched. I would like you to see it if you can call any day and any time before four. "Yours sincerely,

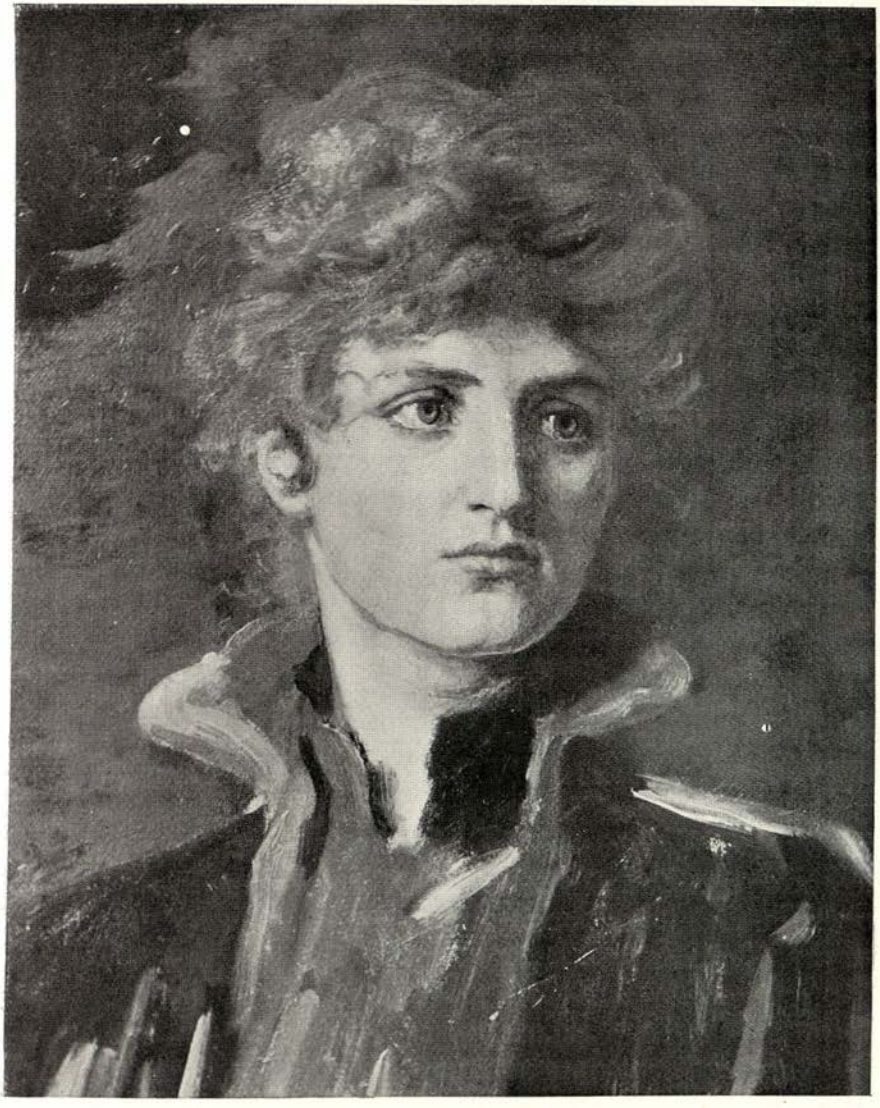
"J. E. MILLAIS.

"People pass it, and go to a little child-picture, and cry 'How sweet!' Always the way with any attempt at something serious.

"Bring Calderon with you if he cares to see an old hand's last performance. I feel a very poor old thing."

In this picture the Marchioness of Granby sat for the figure of the nun, and the Rev. Richard Lear for the monk, my brother Geoffroy posing as the Romanist enthusiast.

In the following year he painted my sister Sophie twice—in powder as "Clarissa," after the manner of Gainsborough; and in fancy dress as "Punchinella"—a charmingly graceful portrait. Then came the autumn, when, weary of work,



HEAD OF "PORTIA.' 1886'

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he fled away to his beloved Murthly and the sport that awaited him there, to say nothing of certain landscapes that he had it in his mind to paint so soon as the shooting season was over; for by this time he knew by heart the many sylvan beauties of the place, and had long thought of the charming pictures that some of them would make. Nor were these the only considerations that urged him northwards. He knew the Highland people as few Englishmen are ever privileged to do, and no one appreciated more than he their many estimable qualities; knew, too, the warmth of their welcome whenever he appeared among them; and as to his own people, the gillies and others who waited upon his pleasure, no man had ever more devoted servants. In Walt Whitman's happy phrase, he "had the pass-key to their hearts," and was never more at home than in the midst of these faithful followers.

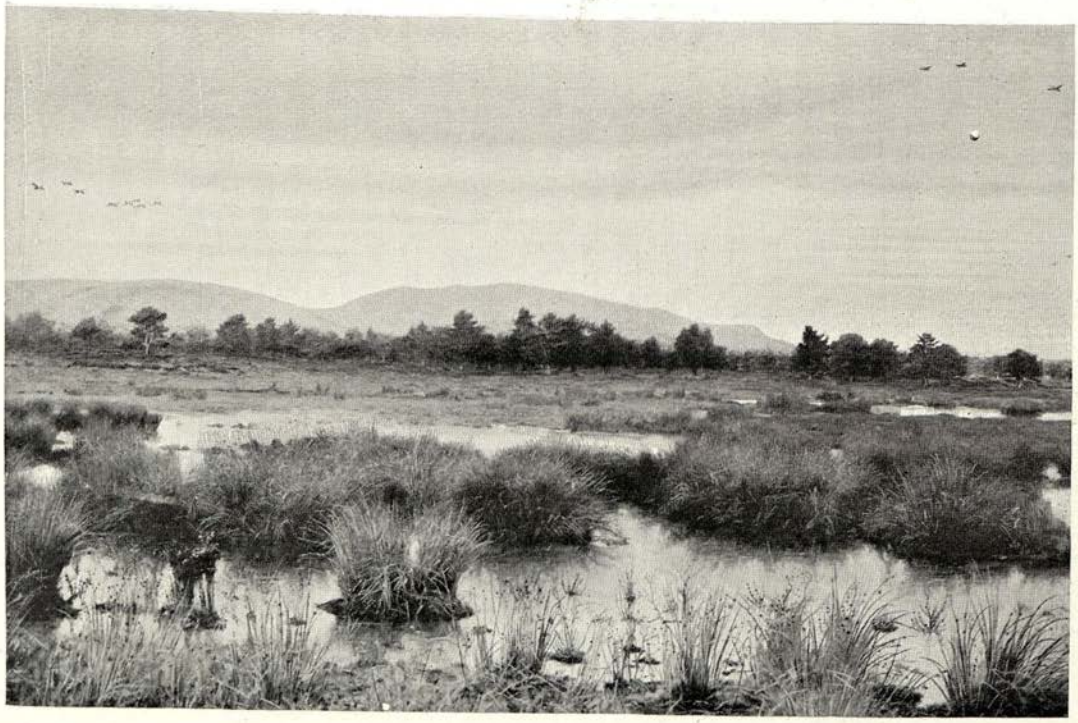
One among many instances of their thoughtful consideration it was always a great pleasure to him to recall. In the winter of this year a terrific gale and snowstorm raged throughout the night, sweeping the valley of the Tay from end to end; and in this valley — some two miles from Birnam Hall—was his shelter hut, in which he had left his picture of "Christmas Eve, 1887," with the wet paint turned towards the wall. In great anxiety he waited till the morning, when he hastened to the spot, expecting to find the hut and its contents blown clean away. To his delight, however, there it was, standing four-square to the winds of heaven; and there, too, was the village carpenter who built it, a dear old man who lived four miles away, and, "fearing for the hoose," had come all the way down at midnight in the blinding gale and made it thoroughly secure! I am sorry indeed that the name of this brave and benevolent old fellow has escaped my memory.

This was the second of the well-known series of Murthly landscapes, the first being "Murthly Moss," a picture begun and finished in the previous autumn. Before commencing this work (Murthly Moss) a day or two was spent in looking around for the best point of view—a quest in which my brother Geoffroy's skill as a photographer proved a most valuable help, enabling the artist to see, side by side, the various views that specially attracted his attention, and finally to select what he thought best. The wooden hut was then put up, and the work begun.

Needless to say with what loving care this picture was painted. The painting speaks for itself. The reeds and marsh plants in particular are rendered with all the force and precision of the old Pre-Raphaëlite days, and nothing is left undone to convey to the beholder a faithful portrait of the scene. Says Mr. Spielmann—an authority whom it is always a pleasure to quote, whether one agrees with him or not—"If not a 'great landscape' in the conventional sense, it is a very great transcript from Nature—full of the light peculiar to the Scottish marshes, and full of atmosphere—an exquisitely true portrait of the scene on a late September afternoon. It must be admitted that the picture does not look at its best in the Academy; seen in its own home its more delicate beauties become apparent, and the more it is gazed at and the longer it is known, the more does it grow upon and delight the spectator. Every bit of the landscape is truthfully rendered—the sedgy foreground, the middle distance of trees, and the distant hills; all as carefully and lovingly measured and drawn, said Millais, as if he had been working and stippling from the cast in the Academy schools. There is a unity of conception and a harmony of sentiment that compensate for the lack of deliberate composition; and the charm of the silvery-golden tones adds to the grace of the whole."

The critic is quite right. As seen in the Academy, the picture lost half its charm. The perfect peace and the mellow softness of the landscape demand that it should be seen apart from all others, as it was in the artist's studio and is now in Sir Cuthbert Quilter's house. Thus isolated, the sweet poetry of the composition never fails to make itself felt, raising it at once to its rightful rank as one of the finest, if not the finest, of Millais' landscapes.

When the next picture ("Christmas Eve, 1887") was taken up winter was already casting her mantle over the Northern hills. There was a keenness and a crispness in the air that filled sensitive southerners with thoughts of home; but for Millais, inured as he was to the rigours of the northern climate, winter had no terrors. He loved the bracing air of the mountains, and above all, those fine still days that so often follow in the wake of St. Martin's summer, and hardly noticed as it came the change to biting frost and falling snow. With such protection as his hut afforded, he went steadily on with his work until, on Christmas Eve itself, the final touch



"MURTHLY MOSS." 1887

By permission of Thomas Agnew ana Sons

was added to his painting—a view of the old Castle of Murthly as seen from the north-west.

The two landscapes of 1888, "Murthly Water" and "The Old Garden," were painted at Murthly in the autumn of that year, the former being a view of the river as seen from the Stenton bank looking up towards Birnam at a spot where the artist used to stop and lunch after fishing. This was the beat he specially reserved for himself; and every day when outdoor sport was possible, he worked it from end to end, starting at the head of "Tronnach," a long swirling flat, out of which he took some twenty or thirty fish every autumn.

In the picture my brother Geoffroy and Miller, the fisherman, are seen seated on the shingle arranging the rods and tackle. The whole landscape is suffused in bright autumn sunlight, in which the red leaves of the maple are brilliantly conspicuous; but the work is not generally considered to be in the artist's best manner. Mr. Spielmann speaks of it as "perhaps Sir John's poorest landscape," while Mr. H. W. B. Davis, R.A., probably our best living painter of sunny landscapes, is loud in praise of its wonderful colouring and perfect truth to Nature. The fact is, it was painted rather for the artist's pleasure in the place itself than with any view to a great picture; and if he himself could have had a voice in the matter, it would probably, like many others, have been excluded from the exhibition of 1898. The Academy, however, were not to blame for this *omnium gatherum* of Millais' works. In order to obtain certain pictures indispensable to the collection, they were in one or two cases obliged to admit other works of no interest to the general public, however valuable in themselves as fulfilling the purposes for which they were painted.

It was amusing to hear the comments of the public on these multifarious works. In one room was the portrait of a middle-class magnate of unprepossessing exterior, which, for diplomatic reasons, Millais had allowed himself to paint; and opposite to it, with his face glued to the canvas, I noticed a well-known A.R.A., an old friend of the family. He was still there, examining every detail of the work, when I returned after a long and careful scrutiny of other pictures; and passing close by him, I ventured to say, "You seem deeply interested in that picture." "Yes," he replied, "per-

haps as much as in any in the exhibition, which is saying a great deal. It is a marvel of technique, and I am taking lessons. I *have* to draw these sort of people, you know."

Says a well-known author, "there is nothing good or God-like in this world but has in it something of infinite sadness." Without necessarily endorsing this sentiment, I may fairly point to "The Old Garden" as a presentment of the pathos of Nature under the garb of a homely landscape—a picture always associated in my mind with Fred Walker's masterpiece, "The Harbour of Refuge."

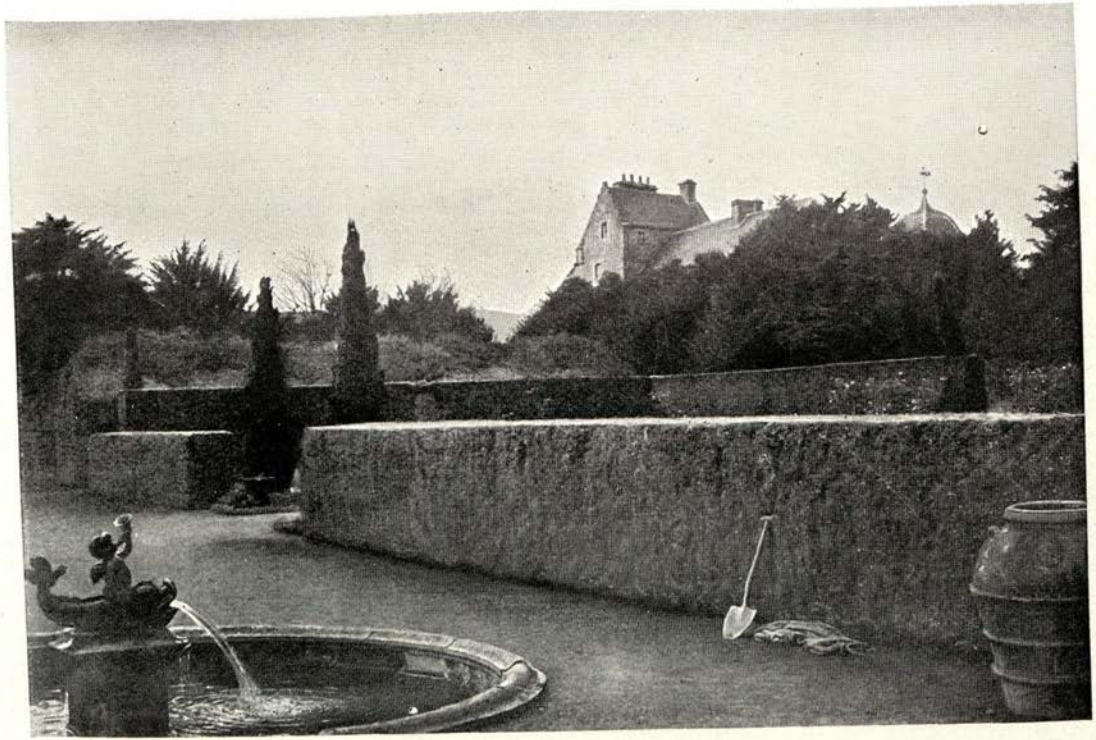
The garden is that of the old castle at Murthly, then inhabited by Sir Douglas Stewart; and near at hand is the park where "Christmas Eve" was painted. To emphasise the tone of sadness he sought to convey, Millais at first painted in the figure of a widow (and I think also a child) wandering amidst the scenes of bygone happiness; but as he could not get the figures to his satisfaction, he wisely painted them out. Another difficulty was how to break the broad expanse of the terrace in the immediate foreground, and this he got over by introducing part of a beautiful old fountain which he discovered in another corner of the garden. This is the only feature which is not in the scene as it actually exists to-day.

In the *Nineteenth Century* of March, 1898, Mr. Claude Phillips speaks of this picture as "surely the artist's masterpiece in this branch of his practice. Not only are the rich and beautiful motives, so difficult in their very richness to combine into a harmonious whole, handled with consummate skill; not only is the point of view chosen with a rare and admirable intuition, but the scene in its simple, homely beauty is bathed in an atmosphere of peace and love indefinably, yet none the less surely, enveloping and spiritualising that which is presented with a charm so unaffected and yet so penetrating."

Perhaps I may be excused for introducing here some lines sent to the artist by a friend at Chelsea in 1889. If not of the highest literary merit, they at least reflect the popular view of the picture, as expressed in the newspapers of the day.

"THE OLD GARDEN" OF SIR J. E. MILLAIS.

"Old garden, relic of an age
Before seclusion passed away,
An old-world grace enwraps you yet.



"THE OLD GARDEN." 1888

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"A poet's dream is here revealed—
The vision of a Painter great
You shade his brow with laurels fresh,
To bloom through centuries that wait.

"Quaint hedges cut in rigid lines,
Where Time has walked with slower pace,
And years have marked with gentler hand
The changing seasons on your face.

"The dial where were traced the hours
By generations long since dead,
And time-worn fount that still reflects
The glory of the summer fled.

"The peace enshrined at sunset hours;
The night, delaying long to fall,
Has faintly spread with loving care
A mystic glamour over all.

"The glow, we say, will fade to gloom,
And wait expectant, half in fear;
The dark will come, and we shall see
The ruddy window-lights appear.

"But no; your crown of peace remains
Embalmed for us in colours fair;
Nor need he fear, who wrought this charm
With Botticelli to compare.

"*Chelsea*, 1889."

"Shelling Peas" was one of the "small and early" pictures of this year, and was presented to Leighton in return for his kind present of a statuette that caught Millais' eye while taking a glance at the objects in the sculpture room the day before the opening of the Academy. Meeting Leighton a moment afterwards, he told him how he admired a delicate little bronze of a young girl turning to look round at a frog or some other reptile that had startled her. "I am so glad you like that," said the President, laughing; "I did it." And when the exhibition closed, he sent it to Millais as a present, with a charming letter such as he so well knew how to write. The picture is now in the possession of Mr. James Orrock.

The summer of 1889 found him at work on his third and last portrait of Mr. Gladstone, taken on this occasion with his grandson, the eldest son of Mr. W. H. Gladstone. This was a golden-wedding gift to Mr. and Mrs. Gladstone from the women members of the Liberal party, the subscriptions

being from one penny upwards. After its exhibition in the Royal Academy in 1890, Millais repainted the head of the statesman, and the picture was then forwarded to the Countess of Aberdeen, on behalf of the donors. Its receipt was kindly acknowledged by Mr. Gladstone in the following letter:—

From Mr. Gladstone.

"*July 25th*, 1889.

"My dear Sir J. Millais,—As a rule I dare not give an opinion on a portrait of myself; but it seems to me that the work which, to my surprise, I found finished and hung this morning, and which you have accomplished with so wonderfully small an allotment of sittings, is the most exact and living likeness of me that you have yet produced.

"The picture of my dear little grandson is delightful.

"The book was ready for your messenger, but you have dispensed with it.

"I now descend to a mean request—that my coat may revisit me in time for the party on Saturday,

"And I remain, sincerely yours,

"W. Gladstone.

"My wife joins in thanks."

Millais painted also a half-length replica of Mr. Gladstone's portrait, and as a Christmas gift presented it to his wife, who thus replied:—

From Mrs. Gladstone.

"Downing Street,

"*January 2nd.*

"How shall I thank you half enough, dear Sir John, for that glorious present! Coming as it does as a New Year's gift, words are very weak to express all I feel. This picture will go down as an heirloom in our family, whilst your name will make it very precious.

"Thank you with all my heart for the pleasure you have given me for the second time, in which I include my children's thanks. "Yours gratefully,

"Catherine Gladstone.

"I hope we shall have the pleasure of seeing you and Lady Millais and any of your family on Wednesday evening."

At this time the establishment of a National Portrait Gallery and the safe housing of the national pictures were much in Millais' mind, as will be seen from his letter to the *Times* (published on April 25th, 1889), and Sir George Scharf's letter of May 6th.

To the Editor of the "Times."

"SIR,—As one of the trustees of the National Portrait Gallery, may I add a word to Sir Henry Layard's admirable letter of the 23rd? He is only too gentle when he says the non-fulfilment of the promise made to the trustees by successive Governments "approaches a scandal." It is a scandal outright.

"In the Upper House, Lords Hardinge and Lamington have done their best to urge the Government to give us a site and sufficient means to erect a suitable building, but unfortunately, in the Commons, although we have good friends, we have no persistent and troublesome advocate, no importunate widower to help us. With such assistance, we might obtain what we ask. How long the public will submit to half their property being shunted to a temporary habitation in the East of London, the other half stowed away in the cellars of Great George Street, Westminster, I do not know, of course. I feel sure smaller and poorer European States would not be guilty of such unpardonable and mischievous delay.

"Your obedient servant,

"JOHN EVERETT MILLAIS.

"2, Palace Gate, Kensington,
"*April 24th.*"

From Sir George Scharf.

"NATIONAL PORTRAIT GALLERY OFFICES,
"20, GREAT GEORGE STREET, WESTMINSTER, S.W.
"*May 6th*, 1889.

"MY DEAR MILLAIS,—One thousand thanks for your most kind note. The great heat of the gallery and my physical debility compelled me to retire after the Prince of Wales' speech. I tried to wander through the galleries and to look at the pictures, but all in vain, I was so weak;

so I retired altogether. Next morning Lord Hardinge, with his accustomed kindness, sent me a letter conveying the important news of Lord Salisbury's announcement. Your thunder and Layard's bluster did it. You have been most faithful to our interest, and always a foremost champion when wanted.

"Lord Hardinge said that Lord Salisbury's announcement took his breath away. But when Lord H. repeated it to me, instead of taking away my breath, it added to my life. I now feel I have something to live for.

"I have just returned from Bethnal Green with Lord Hardinge. He has been making himself better acquainted with facts than hitherto. I gladly thank you, foremost amongst others, for providing me a still further interest in life.

"Ever gratefully yours,

"GEORGE SCHARF."

In a letter to his wife, dated May 7th, 1889, Millais calls attention to his letter in the *Times*, which, he says, "has contributed to the realisation of our wishes in regard to a National Portrait Gallery. At the Royal Academy dinner I sat next to Arthur Balfour, and he admitted I was 'sponsor' to the gift; indeed, I have had thanks all round, and a most flattering letter from Scharf, the director, who says that my letter has done it. Layard also was most kind about it."

"Twa Bairns" formed the subject of his next picture. They were Frederick and Mary Stewart Phillips, children of Mr. Frederick Phillips, of Godshill, Isle of Wight, and were painted in Highland dress, forming, as Mr. Spielmann says, "one of the most attractive groups ever painted by the artist. To ensure accuracy in the tartan, Sir John borrowed from the Stuart Exhibition, then in progress, one of Prince Charlie's own to paint from."

In the autumn of 1889 Millais went to the North, determined to go in for sport alone. He would not look at his paints, he said; and he stuck to his word until one fine day in November the potent voice of the wood spirits compelled him to change his mind. In the early morning the long grass bearded with dew lay at his feet, and all around were

BEATRICE CAIRD. 1879

By permission of Mrs. Stibbard

firs, bracken, and gorse bushes, festooned with silver webs, that showed a myriad diamonds glittering in the sun. It was a fairyland that met his eye, whichever way he looked, and under its spell the soul of the painter was moved to immediate action. A large canvas was brought out, and presently "Dew-drenched Furze" dawned upon the world.

The view was taken from a spot near the old sawmill road leading from the factor's house at Murthly to Gellie's farm, and the wild moorland around Murthly Moss. This road passes straight through "the big wood"—a great cover of Scotch firs and larches many hundreds of acres in extent, and our favourite shooting-ground for capercailzie and roe. A little path runs from the head keeper's house parallel to the main road, and only a very short distance away, and between these Millais found a suitable clearing from which he could see exactly what he wanted to paint. It was a plucky venture, this grappling with a scene such as had probably never been painted before, and might possibly prove to be unpaintable; but confident in his own powers, and sustained by the indomitable spirit that had enabled him to bring to a successful issue many a task of apparently equal difficulty, he went on bravely with his work, *malgré* the discouraging look of the picture in its earlier stages and the adverse comments of the family, who, all in turn, favoured the artist with their opinions as the work progressed. But he himself never faltered in his belief in the paintable character of the subject, or in his ability to convey to others the charm of its manifold beauties. Only a few days before the work was finished was this apparent to the critics of his household, whose strictures then gave place to pæans of praise.

There is a cock pheasant standing in the foreground, which the critics were particularly hard on, insisting that it was a stuffed bird, just smudged into the picture, and that the artist had expended no trouble on it. No trouble, indeed! Why, that pheasant nearly drove him wild, and caused me more than a week's unhappiness. I was with him when the picture was painted, and after drawing pheasants for him in every conceivable attitude, I caught a wild bird and caged it, so that he could study it himself. This he did, with the cage placed beside the picture, where he kept it several days. At last he became so bothered

with it that he asked me to paint the bird myself, thinking that in the position he had selected it would add repose to the scene. I accordingly painted it, spending two days over the work; but the result was not satisfactory. The bird looked hard and flat, and in the end my father spent half an hour in painting over it, making it quite a different creature.

"LILACS." 1886

By permission of Thomas Agnew and Sons

CHAPTER XVIII.

THE MAN AND HIS HOME LIFE

Portraits of Millais—An American "double"—A counterfeit friend—Personal habits—The sacred umbrella, and what became of it—The advantage of a strong voice—"Old Gallipots"—Books and latter-day illustration—Chess—An acrostic—Lines on Royal Academy Exhibition—"Twa Dogs"—A prize poem on Robert Burns—Begging-letters—A draughty situation—Autograph hunters—Lines for music—A visit to Millais' birthplace—Rev. Armstrong Hall on Millais and the influence of his northern home—Spielmann on his life and death.

AND first of Millais' personality. Portraits of him at all stages of his life are happily preserved to us. One in the possession of my sister Mary was painted by John Phillip, R.A., when a student at the Academy; and on comparing it with another portrait by the same hand, when Millais was thirteen years of age, it would seem to be somewhat earlier in point of date. This second portrait, in which he appears as "a Highland Page," was intended, says a critic, "as a study for the greater work, 'Bruce about to receive the Sacrament on the morning previous to the battle of Bannockburn' (Royal Academy, 1843). Millais would tell how Phillip (not yet a member of the Royal Academy) entered the life school of the Academy and, looking about among the students, asked the little fellow with the golden hair if he would come and sit to him, which, of course, the boy was delighted to do. A copy of this head in Phillip's picture (of which the original is now in the Mechanics' Institute at Brechin) was made by Sir George Reid, P.R.S.A., for Millais, at his request."*

A fine pencil drawing of him was done in 1850 by Charles Collins, for Mr. Combe, of Oxford, who bequeathed it to Oxford University; and in 1853, when Millais had attained twenty-four, his friend Holman Hunt also made a sketch of

* As a boy Millais also sat to Frith for Anne Page's little son, in "The Merry Wives of Windsor."

him in pencil, that some years afterwards appeared in the *Magazine of Art*.

In 1854 Munro, the sculptor, produced and exhibited at the Academy a fine medallion showing the head of the artist in bas-relief; and, according to Spielmann, John Phillip painted him again in 1859; but of this portrait I have no personal knowledge.

MILLAIS, 1854

In 1863 appeared the fine statuette by Marochetti, along with one of my mother, modelled by him at the same time; and in 1871 Mr. G. F. Watts, R.A., painted a splendid likeness of Millais as he appeared at that time—a quiet, even sombre work, but full of character and most masterly in execution.

In 1880 came Millais' portrait of himself for the Uffizi Gallery at Florence. It shows him as he was then, in the prime of life and health, and is generally admitted to be by

far the most satisfactory portrait of the artist—in the words of a critic, "holding its own with singular power among the auto-portraits of the great masters of the world, from the mighty painters of Italy down to the present day."

The bust modelled by Onslow Ford, R.A., in 1896, is about

MILLAIS, 1854

as fine a piece of work as that great sculptor has ever done. It was absolutely true to life—almost painfully true to those who knew Millais in his latter days; and, as a critic says, "It is a splendidly decorative work, showing the President in the robes of his office, with the chain and medal across his shoulders, and the Prussian Order, 'Pour le Mérite,' about his neck. Although, as may be seen, it was wrought when the shadow of death was already enveloping the

painter, so that the geniality of the man has given way in some measure to the suggestion of suffering, dominated by the strenuousness of life—it remains, in its finely-observed and lovingly-modelled head, one of the three principal works left to show what manner of man he was. In the exhibition (1898) it was accorded a position in a room by itself, so placed that it might meet the eye of the visitor with its keen and saddened look, as he passed from the contemplation of the master's works."

As to photographs, the latest of all was taken by Elliott and Fry in 1896; and an admirable likeness it is, though tinged, of course, with the sadness observable in the sculptured bust of that year. But to those who knew him best, even more interesting is a photograph taken some years ago at Birnam Hall, by Mackenzie, the local photographer. There I see my father, standing in the porch with a pipe in his mouth, just as he used to do after breakfast, before strolling off to his beloved river; and so happy is the likeness to the man himself that one can almost see in it the merry twinkle of his eye.

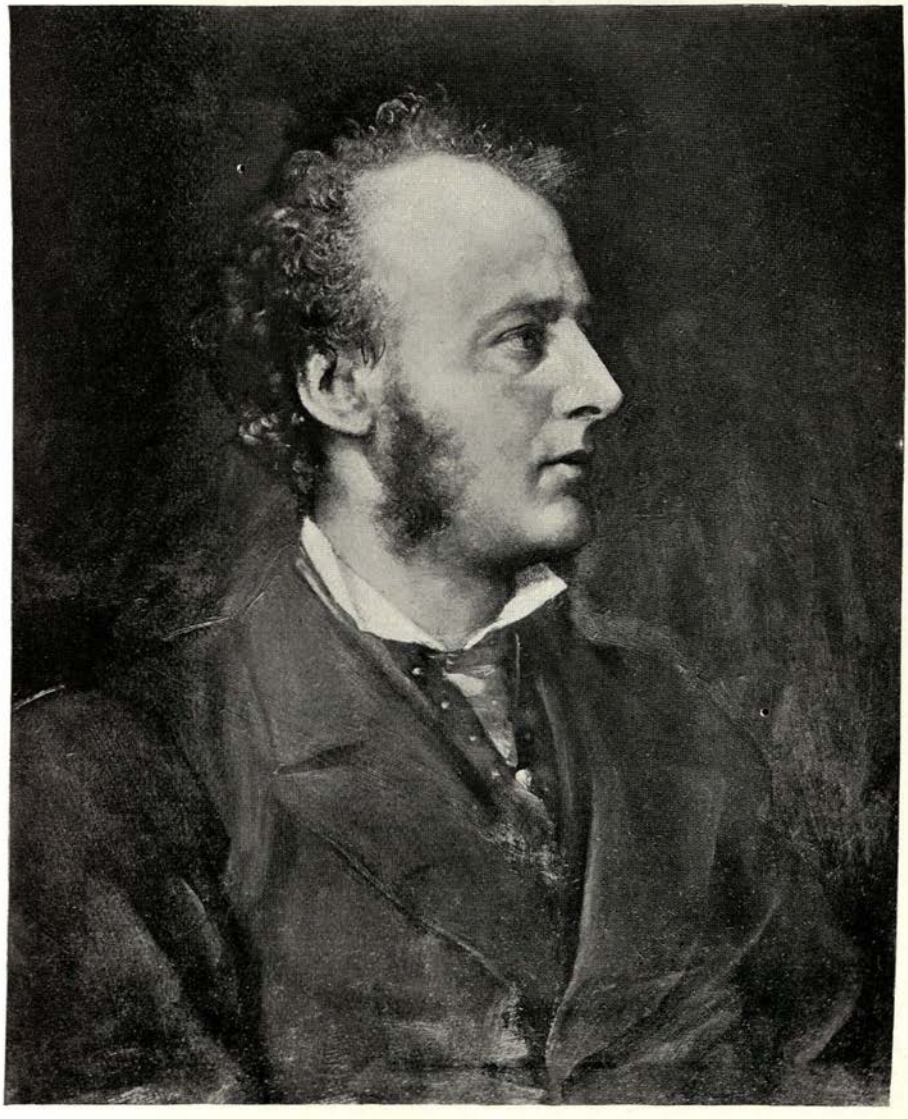
He was proud of his height—just over six feet—and would say to us sometimes, "If any of you boys show signs of being taller than your father, I'll punch his head." Like other men, great and small, he had his "double"—several doubles it would almost seem. As a young man he certainly bore a close resemblance to Lord Leighton, and was more than once accosted by mistake for that gentleman; but in later years his likeness to the late Sir Robert Loder and Lord Wemyss was commonly remarked upon, though the one was a shorter and the other a taller man than himself. On the other side of the Atlantic was another man who must have been uncommonly like him, judging from the following letter and the photograph enclosed, though their respective surnames would hardly suggest a relationship:—

From Dr. Piko.

"YONKERS-UPON-HUDSON, STATE OF NEW YORK,
"*May 14th*, 1879.

"MY DEAR SIR,—Time is doubtless very valuable to you. This letter (which I hope you will not deem intrusive) shall therefore be brief.

"The gist:—a lady patient, recently returned from an



MILLAIS, BY G. F. WATTS, R.A. 1871

European tour, insists, with all the characteristic ardour of her sex, that 'Millais,' the world-renowned artist, and the writer hereof (a practising physician not altogether obscure) 'resemble each other wonderfully! look nearly enough alike to be twins,' etc.

"I have received her statement *cum grano salis*, believing that while in dear old England distance (from her native shores) lent enchantment to her mental view. The said lady's vehement importunateness, however, has at last overcome her native modesty, and at her request I enclose a counterfeit presentment of self. If my patient's enthusiasm has outwitted her judgment, I trust this scrawl, with enclosure, will not greatly annoy you. If, on the contrary, the fact as stated by her obtains, then it may possibly amuse you to know that there lives a man, three thousand miles away, who is physically—by a remote possibility, psychologically—your *alter ego*.

"Very respectfully,

"HORACE B. PIKO, M.D."

The photograph sent was certainly that of a smaller man, but exceedingly like Millais.

Enough, perhaps, has now been said as to his personal appearance, unless, as Carlyle insists, his clothes must be taken into account. In that matter, though his apparel proclaimed the man, it certainly did not proclaim the artist. He hated the affectation of the long-haired and velvet-coated tribe, whose exterior is commonly more noticeable than their Art, and just dressed like other men according to circumstances of time and place, only too happy to escape the observation of strangers as he moved about the world.

MILLAIS, BY HIMSELF
1879

His escapes in this way not infrequently afforded him considerable amusement. Travelling one day from Perth to Dunkeld, he got into a railway carriage in which were already seated three young men of the Dundreary order, all strangers to him. On passing Murthly station, one of them said, "Oh, Murthly; that's where Millais, the artist, lives. Seen his pictures this year?" "Yaas," drawled another, "and I don't think

much of him since he's taken to advertising soap. I say, Charlie, you know Millais, don't you?" "Oh, *intimately*," said number three, calmly polishing his eye-glass; "shall probably drop in there later on." But, alas for Millais, the "later on" time never arrived. He lost for ever the chance of entertaining this "Truthful James."

The following letter from William Black, the well-known novelist, also afforded him amusement.

"REFORM CLUB, PALL MALL, S.W.,
"*May* 14*th.*

"DEAR SIR JOHN,—If you care to see how you look in a new sphere, you might send for a copy of *The Cutter and Tailor* for May (the John Williamson Publishing Company, Drury Lane), and you will find an engraved plate with yourself and myself standing together as tailors' models.

"There is also a very complimentary reference to yourself in the letterpress; but it must not make you too proud.

"Yours sincerely,
"WILLIAM BLACK."

GEORGE MILLAIS

As to his personal habits, there was little perhaps to distinguish him from others of his class who, blessed with good health and spirits, get as much enjoyment out of life as they can in the intervals of business. He rose betimes, and took good care that others of his household should do so too; but I gather from his letters that in the days of his youth he was not quite so religiously devoted to early rising as some of us were led to believe. Except when a clock that ought to have known better struck eleven before he got up, he rose punctually at half-past ten, and yawned over his breakfast in a most unbecoming manner; but when, in later years, young olive-branches began to gather around his table, pressure of work and the good example that poor paterfamilias is always expected to set compelled him to bestir

LADY MILLAIS. 1878

himself at a much less comfortable hour. Eight o'clock was then the order of the day. At that time, or commonly much earlier, the cheery voice of the master, emphasised by rousing knocks at the sleepers' doors, resounded down the corridors; and woe betide the youngster who failed to respond to that signal. At 8.30 to the minute we must all be down to breakfast, under peril of a fall in the parental barometer and a tiresome lecture on punctuality, with which some of us, I am sorry to say, were only too familiar. In Scotland, indeed, this rule was even more imperative, any violation of it being regarded as betraying a sinful indifference to the demands of sport.

Another peculiarity, too, had the master of the house. Though generous and good-natured to the last degree, there were two articles of his that he would never allow anyone to touch—his walking-stick and his umbrella—the latter a gorgeous creature with a silver knob, which had been given to him by an old friend. As children, we all stood in awe of that umbrella, no one daring to take the smallest liberty with it. But the time came when timidity must yield to pressure of circumstances. One fine morning Geoffroy and I, having been promoted to the dignity of Eton jackets and top-hats (as we appear in the accompanying sketch by my father), must needs mark the occasion in becoming fashion. So, seizing upon the sacred "brollie" as a protection against the weather, we marched off in our finery to our favourite resort, the "Zoo." Alas, the day! Finding that buns failed to enliven a stupid bear, we prodded him up with our only weapon, with the result that it was torn into shreds and the silver knob horribly mauled by his teeth. All that remained of it was the framework, and this we sorrowfully returned to its accustomed place in the hall. What followed I need hardly relate. Enough to say that, in the punishment of the wretched offenders, the mangled remains of the fetich played a conspicuous part.

The carrying power of my father's voice was another peculiarity, and one that won him upon one occasion a well-deserved compliment. A remarkably pretty girl was staying

with us at Birnam Hall, and the day after her arrival the men of the party fell to discussing her claims to beauty. Objections were taken to various points of detail, but my father stopped the talk by saying in his emphatic way, "Well, you may say what you like. The *tout ensemble* is perfect, and it is many a day since I set eyes on so lovely or so nice a girl." At that moment the young lady herself appeared, and throwing her arms round his neck, said: "I really must give you a kiss, you are such a dear, and certainly the only man of taste here." She had heard every word that was said, as her bedroom was separated from the dining-room only by a wooden wall.

His *bonhomie*, indeed, never failed to find favour with the fair sex. An amusing illustration of this occurred at a shooting-lodge in Inverness-shire, where he and two other men, old friends of his, were on a visit. A very pretty *ingénue* whose nonsense sometimes verged upon slang was also there, and with the privilege of youth and beauty, she assumed an almost parental familiarity with the whole party. Two or three days after the arrival of Millais and his friends, the host asked her what she thought of them. "Well," she said candidly, "I don't think much of your two paltry knights, but I do like old Gallipots"—a subtle allusion, perhaps, not only to Millais' profession, but to his weakness for cream with his porridge, which had been the subject of a little practical joke. He had chaffed his host at breakfast on what he called a meagre and miserable supply of this luxury, and at night he found in his bed what he thought was a hot bottle, but which on further examination turned out to be a huge jar of cream, cold and leaky, and labelled "With Mr. ——'s compliments." There was great fun over this next morning when he produced the jar and helped himself to the contents.

At home and at leisure, he was always the life and soul of the household. Whatever his troubles in the studio—and, like other artists, he was often sorely worried with his work—he left them all behind when he joined the family circle, and was ever ready for any nonsense that might be going on. But it was during his holidays in Scotland that he was always at his best. In the intervals of sport he loved to bandy words with such ready wits as Mr. Herbert Wilson, Mr. Arthur Eden, Sir William Howard Russell, Sir William Harcourt, and Sir Henry James, some of whom were

EVERETT MILLAIS. 1876

GEORGE MILLAIS. 1876

generally amongst his guests; and when they were there the stream of nonsense reached its highest point.

He was an omnivorous reader, when he had the chance; but in London there was little or no time for books. His reading there was commonly limited to the daily papers, a magazine or two, and one or two weeklies such as *Punch*, *The World*, and the *Illustrated London News*. As novelists, Thackeray, Dickens, Anthony Trollope, and Miss Braddon were his favourite authors, and in the realm of poetry he was thoroughly familiar with the works of Tennyson, Browning, Keats, and Burns; but in the later years of his life nothing pleased him better than a veritable history of travels and adventures in foreign lands.

MARY MILLAIS

Caton Woodville's drawings in the *Illustrated London News* were an especial joy to him, the great bulk of that artist's work being always of the same high quality. "Deuced clever fellow, that Woodville. He 'd be an R.A. if I had a voice in the matter," he would exclaim when a particularly fine example caught his eye. And as to Edwin Abbey's illustrations in *Harper's Magazine*, of the old English songs and the plays of Shakespeare, his admiration knew no bounds. I think I may say that he frequently urged on the Academicians Abbey's right to become an Associate, even on the merits of these drawings alone; and that he has now attained that honour is perhaps due in some measure, at least, to Millais' championship in former years. Alfred Parsons' work in *Harper's* must also be noticed as, in Millais' opinion, of the very highest merit.

In early life my father was devoted to chess, at which he became so expert that at the age of twelve he was frequently pitted against Harvitz, one of the finest players of the day; and though in later years he seldom found an opponent, he loved to work out the problems in the *Illustrated London*

News, and every Saturday night he would take the paper up to his bedroom for this purpose.

Acrostics, too, were a great amusement to him. He liked to solve those that appeared in *The World*, and occasionally concocted one or two of his own. I append a specimen, the solution of which some of my readers may perhaps care to find out :—

1st Syllable.

"Large and small, clothed and bare,
Smooth, and all colours covered with hair;
A guard to all nations, a man of note,
A note itself, and sure in a goat.
A wrinkle too, if attached to a bird.
Now don't you know this singular word?

2nd Syllable.

"Go to my second, or throw it away.
The earth is only a large one they say.
I 've lodged in the ground, and lodged in the heart,
I 'm beaten by many, but don't feel the smart.
The eye, it can see, and is blind as a pup's,
And sometimes, I know, I am seen in my cups."

"Here, there, and everywhere,
Do not for your bruises care."

"Where 's my watch? The Deuce is in it!
I had it here this very minute."

"I cannot see. A sort of haze
Has spoilt and darkened all my days."

"Sweet and rank, soft and greasy,
I make machinery go so easy."

"Think, before you bend your bow,
Where the arrow point may go."

Another pastime of his was writing nonsense verses for the amusement of his friends, some few of which, rescued at the time from his waste-paper basket, have happily fallen into my hands. His description of a private view at the Royal Academy (written in or about 1870), and his imitation of Burns, I am tempted to give here as illustrations of his humour.

"FORGET-ME-NOT." (MRS. JAMES.) 1883

"THE LAST ROSE OF SUMMER." (Mary Millais.) 1888

THE R.A. EXHIBITION.

"First Monday in May
Is the opening day
Of the great R.A.,
When the public go.
But the thing to do
Is the private view,
Select and few—
For the Swells, you know.

Elbow and push
Your way through the crush
To the porter in plush
At the top of the stair.
A catalogue he
Will deliver to thee,
With bended knee
And graceful air.
Then make for the room
(Through a dismal gloom)
To the left of the door;
And, once you're inside,
Go on with the tide.
Observe the Skyed,
For you 'll see little more.

All round you a patter
Of commonplace chatter,
Occasional smatter
And cant about Art;
Archbishops and Dooks,
Dilettantes and Snooks,
And Beauty who looks
Especially Smart.
Every step you will greet
Friends who say 'What a treat!'
As they stand on your feet
In the hullaballoo.

Not a moment of peace,
Or a chance of release.
You will presently squeeze
Into gallery 2.
Portraits here staring,
Grand effects flaring,
Animals glaring,
Hang on the walls.
Little girls skipping,
Winter scenes (nipping),
Lots of Dutch shipping,
Preparing for squalls.
Huntsman and hounds,
Old churches and towns,
Dons, D.C.L. gowns,
Are there by the score.
Birds' nests, pickle-jars,
Pussy cats, jolly tars,
Soldiers home from the wars
Abound evermore.

Now turn to the right—
The big rooms in light,
Where the members invite
Great people to dine.
Railway station of Smirke's,
Where they hang their own works,
Reserving (the Turks)
To themselves all the Line?
The gems of the year
Are supposed to be here;
But the critics will sneer
At the notion, I guess.
Albeit for size
They must gain the prize,
In spite of the wise
Myrmidons of the Press."

His parody on Burns originated in this way. In 1870 my brothers George and Everett returned from the Continent, bringing with them two dachshunds that they hoped would command his admiration; but in this they were grievously disappointed. The breed was then little known in England, and he could see nothing in it to admire. A year or two after that there was a merry party assembled at Kepplestone, Mr. MacDonald's seat near Aberdeen; and the conversation turning upon Burns, Millais volunteered a parody on "The Twa Dogs," and taking up a sheet of paper, produced the following lines. The final rhyme, it

AT DALGUISE. 1879

Photograph taken by Mr. Rupert Potter

will be observed, is a little faulty, but not more so than some that appear in the original :—

"Twa dogs, I mind, that fash me sair—
A muckle and a mickle beastie—
A crippled forin' cretur, rare
Nae doubt, but bonnie not the leastie;
Wi' waddlin' leggies, crook'd and sprawlin',
And snoot as long as 'Dinnie's'* caber—
A sort of sandy insect, crawlin',
No canny in the hoose of labour;
And these be either curious breedies
Frae France, wi' lugs that fa' and tummell.
I dinna ken, mysel', what need is
For mair than *ane* o' sic a funnell."

* Donald Dinnie, a famous Highland athlete.

In 1859 his muse assumed a graver tone. It was the centenary of Burns' birth, and for some years previously all Scotland was stirred with the thought of celebrating it in becoming fashion. Amongst other things there must, of course, be one or more prizes for poems, for which the public were invited to compete; and rather for his own

READING THE "TIMES" AFTER BREAKFAST
Drawn from life by Paul Renouard
By permission of the "Graphic"

gratification as an ardent admirer of Burns than with any ulterior view, my father presented a contribution—his first and almost his last essay as a poet. No less than 621 poems were submitted for competition, and at the grand celebration at the Crystal Palace, where some 14,000 persons assembled, the poem to which the first prize was awarded was publicly read. All the poems were then collected in a centenary volume, and, much to my father's surprise, a prize of £10 was awarded to his effusion as amongst the first twenty-six in point of merit.

To come back to plain prose; if there was one thing more than another that my father hated it was writing letters; yet write he must, either personally or by deputy, nearly every day of his life. Letters simply poured in upon him day by day—prayers for relief from the Artists' Benevolent Fund (founded and administered mainly by himself); petitions from budding artists to be allowed to submit their pictures to his criticism, or soliciting his advice under all sorts of difficulties; and downright begging-letters, many of them of the Micawber style, and some even still more plausible. These are the penalties that fame imposes on greatness in any art or calling, and there is no escaping the infliction. Witness Macaulay, whose amusing remarks on this subject I recall as apposite illustrations of this:—"A fellow," he says, "has written to me telling me that he is a painter, and adjuring me, as I love the Fine Arts, to hire or buy him a cow to paint from"; while another man, whose sanity was, perhaps, open to question, bombarded Millais with a series of letters, all more or less in the following strain:—"S——on-Sea. Dear Sir,—You are evidently unaware or negligently jealous of the remarkable genius being now displayed by Mr. A. Smith, the son of our local butcher. His works display a plane of thought never equalled by any of the Old Masters. . . . The first train to S——on-Sea is ten a.m., and unless," etc., etc.

But perhaps I had better give one or two instances within our home experience. Ladies were, perhaps, the greatest sinners in this respect. On the most frivolous pretences, not always very exact in point of truth, they would ask straight out for monetary help; while others, more expert in the art of begging, would first write for advice only, and then would follow a letter of thanks, with a request for something more substantial. In a letter now before me the writer says:—"Sir,—In thanking you for having so kindly informed me the course to take relative to my little daughter's best method to make progress in drawing, may I also solicit your name as a subscriber to a book I have written on the mysteries of the life of Shakespeare. I am but a *humble working man*, but many eminent persons have subscribed," etc., etc. That was true. Many had subscribed, but none of them ever got the book.

Another man wanted a photograph of Millais for a book he was bringing out on men of mark. The photograph was

MRS. C. STUART-WORTLEY. (Alice Millais.) 1887

sent, and in acknowledging the receipt this gentleman says:—"I note that in your last you have omitted—*no doubt quite accidentally*—to enclose the order form for the twenty pounds' worth of copies of the book. Neither do you say that you will be agreeable to support the coming volume to the extent named." I am afraid the omission he complains of was not altogether accidental, for this goodly twenty pounds' worth is not to be found amongst my father's effects.

But perhaps the most amusing application was from a man in Devonshire, who wrote as follows:—"I was out in an open boat in my nightshirt for three days and three nights, with only a jug of water for refreshment. My sufferings were very great, and I should feel much obliged by your kindly sending me a donation of £5." That was all. No explanation as to how he came to be in such a draughty place so scantily clad, and as my father knew nothing of him, he too, I fear, failed in his object.

To other applicants, however—to those whose necessities were great, or who might fairly claim his sympathy as members of his own profession—his ear was ever open. It was a real pleasure to him to minister to their needs, whether in time or money, and he was never happy till satisfied that he had done all he could in this way. As to his brother artists, a letter to his daughter Mary, in December, 1891, fairly expresses his feeling. He says:—"I have already signed, and sent to London, the papers you refer to. I never delay anything connected with applications of poor painters, their widows, or children, as I know their anxieties and the importance of timely help."

Needless to say, this sympathetic spirit was still more marked in his intercourse with his own family. He loved and was beloved by all, and no man ever better deserved the affection he enjoyed.

A minor worry to him, as to others in his position, was the craze for autographs. Requests for his signature were constantly coming in; and, ever ready to give any little pleasure he could, he would commonly comply with them; but when, as sometimes happened, a whole swarm of them appeared amongst his morning's letters, along with a lot of birthday books, that must, of course, be returned to the owners, his patience was apt to give way. "Do they suppose I have nothing else to do than to sit and write

my name all day?" he would exclaim as he slammed the studio door, resolved that no power on earth should get a signature out of him that morning. Under pressure like this he once told one of my sisters to write and say "No" to every autograph hunter under the sun; but, while acting upon this order, she was so touched by a request in the handwriting of a child that, cutting off the signature from

MILLAIS AND JOHN BRIGHT. DALGUISE, 1879

From a photograph by Mr. Rupert Potter.

a letter addressed to herself, she sent it to the applicant. And very glad she was that she had done so, for, two days later, came a pathetic little letter from the child, thanking her for the gift, and saying that, owing to some spinal complaint, she was doomed to lie on her back for life, and her sole amusement was the collection of autographs.

Another nuisance to Millais was that, owing to the similarity between his Christian names and those of two of his sons, one of whom was a dog-fancier and the other a naturalist,

JOHN GUILLE MILLAIS. 1887

his time was occasionally wasted over letters in which he had no interest. After struggling for some minutes over hieroglyphics familiar enough to us, he would spell out, perhaps, some such question as this: "Why has the name of Savonarola the sixteenth, my famous basset-hound, been omitted from page 527 of the Kennel Club stud-book?" or, "Will you write us an article on the scarcity of owls in the Inner Temple?" And then, flinging the letter from him, the master of the house would, I grieve to say, mutter to himself some words that were neither complimentary nor considerate, seeing that *we* never complained when our time was wasted over such frivolities as a flattering invitation to open a new Art School in an unknown neighbourhood, or to deliver a lecture on the Fine Arts in some wretched educational centre; and this right in the middle of the shooting season!

Of his love of music, I leave my sister Carrie to speak—in a separate note at the end of this chapter—introducing here only a few lines of his (written in 1884) that she afterwards set to music.

TO PSYCHE.

"O Psyche, what a chance thou lost
When Cupid was thy swain!
Thou mightst have cut his tiny wings
Too close to grow again,

"And cast his quiver far away,
His crimson roses shorn
Of cruel barbs, and left to us
The rose without the thorn.

"Thou mightst have poisoned all his darts,
Broken his bow in twain,
And saved the world from bleeding hearts,
From yearnings, grief, and pain."

A fourth stanza was to have been added, but it seems to have fallen into the nethermost limbo that Byron assures us is "paved with good intentions." Writing from Birnam Hall, Millais says, "Dearest Carry,—No, I have not done that fourth verse. 'Cause why? I haven't had the poetic mania on me. The muse is coy, and publishers must wait."

One more specimen of his lyric muse I am tempted to give.

A LOVE SONG.

"Fly, gentle dove, with thy burden of love,
To my sweet one, sweet,
Nor rest until her window-sill
Is at thy feet, thy feet.

"Tap on the pane with thy bill again,
Should she not hear.
A moment's rest on her quiet breast;
Not more, my dear, my dear.

"Then on thy wing the answer bring
With no less speed—
Just one word, my bonny bird;
But one word I need."

The entertainment of his friends, either in London or the North, was always a great pleasure to him. He loved the bright and genial talk of a well-assorted party around the dinner-table, and being himself a *persona gratissima* amongst men of culture and sociability, his company was much sought after in society. But, as has been said of Macaulay, "his distaste for the chance society of a London drawing-room increased as years went on. Like Casaubon of old, he was well aware that a man cannot live with the idlers and with the Muses too. He really hated staying out, even in the best and most agreeable houses. It was with an effort that he even dined out; and few of those who met him and enjoyed his animated conversation could guess how much rather he would have remained at home."

Not that he cared to shut himself up, either at home or anywhere else. He loved the society of kindred spirits, such as Lord James, Herbert Wilson, Arthur Eden, John Hare, Sir Henry Irving, John Toole, Carlo Perugini, General Lambton, Sir William Dalby, and others; and as he was pretty sure to meet some of these at the Garrick Club, he generally spent his evenings there, unless, indeed, his old friend Perugini dropped in, as he often did, for a game of cards.

And here I think I may fitly introduce a personal reminiscence that occurs to me as I write. Lord Tennyson has lately described in poetic language his visit to the birthplace of his father; but, I regret to say, the visit of two of Millais' sons to Portland Place, Southampton, on a like errand, was attended with somewhat different results.

A REST FOR LUNCH AND A PIPE

Photograph taken at Dalguise by Mr. Rupert Potter. Circ. 1876

My brother Geoffroy and I—then little chaps of about nine and ten—happened to be staying in the neighbourhood of Southampton ; and our dear mother, thinking that we should improve the occasion by visiting the birthplace of our illus-

DALGUISE, 1879
Photograph by Mr. Rupert Potter

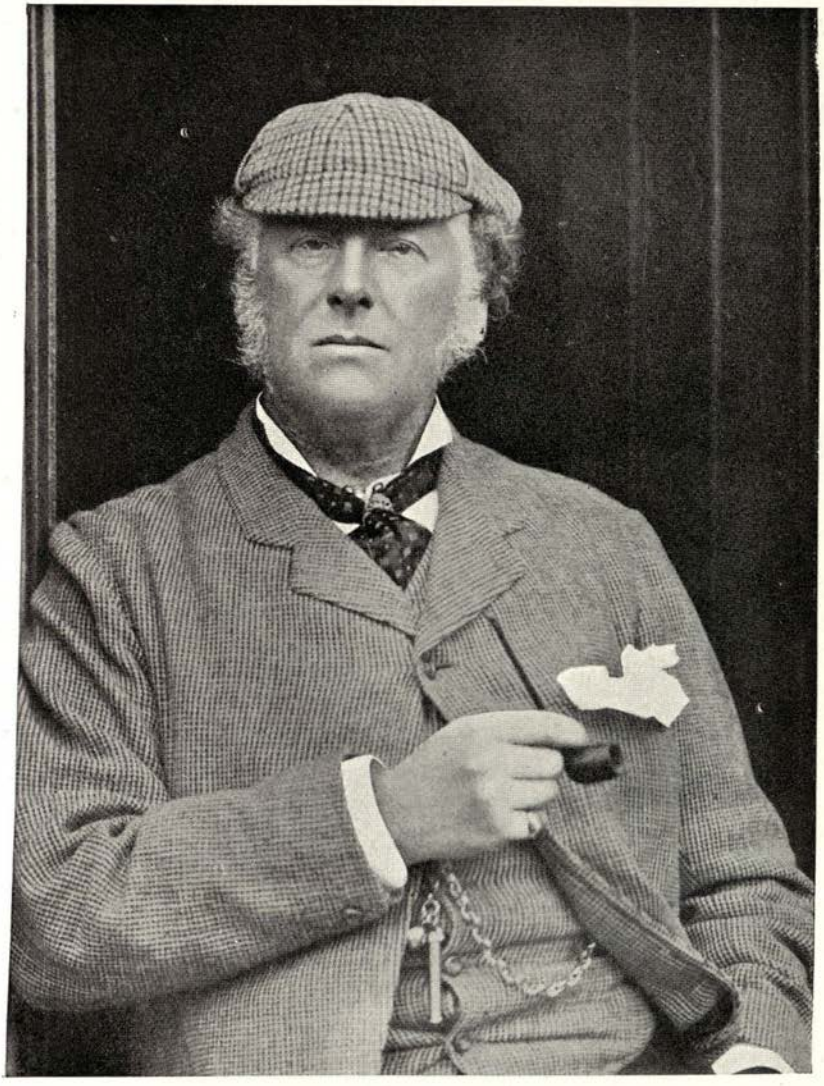
trious parent, sent us some money for that purpose, and urged us to take an early opportunity of doing so.

After hunting about the town all the morning, we at last found the house in a better neighbourhood than we had been

led to anticipate. In fact it was about the best in the place. As we approached "the now famous mansion" (*vide* newspapers), a sense of nervousness overcame us. We could not think what to say when we had rung that awful door-bell and found ourselves inside the house. But there was no help for it; the thing must be done at all hazards. So, after a long talk, we tossed for it, as to who should take the responsibility; and the luck going against Geoffroy, he rang the bell, and in a moment the door was opened by a black-bearded ruffian—the butler no doubt—who nearly frightened us to death by the way in which he asked us what we wanted. At last Geoffroy stammered out, "Is this where Mr. Millais was born?" to which he replied indignantly that he neither knew nor cared, and slammed the door in our faces.

A bad start this, and very discouraging; but, on discussing the matter in the peaceful precincts of a neighbouring tart-shop, we decided that it would be sinful to waste our dear parents' money on these luxuries without at least one more attempt to see the interior of the house. So once more we rang that bell. Now, whether it was that our appearance was against us, or that the butler was a man of a suspicious nature, I cannot say, but our second call was even less successful than the first. As soon as the door was half opened the brute dived back into the hall for some implement, the nature of which we did not stop to inquire. Rather, we hastened away; and when the infuriated custodian, armed with a cricket-stump, chivied us at top speed half-way down the main street of Southampton, we concluded it was better not to interview him any further. Birthplace visiting, we thought, might possibly have its advantages, but as a pastime it was too lively for boys of our tender years. It should rather be classed in the same category with other dangerous sports, such as buffalo-hunting, or criticising a certain artist's pictures.

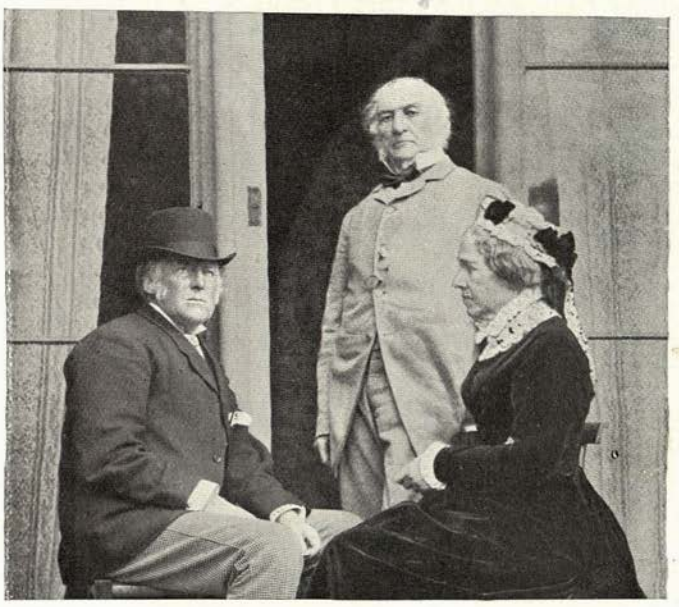
Writing in the *Daily Graphic* of August 14th, 1896, the Rev. Armstrong Hall says:—"Millais' life and work in Scotland were both closely connected with and influenced by a city and a river. The city was Perth, in the outskirts of which is situated Bowerswell House, the loved home of his wife's family, and with the immediate neighbourhood of which were linked many of the most intimate associations of the last forty years of his life. The river was the Tay, which,



THE BEST PHOTOGRAPH OF MILLAIS

Taken by Mackenzie, of Birnam. Circ. 1885

seen as the artist and the fisherman see it, rarely fails to appeal to the heart and the imagination. The Englishman who knows nothing of Perth beyond its comfortable hotel and its spacious and often bewildering railway station, is not seldom at a loss to understand the claim of the city to its title of 'fair'; but those who have lived there, as Millais did, can neither be blind to, nor fail to appreciate, the glories of its surroundings—the rolling Strath of Tay, the lavishly



MILLAIS, MR. GLADSTONE, AND MRS. GLADSTONE. HAWARDEN, 1886

Photograph by Elliott and Fry

tinted and ever-changing woods, the distant hills, now purple with heather, now white with ice and snow, the majestic river, instinct with movement and life and sound.

"'This is much better than the Riviera,' Millais said as he gazed away to the north from Perth Bridge one bright winter morning of last year. . . . The climate of the Perth winter, too, suited Millais. 'I can't see to paint in London in November,' he used to say. But the winter in Perth is usually open, and while the days are sadly short, their brightness is a revelation to most Southerners wintering there for the first time. It was not, therefore, to be

wondered at that the President preferred to see the New Year in before returning to London. . . .

"And while atmospheric conditions and happy family associations link the President to the city of Perth, it was the spirit of the Tay which syren-like drew him to its banks and waters by a fascination which he found irresistible, and compelled him, as no other artist of his capacity had ever been compelled, to hasten to interpret its message and its song. Nor was the hold thus exercised likely to be weakened by the boundless facilities for sport provided by the river and its guardian woods. For he was a sportsman of the best type."

Yes, this "message and its song" were ever in his heart; even in the long weary weeks of April and May, 1896, when his life was slowly ebbing away. He was almost too weak then to think of them without tears; and as any little distraction was a relief to him, I brought him every day a few drawings of deer and deer-stalking on which I was then engaged. They interested him greatly, and after a careful examination he would write on his slate a short criticism of each and his advice as to which to use for my book and which to discard, together with other hints and suggestions that I need hardly say were most valuable. The last I showed him was a little drawing of a stag lying in the sunshine on a hillside, which reminded him so strongly of a famous stalk he once enjoyed that he began a long account of it on his slate and worked away until he was quite exhausted. In the end he wrote, "Don't show me any more. It makes me think of Scotland, which I shall never see again."

Miss Eliza Jameson had a somewhat similar experience at her last interview with my father. She writes:—"The last time that I saw him was about a week before his death. He was very quiet, and I sat and held his hand for a little, but on my remarking on some heather in his room, which a friend had sent from Perthshire, he broke down and I came away."

In bringing this chapter to a close I am glad to avail myself once more of Mr. Spielmann's excellent little book on *Millais and his Works*; for no more fitting or more eloquent tribute to my father's memory has appeared in the Press. With consummate skill he has painted for us the man as he lived, and has touched with a master's hand the last sad scene of all. "Such," he says, "was Sir John Millais—heartiest, honestest, kindliest among all English gentlemen

MILLAIS IN HIS STUDIO. 1886

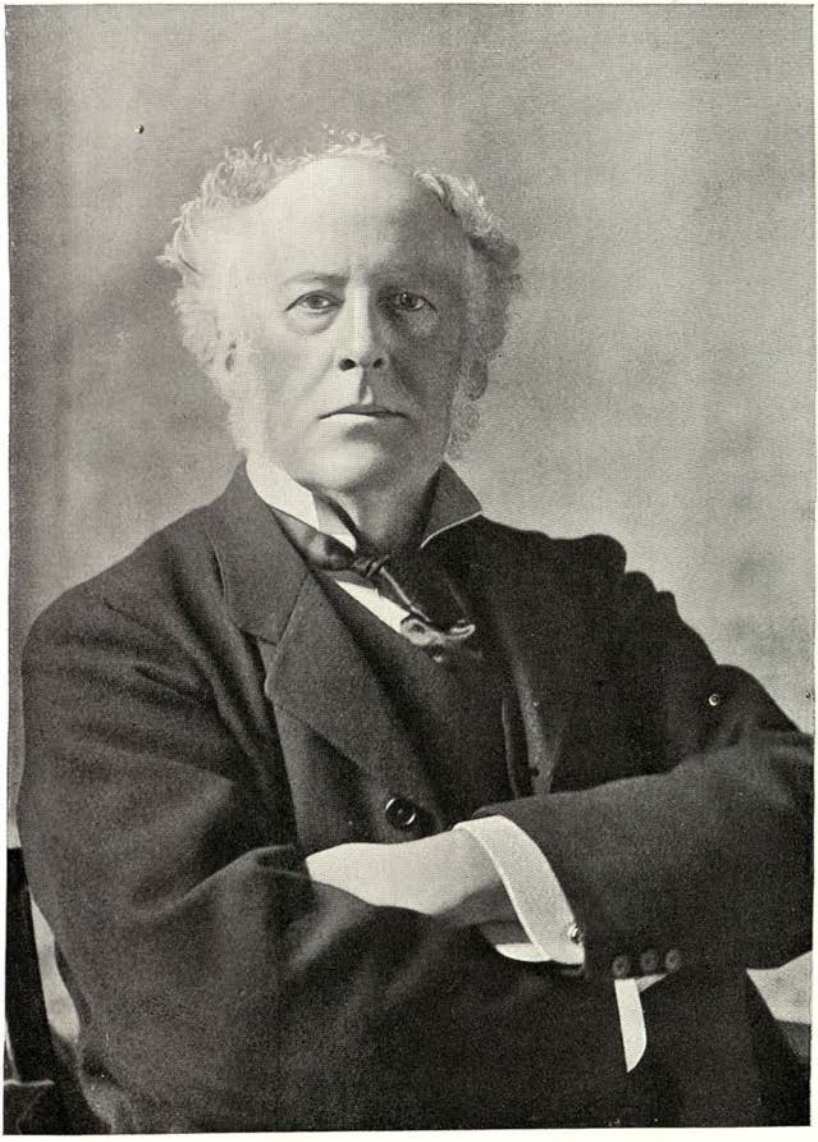
Photograph by Mr. Rupert Potter

of his day. He was the big man with the warm heart, which he wore upon his sleeve; plain-spoken, straightforward, genial, and affectionate, who rarely said a cruel thing and never did a harsh one; without a grain of affectation and without a touch of jealousy. Almost to the end his life upon the moors seemed to have kept him for ever young, and their winds to have blown the cobwebs of prejudice from his mind, and every morbid and paltry feeling from his heart. Unspoilt by the extraordinary measure of the well-merited success that attended the development of his genius, he maintained to the last the hearty innocence of a youth, and the high hopes and sanguine optimism of a man at the beginning of life rather than one in the prime and vigour of his later manhood, in the heyday of his fame. The death of Leighton overpowered the nation in the intellectual love they bore him; the death of Millais plunged us into still profounder grief. We have not had in his case, as in Leighton's, to wait until he died to know how much we loved him. To all he thought worthy of his friendship he gave it unasked, freely and heartily; and something more than friendship came in that warm clasp of the hand, so quick to grip, so slow to loosen. So thoroughly did the greatness of the man match the greatness of the artist—such was his simplicity—that those who knew him mourned in him rather the friend whom they loved than the painter they honoured and admired.

"There is little need here to recall the splendid personality of the artist, the keen sportsman, whose prowess with the gun, the rod, and the long putting-cleek, and whose spirits, whether in the saddle or on foot, commanded the admiration of the many for whom the triumphs of Art are a lesser achievement. But as I write, his figure seems to rise before me, shedding that magnetic pleasure round him his presence always brought. He turns to look at me, as he has done a score of times, from his round-backed chair before the great fireplace of the studio. He has discussed the pictures on the easels, ranged twice across the room, in his half-halting, half-explosive, wholly delightful way. His pipe is between his teeth, the beloved briar, more precious than the finest cigar Havana ever rolled. The travelling-cap of tweed, at first raised once or twice as if to ventilate the head, then carelessly replaced rakishly on one side, is finally thrown on to the table close at hand, and reveals the silver fringing

to the splendid head—a hairy nimbus, like a laurel-wreath, lovingly placed by the crowning hand of time. The strong voice—that was to become, alas! weazened, husky, and inaudible at last—sounds loud and fresh and hearty in my ears; the powerful, kindly hand is placed with genial roughness on my shoulder; the smile, so full of charm; the untutored halting eloquence; the bright, happy, infectious roguery of the accentuating wink; the enthusiastic talk on Art, now optimistic, now denunciatory of fads and foolishness; a great jolly Englishman, unaffected as a schoolboy, and as unconscious as a man of genius. I see him as he turns, Anglo-Saxon from skin to core; sixty and more by the almanac, but fifty by himself; vigorous and bluff, full of healthy power of body and of mind. I see him, true, straightforward, honest; staunch as a friend; hearty, but not vindictive, as a hater; generous in his blame as in his praise, glowing with enthusiasm for a young painter's success, or flushed with anger at a folly or a wrong. And then he smiles again—that smile of extraordinary sweetness and significance, which ever and anon lights up the handsome face and strikes the key-note to all that is tender in his work, all that is graceful and lovable in his pictures of passion or of beauty, in woman, man, or child.

"And then again I see him, little changed, the kindness of his manner what it ever was; the geniality of his friendship as gentle and cordial as before the cloud had gathered. But it is difficult to hear him now, and the strain of talking is great. He stops in the course of a sentence, and pointing in apology to his throat, he laughingly rounds off the conversational fragment with a knowing side-shake of the head. Once more I see him, forgetful of his dying self, striding off to the hospital to cheer a member of the Academy lying ill, for he is now the President, and father of his flock. Then he vanishes from sight to his room of sickness, agony, and death. And word comes out to us of his heroism, his gentleness, his patient suffering, whispered tales of the old white-bearded man, wasted, worn, and dumb, but bright and handsome still, who yet has a warm and lusty grip for the one or two who may say good-bye, and a faint smile of happy greeting that shows he is the old Millais still. And then we are spared the rest. And this is the end of a bright and sunny life—the cruel lining to a cloud of purple and of gold."



THE LAST PORTRAIT TAKEN OF MILLAIS 1896

Photograph by Elliott and Fry

CHAPTER XIX.

GEORGE DU MAURIER

George du Maurier—A man after Millais' own heart—Du Maurier's love of the colossal and the grotesque—The giantess—Millais moralises for once—*Punch*—His admiration for the Knights of the Round Table and their work—Visit of Du Maurier and his daughter to Murthly—Illustrated letter of Du Maurier—A present of game in verse—Letters—Charles Dana Gibson—"Trilby"—Over-work—A reward that comes too late.

GEORGE DU MAURIER, or (to give him his full name) George Louis Palmella Busson du Maurier, the genial and gentle Du Maurier, famous alike in Art and Literature, must have a chapter to himself; for not only was he one of the most intimate and most beloved of my father's friends, but the correspondence between the two men was so characteristic that some of it must find a place in this volume.

It was some time in the fifties—just before Du Maurier joined the *Punch* staff—that they first met, and, as might be expected of such kindred spirits, their acquaintance speedily ripened into a friendship that became ever deeper as the years went by. To both alike Society opened its arms, and for some years they mixed freely, if not frequently, with the gay and gilded throng, amused with what they saw, and gradually drawing to themselves those whose qualities of heart and mind were most in accord with their own. But with the advent of middle age came an increased and increasing distaste for the frivolities of what Byron so aptly calls "the polished horde Formed of two mighty tribes, the bores and bored," and from that time forward they carefully avoided assemblies where (as is too often the case nowadays) wealth is more favoured than talent, and vulgar display the chief feature of the entertainment.

Of Du Maurier, perhaps, more than of any other artist, it may be said that the man himself appears in his works;

for in all that long series of inimitable drawings that for years added so greatly to the popularity of *Punch*, the refinement of his mind, his keen sense of humour, and his reverence for truth and manliness are no less conspicuous than his art. In private life he was habitually reserved and unobtrusive; but to Millais, whom he knew to be moved by the same impulses as himself, and whose ideals were in the main much the same as his, he opened his heart as freely as a child, discoursing with him on every subject under the sun, and often on matters that he would confide to no one else.

His one weakness was Size. Though strong and active, he was but a small man himself, and perhaps on that account his highest admiration, whether for man or beast, was reserved for creatures of colossal proportions. His heroes and heroines must all stand three or four inches over six feet, and their actions must be of the Homeric order. His dog, too, must be the biggest of his species; and in that matter his desire was gratified by the possession of "Chang," a huge St. Bernard with which all readers of *Punch* were familiar.

When a giant of either sex appeared in London, he would spend all his pocket-money in seeing the monstrosity and treating his friends to a view; and more than once he hinted that if he could have been the real "Gulliver" his happiness would have been complete. In a letter to Millais in March, 1869, he implores him to come and see a wonderful giantess from Canada who was then on view in London; but as my father was away at Hastings, recruiting his health after a serious attack of typhoid fever, he was obliged to decline the invitation. Du Maurier then sent him a full description of the creature, along with a sketch which showed her to be, like so many of these people, all but devoid of brains, and with hardly so much as an apology for a chin. In reply Millais thus addressed his friend:—

TO MR. DU MAURIER.

"Dear du Maurier, you can't be sorrier—
In lower spirits than I 'm in.
As you express, the giantess'
Failure is a *want of chin.*

"And oh! that goitre, as I loiter,
Haunts me on the sad sea sand,
It seems to mingle with the shingle
That drowns the Hastings German band.

"Quite *entre nous*, between us two,
I've pictured in my mind her presence,
And (wasn't it shocking?) I fancied her rocking
J. E. M. in his convalescence.

"Then on my pillow, to the sound of the billow,
Dozing, methought a voice I heard;
She spoke Nova Scotian, but full of emotion,
Singing 'I would I were a bird.'

"Now you have quell'd and completely dispell'd
My little dream of wonderland.
That outline facial, however palatial,
Is just the thing I cannot stand.

"Perhaps 'tis better that your letter
Has divulged the cruel truth.
Sway domestic reigns majestic
Over this unsullied youth.

"It were wiser we exorcise her
When next a giantess is shown;
Taking each other, like a Siamese brother,
Instead of going there alone.

"For should a mighty, breathing Clytie,
Ten feet high and warranted real,
With yellow hair, all debonnair,
Bound simply with a fillet of veal—

"A real Colossus—come across us,
Such as this, where are poor we!
The strings of my lyre emit Greek fire
At the very thought of such miseree.

"So let us abjure these freaks impure,
And fondle our latest family pledge,
Nor tempt the mystic nature artistic
Which ever trembles on the edge."

"HASTINGS, *March*, 1869. J. E. M."

In 1882 a bust of Du Maurier was sent to the Royal Academy Exhibition, and as one of the Hanging Committee Millais accepted it, writing:—

To Mr. Du Maurier.

"2, PALACE GATE,
"*Kensington, April 3rd*, 1882.

"MY DEAR GEORGE,—I spotted you amongst the decapitations [busts], and for the love of the original will do my best to place it, and myself add a wreath of bays around the unconscious temples, in token of my appreciation of the artist—*which* I leave you to guess.

"If you are not R.A.'d as one of us, you at least escape the most disagreeable work that human nature is heir to. For five days Birnam Wood (in the shape of birch trees) has frowned down on us with defunct tomtits and birds' nests. The only figure which has left a vivid impression on me, from its originality, is this :—[a sketch of a very bad picture].

"Always yours sincerely,

"J. E. MILLAIS."

He was often, I find, in the rhyming mood when writing to Du Maurier. Here is another specimen of his verse, written in 1882 when, at the request of Mr. MacDonald, of Repplestone, he undertook to add to his gallery of artists' portraits that of their friend Du Maurier.

To Mr. Du Maurier.

"2, PALACE GATE,

"*Kensington, November 25th,* 1882.

"DEAR DU M.,—

Sunday week will suit me best,
Because it is a day of rest.
As painting you will be a pleasure,
I count the operation leisure;
So come to me at half-past ten,
And I'll begin your portrait then.

* * * * * *

* * * * * *

Behold the Sovereign's reward :—
To those alone who wield the sword,
K. C. B. and K. M. G.,
And dinner with her Majesty.
It would appear, a country's good
Is only gained through shedding blood.
In days to come will such things cease?
And will there be a crumb for Peace?"

Du Maurier seems to have misunderstood the gist of his remarks, for two days later Millais adds :—

"With more bad verse I wouldn't worry yer;
But you mistake my lay.
I do not 'grudge,' my dear Du Maurier,
Or 'envy' this display.
Quite the reverse. I, too, agree
They quite deserve their honours,
That we are happy, paid, and free,
In serving our own colours.

"It only did occur to me—
If Shakespeare were still living,
He wouldn't dine with Majesty,
Apart from medal-giving;
That with our boasted civilisation,
We are barbarians still;
For the highest honours of the nation
Are conferred on men who kill.

* * * * * *
* * * * * *

"'Tis the *principle* that puzzles me,
Albeit in this I'm blind.
I'm satisfied if I can see
To *keep alive* mankind.
"Yrs.,
"J."

Amongst the correspondence of 1885 I find the following:—

"2, PALACE GATE,
"*Kensington, April 25th,* 1885.

"DEAR DU MAURIER,—Thank you for your kind letter. I know you are too far away to drop in without great inconvenience.

"I am thankful to say I am getting daily more hopeful about myself; but I am and shall continue for some time to come a cripple. It gave me the greatest pleasure to hear that you approved of my artistic efforts this year. A really modern subject* is commonly regarded as a difficulty, but I have endeavoured to prove it is not impossible to deal with success with the surroundings of our own time. It remains, however, to be seen whether the public will care for modern life. . . .

"One of the great delights of the week is looking forward to the next number of *Punch.*

"Sincerely yours,
"J. E. MILLAIS."

Yes; to Millais *Punch* was what an ultra-learned friend of mine calls "hebdomadal refreshment," not only enlivening him with its bright and genial humour, but delighting his eye with drawings such as were to be found in no other serial. Most especially did he admire the drawings of Tenniel, Leech, Sambourne, Keene, Du Maurier, Phil May, Furniss, and Corbould; and when the two last-named artists fell away

* "The Ruling Passion," 1885.

from the Knights of the Round Table, he made quite a personal trouble about it. I happened to be present on one occasion when he took Du Maurier to task on this subject, thinking perhaps that *he* might do something to heal the breach, if he would; and greatly amused I was by Du Maurier's comic defence, delivered with all the solemnity of a prisoner with the gallows staring him in the face.

It was indeed a pity that the services of such excellent draughtsmen should have been lost to the staff. Furniss' clever skits and sketches of our Parliament men were delightful beyond measure, and equally at home was Corbould* amongst the park hacks, the "mashers," and the well-groomed ladies whom he loved to depict. His only rival now would seem to be Denham Armour, a recent acquisition, whose presentment of hunting scenes and clean thoroughbreds could hardly be excelled.

At one time, when I used to take in the light and wanton, but excellently illustrated, *Pick-me-up*, I showed my father one of the first drawings in that journal by Raven Hill. "My word, what a clever fellow!" he said. "Here's poor Keene come to life again; I hope they will get him for *Punch*"—a wish he was glad to see fulfilled. Every year, too, the skits on the Academy pictures were a great amusement to him, particularly Furniss' drawings; and the greater nonsense they made of his pictures the better he liked it. Besides "Squeak, Squeak," there was a delightful one, in 1886, of "Cherry Unripe," a travesty on the original that can easily be imagined.

In the autumn of 1890 poor Du Maurier was sorely troubled about his eyesight. One of his eyes had long since gone, and the other now began to give way under the extra strain imposed upon it. As his whole life depended on his Art work, he was naturally most anxious to preserve this one sound optic, and under the advice of his oculist he determined to take a long holiday, such as he had not enjoyed for many years. Now, therefore, he paid us a visit at Murthly, accompanied by his daughter Sylvia. When the weather permitted, he went with us to the moors or the river; and in the evenings, or at any odd times, he would enliven us with charming little French *chansons*, which he played and sang delightfully. If my memory serves me, one of his favourite

* Mr. Corbould now works for Mr. Punch again.

models—Captain "Ossie" Ames, the Guardsman of 6 ft. 7in.-fame—was also with us; and a very merry party we were.

Out of a little incident during this visit sprang one of Du Maurier's inimitable sketches. One morning my sister, Mrs. James, hooked a fine salmon, and was playing it, when the old fisherman, thinking she was handling her prey somewhat too roughly, cried, "Be cannie wi' him, Miss! Be cannie!" The idea of a delicate lady being too hard on a powerful fish so tickled Du Maurier's fancy that he made a drawing of the scene and sent it to *Punch*, where it appeared in September of that year.

At St. Andrews again, for which he left us in September in company with Willie James (the original of "Bubbles") and his elder brother George, he made several drawings of the boys—admirable likenesses—one of which appeared in *Punch* in 1890. From there, too, he sent a characteristic letter, which, with its accompanying illustration, I reproduce here.

SKETCH BY DU MAURIER IN A LETTER TO MILLAIS

From Mr. Du Maurier.

"7, ELLICE PLACE, ST. ANDREWS,

"*September 13th*, 1890.

"MY DEAR MILLAIS,—*Commong voo porty-voo, mong amee?* It is the Sabbath morning, and how can I spend it better than in writing to my J. E. M., to tell him that the eternal friendship I vowed him a quarter of a century ago has, if possible, been made more eternal after dwelling under his

hospitable roof, and seeing him in the bosom of his family, and losing my heart to his lovely and accomplished daughters, and making friends (as I trust) with the heirs of his body male? More power to thy mighty elbow, J. E. M., both with rod and brush, and may the fifty-nine pounder, for which thy soul lusteth, soon be thine! . . .

"Since our arrival it has been pouring cats and dogs, and I have been working tooth and nail and smoking cigarettes, and thinking how happy we were at Birnam.

"And now, *mon cher*, as I know you don't like long letters, I will shut up for the present. Please commend me to the kind remembrance of Lady Millais, whom I saw for an instant at Perth. With kindest regards to you and yours from all, and many thanks, "I remain, yours ever,

"G. Du Maurier.

"P.S.—Special remembrances to Miss Millais.

"2nd P.S.—Sylvia sends her love.

"3rd P.S.—*Mes amitiés à M. Auguste, le chef des chefs.*"*

Amongst other amusing letters relating to fish and game, which Millais was in the habit of sending to his friend year by year, I find the following:—

To Mr. Du Maurier.

"Bowerswell, Perth, N.B.,

"*September 2nd*, 1891.

"Dear George,—I sent you a beautiful lady salmon, and I hope before it was cooked you noticed her shapeliness and bright complexion. I also caught on Wednesday two cock fish—probably her admirers—but I says to myself, says I, the female for Maurier Dhu.

"Just off again to the river. Love to all.

"Ever yours affectionately,

"J. E. M.

"I am so fond of James,† and hope his play will be successful; but the public are like salmon—it is impossible to know what fly they will rise to, and when they will rise at anything."

* Auguste Mazerin, a French cook of great excellence, then in the Millais household. He used to paint portraits of questionable beauty, and was more proud of his artistic efforts in the studio (his bedroom) than of his successes in the kitchen. When the subject of Art was mentioned he commonly referred to "*Messieurs Millais et moi.*"

† Henry James, the novelist.

To Mr. Du Maurier.

"REDGORTON MANSE, PERTH, N.B.,
"*September 6th*, 1891.

My dear, dear George,
If you would gorge
Pheasants, hares, and partridges,
Just tell me where
To send, *mon cher*,
The victims of my cartridges;
And, if at home,
I'll send you some,
Including hares and pheasants,
As I believe
You will receive
With pleasure such-like presents.
But should you be
Across the sea,
The toothsome birds and leveret
Will disappear,
And you, my dear,
Will mourn the game you never ate.

"From your old friend,
"JOHN EVERETT—

"Serving his time of hard labour on the river. [Little sketch of himself and two boatmen.]

"Read your story* with deep interest, and your friendly mention of J. E. M. with emotion."

It was rather an anxious year for Du Maurier, this A.D. 1891, for though he had for some time past adopted a larger and broader style of drawing, in order to relieve the strain on his eye, the weakness still continued, and he was now compelled to give up work altogether for some months. Millais refers to this in the following letter:—

To Mr. Du Maurier.

"2, PALACE GATE,
"*December 26th*, 1891.

"DEAR GEORGE,—I miss your work in *Punch*, and rather suspect the reason is your old trouble. . . .

"I am only just recovering, and *very slowly*, from a severe attack of influenza; and both my wife and son John are down with it, attended by comely professional nurses, but hardly making any progress towards recovery.

* *Peter Ibbetson.*

"The marriage of my daughter* was a pretty boom, followed immediately by the prostration of nearly all the family except the happy lovers; and I don't know when again life will be worth living.

"I finished *Peter* [*Peter Ibbetson*], and we were all *delighted* with it—so original and so full of wise reflections. I care not what the professional literary critic says about it: the book displays refined taste, and is full of plums; and the illustrations are delightful.

"Now, dear boy, how do you like lecturing? And did you hold forth on lovely woman? I do hate speaking in public, and cannot imagine you can like it; but if it pays, well and good.

"Do not bother to answer this yourself. Sylvia can tell me how you are. I saw her at the wedding, and she will have told you the bridegroom was tall enough! The studio refuses to look itself again since it was converted into a jeweller's shop with the presents; and I am very unhappy out of it. In a few days, however, I hope to be back in Scotland. This week's fog has quite crushed the spirit out of

"Yours sincerely,

"J. E. MILLAIS."

In the following year, alas, the clouds began to gather about him. Another attack of influenza laid him low; and though, after a long illness, he recovered to a great extent both his health and his spirits, there yet remained a local weakness that gave to those about him, if not to himself, some cause for anxiety. His voice began to fail him, and in the sad light of subsequent experience one sees in the following letters the beginning of the end:—

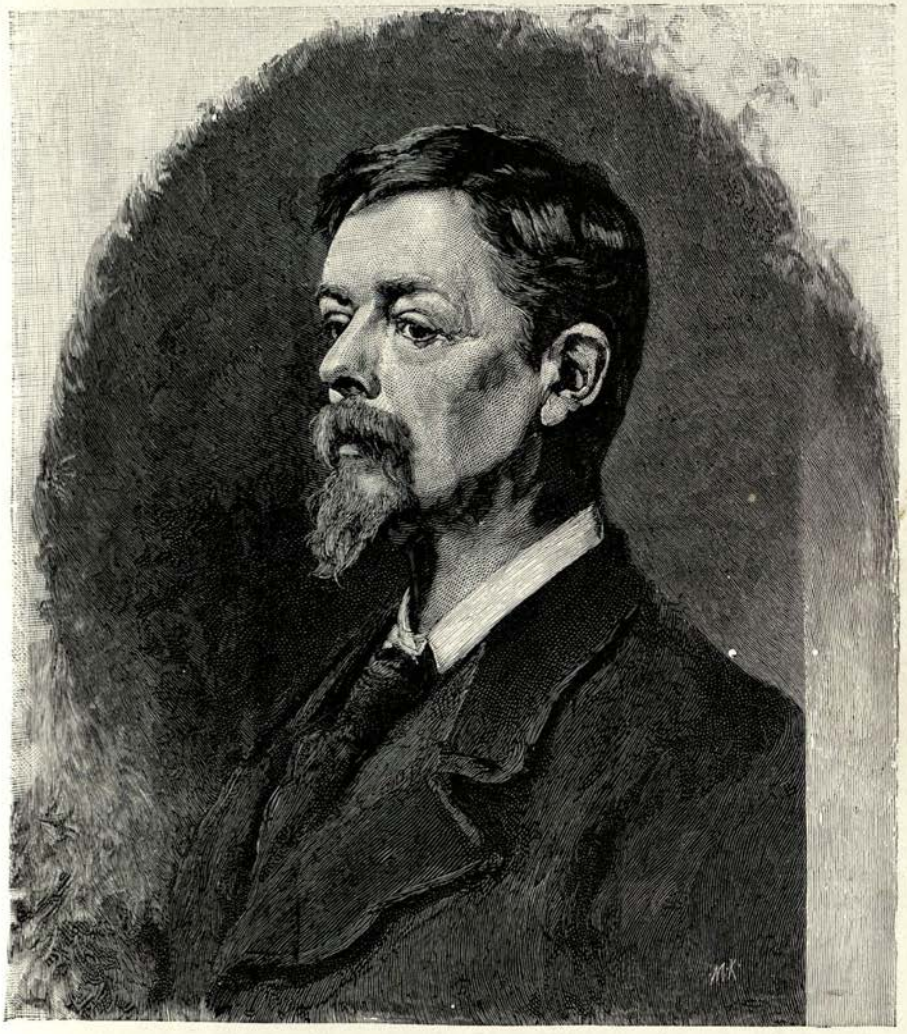
To Mr. Du Maurier.

"PERTH,

"*October 17th*, 1892.

"DEAR GEORGE,—I was glad to get yours this morning, and since you are interested in my health, I write this line to say I am very nearly myself, but not quite. That beastly influenza has left mental wrinkles which affect my spirits, and my voice sometimes is inaudible, and always husky. Further-

* Sophie Millais, married this year to Captain Douglas MacEwen, 79th Highlanders.



GEORGE DU MAURIER

KEPPLESTONE COLLECTION

more, I am not so keen to work, at any rate just now. My fishing has been a total failure. No water in the Tay—hardly enough to mix with the boatmen's whiskey—so I have not enjoyed my holiday as of yore.

"I rather fancied you had had some trouble; but who hasn't? We are momentarily expecting to hear of another grandchild's *début* (Mrs. MacEwen's offspring), and at the end of this month my son John marries Miss Skipwith, whom you saw in my studio—one of Trilby's height.

"Ever yours affectionately,

"J. E. MILLAIS."

To Mr. Du Maurier.

"BOWERSWELL, PERTH,

"*November 12th*, 1893.

"DEAR GEORGY,—I have already written to Buzzard, explaining how much I regret not being present at the Arts Club dinner. The fact is I cannot face the journey to London and back (for I would have to return here) in this winter weather. I think it is too much to expect of me at my age. I have been for a week confined to bed with lumbago and rheumatism, and quite unable to paint out of doors, but I hope to begin my work shortly. . . .

"Always yours affectionately,

"JOHN E. MILLAIS.

"I am not sure that the process renders your work so well as the cutting. Sometimes there is a great want of sharpness in the line."

The following letters speak for themselves.

From Mr. Du Maurier.

"3, STANHOPE TERRACE, HYDE PARK, W.,

"*December 27th*, 1893.

"MY DEAR MILLAIS,—Many thanks for your letter, which I was glad to get. I have been for many days on the point of writing to you, but something always happened to put it off.

"I wanted first to tell you how deeply grieved we all were to hear of the loss of Everett's daughter. It must have been a great blow to all of you.

"Also I wanted to congratulate you, formally and friendlily, on the 'Order of Merit' so deservedly bestowed. I believe that Tadema and yourself are the only Englishmen thus honoured T. Carlyle was the last, I think. Anyhow, I 'm proud to have stuck you on the same platform in the *Almanac* as Tom Noddy's chairman! . . .

"I am delighted you like the *Almanac*. The Knights of the Round Table all did their little utmost.

"I think the process engraving improves, and feel sure it will go on improving. Sometimes the line is a little *rotten*, but the expression of the faces is generally well preserved, and I can't help thinking that as important as anything. Poor Swain [the wood-engraver] is in despair.

"The dinner at the [Arts] Club went off all right. Val [Prinsep] was your understudy. He came here to dine with us last week, though he had not crossed our threshold for more than twenty years! So much for living in Hampstead!

"I've no doubt you will bring back a stunning landscape or two, and am looking forward to seeing them soon, and to that walk up the Park and Piccadilly, and then perhaps back to this charming little abode for a smoke and a chat. . . .

"Yours ever most sincerely,

"GEORGE DU MAURIER.

To Mr. Du Maurier.

"PERTH, N.B.,

"*December 29th*, 1893.

"DEAR GEORGE, — I must thank you heartily for your flattering portrait of me in the *Almanac*. I wish my figure was as slim and beautiful; but I chiefly write to say what pleasure all your work has given me, not forgetting the other contributors. Really splendid work all round. In the weekly the monster bride held between her parents was sublime; the bridegroom perfect also; and I liked you taking in to dinner the tall beauty—indeed, all admirable. The new man, Reed, is very funny and an acquisition. I have looked at the number over and over again, and taken it all in—illustrations and letterpress—and I sincerely congratulate the knights of the *Punch* table.

"I am still here painting, and enjoying the interrupted labour I can bestow on my work.

"Happy Christmas and New Year to you and yours.

"Since I wrote you last I have lost a dear little grandchild—Dorothy—and almost daily I see the announcement of another friend gone.

"Always affectionately yours,

"JOHN E. MILLAIS."

From Mr. Du Maurier.

"3, STANHOPE TERRACE, HYDE PARK, W.,

"*April 8th*, 1894.

"MY DEAR MILLAIS,—I called at Palace Gate this afternoon, and heard, to my great delight, that you were very much better and at Bournemouth. . . .

"You will have seen that H. Furniss has left us. It's a pity for *Punch*, I think, and (I should say) a pity for himself.

"Do you ever see an American illustrated periodical called *Life?* One 'Dana Gibson' draws in it *beautifully*. I think you would admire him immensely. . . .

"I hope all your widely-spread family are well. My daughter heard from Miss Millais that your son-in-law, Major James, had met with an accident out pig-sticking, and was coming to England in consequence. I hope it is not serious.

"Please commend me kindly to Lady Millais, and with love from everybody here, believe me,

"Yours ever sincerely,

"GEORGE DU MAURIER.

"Is it true that you're growing a long white [sketch of J. E. M. with a long beard]?"

Charles Dana Gibson, the American artist, whose magnificent line-work is here referred to, had only lately attracted the attention of the English public, though for years past his works had been familiar to all Americans in the pages of *Life*. Wonderful drawings they are, full of refinement, pathos, and sentiment, and the artist an American Du Maurier, with a broader style, a better technique, and a greater sense of the dramatic. Millais, who closely followed the black-and-white work of the day, had not then seen any of the young American's work; and it was not until one day in the

spring of 1895, when he was confined to his bed and grateful for any amusement or distraction, that Du Maurier turned up with the portfolio issued in England and known as *Drawings by C. D. Gibson.* They gave the poor sufferer infinite delight; and, finding him absorbed in their study, I said, "Are they not splendid?" "Yes," he wrote on the slate, "they are perfect, but he should not put so much work into the faces of the young girls. They have not all those lines and heavy shadows. He sees a little too far under the skin."

A CONTRAST

Sketches by Du Maurier

The accident to Major William James unhappily ended in his death — to Millais' great distress. He sustained, amongst other injuries, a slight concussion of the brain, and was invalided home; but before his health was thoroughly re-established he was ordered out to India again, where he died in the winter of 1895.

In reply to Du Maurier's letter, Millais writes from the Royal Bath Hotel, Bournemouth:—"I quite agree with you about Furniss, whom I do miss in *Punch*, and I am sure his venture will be very hazardous, as it seems to me that there are already too many illustrated publications. Every

novelty has a success; but it is the staying power which is wanted in everything. Will he obtain a continuance of favour after the first numbers? I doubt it.

"I have not read you yet, as I must wait until your book [*Trilby*] is finished, to enjoy it. I liked the little beauty in regimentals.

"Sir Charles Hallé and his lady are here, and I believe I heard her magic violin from one of the hotel windows during my crawling exercise on the gravel walk below.

"This place is quite near where I was born (Southampton), and I shall go and look up the old home, and take a trip round the Isle of Wight on Wednesday. The last time I visited it was forty years ago, when I stayed at Farringdon with Tennyson, who, I think, was then writing *Maud*.

"I don't know Dana Gibson's work, but will remember to look for it.

"Sorry to hear you have had illness and bother. I have had a fair share of both this year, and it has made me wondrous kinder on the score of fellow-feeling. How I wish you were here just now to stroll beside the sea. A pretty locality this, with pine-scented walks, few invalids visible, and only two blind men to remind one how bad things might be with oneself.

"Drove to Christchurch yesterday. Such a beautiful minster!

"Love to all. "Yours,

"J. E. M."

It was towards the close of the salmon-fishing in the autumn of 1894 that Millais took up *Trilby* and read it (as who has not?) with great pleasure. The character of "the Laird" was mainly drawn from himself, as was "Little Billee" from his friend Fred Walker.

One evening after dinner at Bowerswell he took a piece of paper and scribbled the following criticism of the book, which he sent that night to the author.

"BOWERSWELL, PERTH, N.B.,

"*October 16th*, 1894.

"DEAR GEORGE,—

"I've read your three dear Britisheers,
And I, too, love your Trilby,
For she is one of the dearest dears
That ever was or will be.

"Write on, dear boy, and may your powers
With pen and pencil still be
Devoted to Her Grace of Towers,
Or yet another Trilby.

"This day I drink a bumper glass
Of port—the best of Gilbey—
To thee and thine, and that poor lass,
In memory of Trilby.

"Ever yours, after dinner,
"J. E. M."

Lovers of Du Maurier will, I am sure, welcome two more letters from him.

From Mr. Du Maurier.

"NEW GROVE HOUSE, HAMPSTEAD HEATH,
"*October 17th*, 1894.

"MY DEAR MILLAIS,—I was made happy by getting your happy rhymes this morning. First, because my poor *Trilby* has pleased you (and nothing can please me more than this); second, because they make me feel that you are better, and jolly and strong again.

"I saw your son-in-law in Whitby, and his account of you was good. Whitby (where we were detained ten weeks) was not kind to us this year, as my wife was seriously ill there, and for many days; and I have been very seedy myself for months, but am better now. Overwork, I suppose; those 120 illustrations to *Trilby*, no doubt.

"We have but little hope of going to London this year. The race of lunatics who hire houses for the winter is probably exhausted. But, whether or no, I look forward to seeing you, and taking a walk arm-in-arm from Palace Gate to the Duke of Wellington's and back again some bright afternoon. I hope you are hard at work again; and especially I hope that after dinner you amuse yourself by writing some of those reminiscences which will be so delightful.*

"Sylvia and her belongings—two male babies—are with us here for a while. I need hardly say how warmly she sends you her love.

* Millais being debarred from work had more than once expressed his intention of writing his reminiscences. But as his general health improved the literary intention vanished.

"I am trying hard to evolve another book. Sometimes I think it will come; sometimes I feel like giving it up and writing my reminiscences, which are very mild compared with yours. I shall be very glad to get a line from you telling me that you are well and at work again. The *Punch Almanac* will be all the better for some cheery news of you. "Yours ever, *cher confrère et ami*,

"GEORGE DU MAURIER."

"16, CLIFTON GARDENS, FOLKESTONE,

"*August 9th*, 1895.

"MY DEAR MILLAIS,—I write a line to tell you how much I regret that I was so much bustled about by the forthcoming play of *Trilby* that I could not go and claim that promenade with you. I have not even found time to go to the Royal Academy and see your picture, and one or two others I very much wish to see; but I very often think and talk of you, and most sincerely trust that all will be well with you, and that that vocal chord will soon recover its wonted sonority. I have been very seedy, and sometimes frightened out of my wits by my bogey, and shall be still again, but hope that rest and open air will pull me through gradually, or, at all events, turn me into the Stoic I so much want to be.

"I have heard nothing but good of your work this year, and that (comparing you with yourself) means very good indeed. I wish I had seen it!

"Pray commend me kindly to Lady Millais and your daughter. May you have a good time and lots of the sport you love, and come back to us a giant refreshed.

"Ever sincerely yours,

"GEORGE DU MAURIER.

"P.S.—The 'Trilby' and 'Little Billee' are to be played by two beautiful, but quite unknown, little people* whom I myself discovered. Tree took an immediate fancy to such a lovely 'Trilby!' You would love her—five feet nine, and made like a slender Venus; and the 'Little Billee' sat for my illustrations of him in the book—the first portrait—that is, the front face. They neither of them have much experience of the stage; but Tree believes in them both, and he and I have been doing our little best to coach them."

* Miss Dorothea Baird—now Mrs. H. B. Irving—took the part of "Trilby."

Finally comes this letter from Millais.

To Mr. Du Maurier.

"BOWERSWELL, PERTH,

"*November 3rd*, 1895.

"DEAR GEORGE,—Let me congratulate you heartily on the success of your play, and recommend you to 'put money in thy purse,' Georatio, and save it, as these miraculous draughts of goldfish only happen once in a lifetime. Every one of your friends will be wanting to borrow; but turn a deaf ear to all entreaty, for the time may come when the interest alone will save you from having recourse to picking up castaway cigarette-ends and cigar-stumps for your tobacco.

"Your next book will not be received with the same cordiality, whatever its quality. Two successes in succession are never permitted, and the cussedness of the public is proverbial. Some of the family have seen the piece acted in Edinburgh, and were delighted.

"I remain North until the beastly fogs are over in town, as my voice is very feeble. Otherwise I am well.

"Love to all.

"Your affectionate friend,

"J. E. MILLAIS."

Poor Du Maurier lived to write yet another book (*The Martian*), and some admirable essays on "The Caricaturists of this Century," both of which appeared in *Harper;* but the former tried him sorely, taking away what little strength and health were left to him. He "put money in his purse" too late for his own enjoyment, his only consolation being the benefit that accrued to his family, whom he dearly loved. After slaving away all his life at the most difficult and trying work, he died beloved, as he deserved to be, by all who knew him; leaving behind him not only one or more of the most interesting novels of the day, but a vast number of delightful drawings, the refined humour of which cannot fail to be enjoyed so long as "merrie England" stands where she is.

CHAPTER XX.

1890–1895.

Pictures of 1890—Farewell to Murthly—Portraits of Gladstone and his grandchild—The story of "Emma Morland"—"Halcyon Days"—The fire at Newmill—"Blow, Blow, Thou Winter Wind"—An obliging collie—Failing health—Millais abandons work for a while—Portrait of John Hare—Continued illness—Lord Rosebery's advice—Death of Mrs. Gray—"Speak! Speak!"—Professor Herkomer on Millais' work—Letters from Linley Sambourne and Professor Richmond—Millais reverts to the serious subjects of his youth—Notes by Rev. Armstrong Hall.

JUDGING from the letters before me, Millais seems to have worked uncommonly hard in 1890. In July he had finished the portraits of Mrs. Chamberlain and Mrs. Gibbs, and was engaged upon the child-picture of "Dorothy," daughter of Mrs. Harry Lawson; and, as I gather from his letters to my mother, who had gone to Birnam Hall to make ready for his coming, it was only by working every day from 8 a.m. to 5 p.m. that he was enabled to join her, as he did, on the 19th of August.

There "Dew-drenched Furze," "Lingering Autumn," "The Moon Is Up," and "Glen Birnam" kept him fully occupied in the intervals of sport; and, the weather breaking up at the end of January, he said good-bye for ever to his beloved Murthly, and returned to town. Writing from Birnam to my sister Mary, he says:—"I have finished my work here, and you may expect me home early next week. I strolled down to the river and bid the Millers adieu; and Tennyson's lines occurring to me, 'No more by thee my steps shall be, For ever, and for ever,' it was only with an effort that I was able to restrain a tear. . . . As you may imagine, I am now groaning to be comfortably ensconced in the studio, surrounded with the artistic productions of the winter, which you will see in due time. Snow is all round us here, but not deep, and on the whole it has been much milder and, of course, much brighter than in London. . . .

Will telegraph when I start, which cannot be until after Monday, as George shoots that day with me—our parting shot."

These "artistic productions of the winter," along with other work, occupied all his time during the following summer. In a letter to my mother, dated August 1st, 1891, he says:—"I am working still terribly hard, and hope to get away at the end of the week. . . . The work [Mr. Gladstone and his grandchild] is to all intents and purposes finished. I have had both Sant and Fildes to see it, and they are unanimous in approving—especially the new head of Gladstone. When I return I will paint him in black robes and take out the child,* which divides the attention and spoils the dignity of the picture. . . . I have still to do something to the hand and hat of 'Grace,' † for Tooth, touch Mrs. Wertheimer's eyes (she came Wednesday), and paint a little figure in 'The Old Garden,'‡ besides finishing little Rothschild; but I see my way now to all. I do so long to be with you and have rest."

STUDY FOR THE HEAD OF "GRACE." 1891

The next letter, dated August 3rd, 1891, refers to a drawing which my father kindly promised me as a frontispiece to my book, *Game Birds and Shooting Sketches.* He says:—"I have made, I think, a pretty drawing of Bewick for your book, and I will take it to the publishers, when it can be produced as a frontispiece. It has been very difficult work, because I am now out of the way of such small drawing. When I see the size of your book I will be able to give instructions as to the reduction of the drawing, which is too large as it is."

* This he was not permitted to do.

† Miss Grace Pallisser, now Lady Wallscourt.

‡ This does not refer to the large landscape painted in 1888, but to the sketch in oils which he first made, and which is now in the possession of Mr. Wertheimer.

"THE LITTLE SPEEDWELL'S DARLING BLUE." 1892

By permission of Thomas Agnew and Sons

Then comes a letter to my mother, dated August 17th :—

"I am now so well on with my work that I see my way to joining you in a few days. . . . I shall finish the Rothschild boy so that the parents can see it, and I have put the little figure in 'The Old Garden,' for Wertheimer. Mrs. Wertheimer gave me a sitting yesterday, and I did what he asked, so those two can be removed on Monday. . . . Gladstone's portrait remains here till I return, and I can then make up my mind what to do with it. The head is now quite first-rate, so I know it will be satisfactory.

"James [Lord James of Hereford] can, when I am away, call and see Phyllis' picture ['Little Speedwell's Darling Blue'], which is finished enough for the moment; so I can leave with comfort. I have only to touch 'Grace' [Miss G. Pallisser], which is not a difficult matter, and I think Monday morning or Tuesday at latest will see me off. I could not have enjoyed my holiday without having done all that was necessary, and I need not say how anxious I am to see you after such a long absence. . . . I dine this evening again with the Peruginis, who have been most kind and hospitable."

"Sorry to see poor Lowell [James Russell Lowell, the American poet and ambassador] is gone—another man I knew well. I am reading, in *Harper*, Du Maurier's novel, in which he pays me a great compliment.*

"There is some chance, I hear, of Lord Salisbury (when his Government retires) making Leighton a peer, which, I think, would be a proper compliment to the Arts. If I live long enough I may be made one too, but I have no desire beyond what I have. . . .

"The picture of Mrs. B. is thought about the strongest thing I have done, and I myself see it is first-rate. So I must wait my time in the disposal of it, and leave the finishing touches of the background until I return. Altogether, I have reason to be quite comfortable, and I now only think of the pleasant prospect of meeting and having what the Americans call 'a good time.'"

The picture of Mrs. B., known as "Sweet Emma Morland," has a somewhat curious history. In 1886, or there-

* The *Trilby* compliment runs thus :—"Rossetti might have evolved another new formula from her. Sir John Millais, another old one of the kind that is always new, and never sates nor palls—like Clytie, let us say—ever old and ever new as love itself!"

abouts, a lady who described herself as a professional model, called at Palace Gate, hoping to obtain work from Millais. Her features were refined, and not without some claim to beauty, and Millais, having decided to paint her, commenced at once the picture in question. She gave him several sittings afterwards, and the work was getting on well, when one day she appeared with tears in her eyes, and said she could never sit again; that she was the wife of a hump-backed professor of French, somewhat superior to herself in station, and that having accidentally discovered that she was earning money as a model, he was perfectly furious, and forbade her ever to sit to anyone again. It was, of course, a great disappointment to Millais to have his work put an end to in this way, but there was no help for it. The canvas was put away in a corner of the studio, and there it remained until one morning in 1891, when Charles Wertheimer happened to catch sight of it, and asked why it had not been finished. Millais then told him the story, adding, "I have not seen or heard of her for years, and am not likely to do so again, under the circumstances." "That is a pity," said Mr. Wertheimer, "I should have liked to buy it, if finished." Strange to say, that very afternoon the post brought a letter from Mrs. B. saying that her husband had just died, leaving her very ill-provided for, and she would be glad if Sir John could give her some work to do. He was very pleased to do this, and so "Sweet Emma Morland" was finished. He kept the picture himself, though since his death it has passed out of the hands of the family.

In the autumn of 1891 he rented the salmon-fishing of Redgorton, where he had good sport, killing about forty fish. He also took on lease for four years the shootings of Stobhall, along with a comfortable residence called Newmill, into which he removed in October. This was really the best shooting we ever had, as far as quantity went, our annual bag running to over three thousand head, including, in favourable seasons, as many as six hundred brace of partridges and a thousand wild pheasants. Here, for a while, he enjoyed the peace and freedom he so greatly needed. Yet when the landscape appeared before him in the full glory of its autumn tints he could not resist the temptation to secure at least some record of its beauty; so, selecting for his scene a quiet backwater near the house, he set to work on the picture now known as "Halcyon Days."

MASTER ANTHONY DE ROTHSCHILD. 1892

By permission of Mr. Leopold de Rothschild

Hardly was it finished before its existence was threatened by the destruction of the house in which it was lodged. During the night of January 10th, 1892, a fire broke out in the old part of Newmill, and, in spite of every effort to conquer it, the whole place was burnt down to the ground.

The fire, serious as it was, might have involved even graver consequences but for the sagacity of a water-spaniel belonging to a brother officer of mine, Captain Malcolm Murray, of the Seaforths. Being a bit wild, I had promised to give it a couple of months' training at home during my "long leave," so it was sent off to Newmill with my soldier-servant, John Whiteford. It was a bitter winter's day, with three feet of snow on the ground, when he arrived; and having lit a huge fire in my bedroom he turned into bed in an adjoining room, taking the dog with him as a companion. Some time after midnight he was aroused by the dog, who sat in the middle of the room howling as if his heart would break. Seeing no cause for this, the man got up and beat him, and then turned into bed again; but the howling still went on, and one or two more lickings failing to stop it, Whiteford gave up the attempt in despair, and went to sleep. Fortunately Watson, my mother's maid, was awoke by this piteous noise, and, coming downstairs, found dense volumes of smoke streaming through the house, on which she raised an alarm, and in another minute the inhabitants were all racing for their lives to escape the flames that were now spreading rapidly. Then from neighbouring cottages came to their help all the men about the place, who, working with a will, sent the furniture flying out of the windows into the deep snow, where next morning the grand piano figured conspicuously—a finer example of black-and-white than my father quite cared to see. What he thought of it may be gathered from the following letters to my brother Everett and my sister Mary.

To Mr. Everett Millais.

"BOWERSWELL, PERTH,

"*January 11th*, 1892.

"DEAR EVERETT,—We have had a terrible experience of fire, but all of us are safe and unharmed. At three o'clock this morning your mother and I were awakened by Watson saying the house was on fire. We dressed anyhow, and I

got your mother out, and then saw great flames streaming out of the windows of the old part of the house. Your mother was taken at once to the farm, where there was a comfortable kitchen stove, and there she and I remained until the big dwelling was gutted, for the firemen and engine couldn't arrive in time to save anything. Nearly all our things have been saved, as the men threw them out of the windows and brought out a lot of furniture—my picture, 'Halcyon Weather,' being brought out first. Indeed, considering how quickly the fire involved the whole mansion, it is wonderful what was accomplished. Poor John's things, however, are all gone—his guns and portmanteau full of clothes. The servants also lost everything, as the fire originated in that wing, and the smoke made it impossible to save anything. Your mother was wonderfully placid through all the turmoil, but I fear she will feel it more by-and-by.

"We are comfortable here, but I feel my chest a bit, after being up in such a night—often in and out to see what was doing. Fortunately the night was quite calm and still, otherwise very little could have been got out.

"Your affectionate father,

"J. E. MILLAIS."

To Mary he wrote:—"You will have received the telegram announcing we are all safe. But what a terrible time we have gone through! Your mother and I were called by Watson (half-crimped hair flying wildly with terror) at three, shrieking, 'Get up, get up, the house is on fire!' We dressed anyhow, and I got your mother out of the house on the deep snow, and the gardener at once took her to the farm, where there was a stove alight and the room felt warm and comfortable, with three dear little girls in one bed staring at us. . . . The servants have lost everything, as the fire originated in their wing, and when we left in the carriage the house was a smoking ruin.

"The fire engines from Perth came, but too late to save but a small fragment of the building. The night was quite still, otherwise we could only have saved *ourselves*. Even the piano was got out, and quantities of furniture strewn about the lawn—some of it, of course, injured—but it is wonderful what was done by the calm Scotchmen. William and John's servant also did excellent work.

"DEW-DRENCHED FURZE." 1890

By permission of ***Mrs.*** *Sandars*

"Poor Watson was sadly distressed and hysterical. Julia and she were at one time quite off their heads; and no wonder, as it was an appalling sight, with the roaring flames and the thunder of roofs falling in."

One thing of mine, however, was saved. As soon as everything was out of the building, Whiteford, who knew I valued extremely a case of drawings I had done in Western America, pluckily broke through the window from the outside and, fighting his way through smoke and flames, just managed to reach the case and stagger out with it, though nearly suffocated in the attempt. So great was the heat that he found it impossible to rescue some valuable guns which lay just beneath the portfolio. My father was delighted with the man's bravery, which he himself witnessed, and afterwards made him a handsome present besides supplying him with a new kit.

Many were the kind and cordial invitations that Millais and his wife received from friends in Perthshire, now that they had lost their *pied-à-terre* in that part of the world; but Bowerswell, the home of the ever hospitable George Gray, was open to them; so there they went, and remained until the disappearance of the London fogs enabled them to return home in comfort.

Deep snow was now everywhere around, and over the Perthshire hills came driving blasts that filled up the valleys, putting an end for a time to sport. But to Millais idleness was simply unbearable; under any circumstances he must be up and doing, and as snow-scenes had always a great attraction for him he started another landscape, in illustration of the well-known lines:

> "Blow, blow, thou winter wind;
> Thou art not so unkind
> As man's ingratitude."

It was not altogether a cheery site that he selected for his work—a bleak and draughty place near the gamekeeper's house on Kinnoull Hill—but the scene in front of it was what he wanted, and that was all he ever thought about when bent on business. Looking northward, you see a road winding away round Corsey Hill to join the old highway from Perth to Dundee, described by Sir Walter Scott as "the entrance to

the Highlands"; on the right appear some of the fine old Scotch firs that embellish the craggy side of Kinnoull, and on the left are the wind-swept fields of the Hatton farm. There then, in the midst of the snow, he planted himself and his paraphernalia, and bravely worked at his painting from day to day until he had got all he needed to enable him to finish it in the studio.

In the following spring it was exhibited at the Academy, but by some oversight only the first line of the quotation he sent with it appeared in the catalogue, and so the dramatic force of the picture was probably overlooked by the multitude. A keen observer, however, would not fail to notice the misery of the wretched woman in the middle distance, as she sits by the side of her child, while her husband calmly walks away, leaving them to their fate. The dog too partakes of her misery, howling aloud in painful indecision as to which of the unhappy pair he should follow.

A somewhat curious circumstance attaches to this dog. When well on with his work Millais asked Howie, the gamekeeper, to find him a good dark-coloured collie to paint from —one of those intelligent animals that generally abound in the Highlands—but for two days the keeper strove in vain to find one. On the third morning, however, Millais found sitting by the side of his easel at the top of the hill the very dog he wanted, and was quite surprised by the affectionate greeting it gave him. "Well, Howie," said he, when his keeper came up, "I see you have got him at last." "Na'," said Howie, "he does na' belong to me. A' was thinking you had brought the bit doggie yoursel', Sir John." It was doubtless a stray collie that appeared so opportunely. In three days, during which he stayed in the keeper's house, his portrait was finished, and he then disappeared as mysteriously as he had come.

The picture is not perhaps an attractive one at first sight, but it must inevitably grow upon the spectator who cares for absolute truth in form and colour. Apart from the tale it tells, the impress of Nature in her wildest mood is there. We see it in the fir-trees standing out against the sky, with their branches turned back upon themselves by the force of the passing gale—an effect that Millais believed had never been depicted before; and as for colour, did anyone ever see before so many colours in snow? Yet they are all there in Nature for him who knows how to look.

In March, 1892, he returned to town, only to find his work impeded by heavy fogs, and himself far from well. The swelling in his throat, too, caused him some uneasiness, and he had hardly yet shaken off the baneful effects of influenza, from which he suffered severely in the previous spring. So this summer he did but little work. For days together he would go into the studio in the morning saying, "I feel better, I think I shall try and do some work to-day"; but no sooner had he got his colours ready than the

SKETCHES FOR "THE LAST TREK." 1898

same sense of lassitude would return, the same incapacity for concentrated thought. He would then throw down his palette in despair, pull out the card-table, and play Patience for the rest of the morning.

And much the same thing occurred in 1893. During these two years his correspondence (always a burden) became larger than ever, and to add to his troubles, a defect in my mother's eyesight which an operation failed to remove not only caused him great anxiety, but deprived him of her valuable and ever ready help. So, this year too, little was accomplished in the way of Art.

One portrait, however—that of his old friend John Hare, the comedian—remains as proof that even at this wearisome

time were intervals when his pristine vigour asserted itself in fullest force. It is, I venture to think, an admirable painting, both as a likeness and a work of Art, and it is pleasant to find it so gracefully referred to in Hare's autobiography, where, speaking of Millais, he says:—"It was in these days [1865] that my friendship with John Millais began, a friendship strengthened and cemented by years, and by my increasing and intimate knowledge of the most simple, most large-hearted, and most delightful of men. Neither success nor the honours that had been heaped upon him by his own and other countries have in the remotest degree spoilt that fine and manly nature. As John Millais was to his friends in 1865, so he was in 1895. . . . I shall always feel that the greatest compliment ever paid me was Millais' desire to paint my portrait. 'I 'm going to paint you, old fellow,' he said, 'and you must come and sit for me next Sunday.' I went again and again, and charming indeed are the recollections of those sittings, of his bright and cheery talk, and the infinite pains that he took with his work. When the picture was finished he, with characteristic generosity, presented it to my wife."

The year 1894 opened somewhat badly for Millais. He had hardly shaken off the depressing influence of influenza before other ailments fell upon him, to the serious interruption of his work. "St. Stephen" and "Speak! Speak!" were then engaging his attention at Perth. Writing to Mr. Briton Riviere, R.A., on January 18th he says:—"I am coming up to town very shortly, but remain here as long as I can, working daily, yet not altogether up to the work in health. I have suffered continuously from rheumatism, and had one very severe attack of lumbago, which confined me to bed; so you see you have not a monopoly of ailments. . . . I am painting subjects I have thought of years back, and no landscapes, and am much interested in my work, but dreadfully despondent at times, overwhelmed by a recurring conviction that the game is played out—no more pictures wanted. As long as our work looks fresh and new it is called garish, and must be so to a certain extent, not being fairly gauged in company with the old masters, through the ignorance of critics who are not able to see the extraordinary amount of good form in the moderns—notably in the illustrations to magazines."

"HALCYON WEATHER." 1892

Very kind and sympathetic, and very characteristic of the writer, is the letter he received shortly afterwards from Lord Rosebery, who, hearing of the depression from which he was suffering, wrote:—

From the Earl of Rosebery.

"10, DOWNING STREET, WHITEHALL,
"*March 26th*, 1894.

"MY DEAR MILLAIS,—. . . But, my dear friend, exchange the profession of influenza for that of painting, and come to town. To practise influenza at Bowerswell (wherever that may be) is all very well, but Apelles at Palace Gate is better. "Yours ever,

"ROSEBERY."

Millais then returned to town. The background for "St. Stephen" was already painted—from a disused stone-quarry on Kinnoull Hill, close to the scene of "Blow, Blow thou Winter's Wind"—and he now went steadily on with the work, drawing upon his own imagination for the face of the martyred saint, and getting Mr. Gordon McEwen, a brother of his son-in-law, Captain Douglas McEwen, to sit for the figure until relieved by a professional model, from whom it was afterwards finished. The shoulder of the hill, just beyond the big fir-tree in the picture, conceals the entrance to the quarry. A week's work in the open air sufficed for the shadowy wood and the retreating figures of the murderers, for one of whom he obtained a model in Perth, where he roughly sketched in the principal figure.

Now came another relapse in Millais' condition. His old prostration returned in an aggravated form, and, being quite unable to work, he took himself off to Christchurch, in Hampshire, where, after a prolonged stay, he recovered sufficiently to enable him to return home and finish two other pictures—"The Empty Cage" and a portrait of Miss Ada Simon.

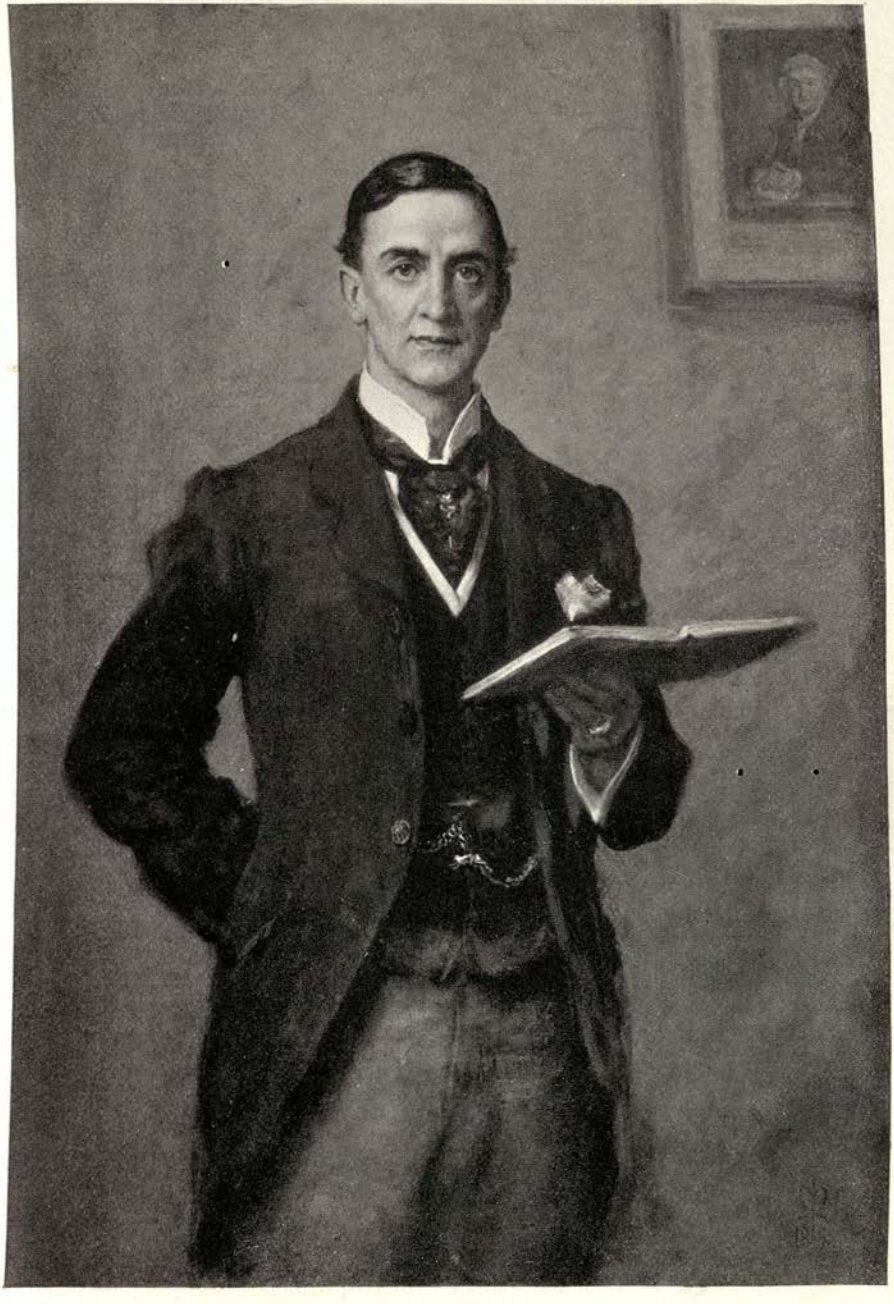
His wife was then away in Germany, under the care of a famous oculist, and on April 25th her mother, Mrs. Gray, died—a bright, cheery old lady, to whom we were all devotedly attached. Millais felt it very deeply, and, writing to his wife on May 1st, expressed his great regret that his

doctor, Sir Richard Quain, would not allow him to attend the funeral. His concluding words are:—"Although so distressing to lose your mother, she has lived so straight, so good a life, that one ought to be thankful; but it will be a great sorrow to you."

His health now showed signs of improvement, and as soon as "St. Stephen" was finished, he took up the painting of "A Disciple," engaging as his model a Miss Lloyd, who had recently sat to Leighton for his "Lachrymæ." The subject interested him almost as much as that of "St. Stephen," and he was proud to think of the two paintings, when finished, as amongst the best things he had ever done. Writing to his wife, on July 1st, 1894, he says:—"You will be glad to hear Quain is certainly restoring my health, and I am able to work a little every morning, but I am giving up all engagements and dinners. . . . I never told you that Tate purchased 'St. Stephen' and 'A Disciple' for the nation, because I was expecting you home and I thought it would be a pleasant surprise for you. I am, of course, very pleased at their destination. Lady Tweeddale called, and I shall perhaps paint her as well as her daughter who accompanied her."

In the autumn he went, as usual, to Scotland, again availing himself of Mr. George Gray's hospitality; and in November was commenced the picture known as "Speak! Speak!" The subject, he told me at one time, had been in his mind for forty years, with full intention of painting it, but again and again circumstances beyond his control had thwarted his design. Now, he delighted to think, his wish would be gratified.

The picture tells its own tale. It is that of a young Roman, who has been reading through the night the letters of his lost love; and at dawn, behold, the curtains of his bed are parted, and there before him stands, in spirit or in truth, the lady herself, decked as on her bridal night, and gazing upon him with sad but loving eyes. An open door displays the winding stair down which she has come; and through a small window above it the grey dawn steals in, forming, with the light of the flaring taper at the bedside, a harmonious discord, such as the French school delight in, and which Millais used to good effect in his earlier picture. "The Rescue."



JOHN HARE. 1893

By permission of Mr. John Hare.

An old four-poster bedstead being a necessary element in the composition, he purchased one in Perth, and had it set up in one of the spare rooms at Bowerswell, and there he worked away at the painting for two months, by which time he had got all he wanted to enable him to finish it elsewhere. Miss Hope Anderson, daughter of the old minister at Kinnoull, stood for the figure of the lady, and was in turn succeeded by Miss Buchanan White, a neighbour of Mr. Gray's, but the lady's face was left till Millais' return to town, when he painted it from Miss Lloyd. The young Roman, only roughly sketched in at Bowerswell, was painted in London, when Millais was lucky enough to find a good-looking Italian as a model.*

Mr. F. B. Barwell kindly sends me the following note about the lamp in this picture:—"Of the artist's resolve to have the actual thing he intended to imitate before him with its appropriate surroundings, whenever possible, the following typical instance is a good one. The picture was in the main finished, but the form of the lamp had not been decided upon. I advised him to pay a visit to the South Kensington Museum. He found there the very thing he required. It was, however, absolutely against the rules to lend any article whatever from the collection. The officials nevertheless offered to give him every facility within the building. To make a drawing or a study was not, however, enough for him; he wanted such a lamp placed in his studio exactly under all the conditions of lighting the effect demanded. At the suggestion of a courteous official a drawing was made, from which an iron-worker executed a facsimile of the lamp, which Millais paid for and used."

From first to last he took quite a romantic interest in this picture. Never before, I think, had I seen him so well pleased with any work of his own; and when at last the Royal Academy decided to purchase it under the Chantrey Bequest, he was quite wild with delight at this marked appreciation on the part of his brother artists.

Punch had an amusing note on the painting that Millais used often to chuckle over, the suggestion being that it represented a young man whose wife has run up a fearful

* It has been said that, "but for the sight of that throat [the Italian model's] he might never have painted the picture," and that "the scene is the turret-room at Murthly Castle"; but these are mere "guesses at truth," and—bad ones.

bill for diamonds, and this so haunts him that he has a nightmare in which she appears arrayed in all her finery.

But more to the point are the following letters from men whose judgment is unassailable in matters of Art, and whose friendship Millais ever reckoned amongst his treasures. Professor Herkomer's (written in anticipation of the opening of the Academy) refers, it should be said, to all the works Millais exhibited this year, notably "Speak! Speak!" "St. Stephen," and "A Disciple."

From Professor Herkomer, R.A.

"LULULAND, BUSHEY, HERTS,

"*April 25th*, 1895.

"MY DEAR SIR JOHN MILLAIS,—I cannot resist the impulse to write to you and thank you for your work at the Royal Academy. It is the strongest arm that has been put forth for a long time against the fearful (and mad) wave of the modern tendency.

"I pray God to spare you long, to enable you to give us much of such beautiful work, and I pray you may long be able to help us with your personality, for you are one of the few men in this world who are loved by all.

"Yours ever affectionately,

"HUBERT HERKOMER."

From Mr. Linley Sambourne.

"18, STAFFORD TERRACE,

"KENSINGTON,

"*April 30th*, 1895.

"DEAR MILLAIS,—I feel I *cannot help* writing to let you know how much your beautiful picture of the apparition, or whatever it may be (for I am ignorant of the legend) has impressed me. I think it the finest picture you have ever painted, which is going as far as possible. Should it not be *the* finest, at any rate it has moved me as such, and once seen can never be forgotten.

"The most perfect female head possible to be depicted by man. Wonderful! Every Englishman capable of appreciating

"LINGERING AUTUMN." 1890

By permission of A. Tooth and Sons

such work must feel proud and elated that it comes from England.

"I deeply regret I did not have the opportunity of seeing it unsurrounded by other works in your studio.

"With all congratulations and good wishes,

"Yours very truly,

"LINLEY SAMBOURNE."

From Professor Sir W. B. Richmond, R.A.

"MY DEAR OLD FRIEND,—Your lovely picture, 'Speak! Speak!' haunts me, not only with its beauty, but with the depth of its modern thought. It is as poetic as your early dream. . . .

"Leave the world and its vanities of praise or blame, and use your ripe and golden years to come, to express with all the tranquillity that is bought by age and experience, and tell the world your sweetest and most noble thoughts.

"However strictly obedient we may be to the duties of our lives to others, we owe a duty to those strange impulses of the soul which, I believe, are granted to us by a Divine Power.

"What we may say may seem but as whispers among the clamour of the crowd and the cries of "greed"; but those whispers of our inmost feelings will touch someone—God only knows how many—and they will touch those most in need of consolation; not the rich perhaps, but the poor, the suffering, and the hopeless. And it is to that latter class that your picture that I saw to-day will appeal; and of that class are the coming class rulers. . . .

"Your audience will be fit though few—out of fashion perhaps, but the salt of the earth.

"Your affectionate

"W. B. RICHMOND

All through the summer of 1894 Millais' general health continued to improve, but unhappily the local malady showed little, if any, signs of abatement; and though the able specialists whom he called to his aid spoke hopefully of the case, he had himself a strong presentiment—an impression he was never able to shake off—that his life was doomed.

Happy for him that at such a time he could face the future unmoved by any sense of fear; for though he seldom went to church, his whole being was permeated by a sense of "the Divinity that stirs within us." Christianity was with him no mere profession, but a living force by which his actions were habitually controlled; and so in the consolations of religion he found all the help he needed to enable him to bear up bravely and without a murmur even in the darkest hours of his life.

One is not surprised to find that, under such influences, his attention was drawn even more forcibly than before to Biblical scenes as fit subjects for his brush. He had often talked of them with his friend the Rev. Armstrong Hall, minister of St. John's Church, Perth—a man of culture and refinement—and had gathered from him many valuable hints, especially as to the artistic capabilities of various New Testament subjects. In the autumn of 1893, when "St. Stephen" was in his mind as the next subject to be taken up, they discussed together the age of the deceased martyr, as to which there seemed to be some doubt; and finally coming to the conclusion that he was but a youth when he met with his tragic end, Millais so represented him.

To this latter-day trend of his thoughts Mr. Armstrong Hall referred in touching terms, quaintly reflective of his belief in Scottish influence, in an obituary notice in the *Daily Graphic* of August 15th, 1896. "Everyone," he says, "who knew the President was struck by the way in which, his bright lightheartedness never failing him, his mind in recent years had nevertheless turned to the portrayal of serious themes. 'Speak!' 'St. Stephen,' 'Time,' and 'A Forerunner,' were but outward and visible signs of the drift of his thoughts, and those who were permitted to share his confidence knew that scenes more sacred still were 'incubating,' as he used to term it, in his imagination. He was himself conscious of the change. 'Are you surprised,' he asked, 'that I have come back to the solemn subjects of my early years?'

"How largely Millais was indebted for this change, or rather for this growth, to his life in Scotland it is not hard to imagine. The grey sky, the short winter days, the serious Scottish character, the quiet and repose of Bowerswell—antithesis to the unavoidable bustle and unrest of life in London—all combined, in the Wisest Hands, to bring him

gently but surely into sympathy with the sentence of death which was upon him, although he knew it not, and so to remove from his naturally sensitive mind the dread with which the last summons is associated. Death had no alarms for him. The messenger has but set down his hour-glass, and pushed gently open the door which was already ajar.

"Millais has passed away, as he would have wished to do, within a few steps of the studio door; but Perth will miss him more than, in the nature of things, London can do, and the river will flow to the sea with the sorrow of one who has lost a lover, interpreter, and friend."

CHAPTER XXI.

1894–1896

Serious illness of Lord Leighton—Leighton asks Millais to take his place as President of the Royal Academy—Last meeting of the two friends—Leighton's last letter to Millais—The Academy banquet, 1895—Letter from Lord Rosebery—A yachting trip to Jersey—The juvenile octogenarian—A grievous disappointment—Pathetic letter to Frith—Death of Lord Leighton—Millais is elected President of the Royal Academy—Letters of congratulation—Serious illness—Millais' last visits to the Academy—The beginning of the end—He says farewell to his old friends—His death and burial—Touching lines in *Punch*.

"TIME THE REAPER" and "A Forerunner" were examples of those subject-pictures that Millais delighted to paint. The former was commenced at Bowerswell while "Speak! Speak!" was in progress, and was finished in 1895, the head being painted from a photograph of himself taken in profile, with the addition of a white beard, which gave it a striking resemblance to portraits of his father.

And now, in the early spring of this year, the Royal Academy was menaced with a heavy blow. To the deep regret of every member, Lord Leighton, the most brilliant and accomplished man who ever presided over its councils, was taken seriously ill. Heart disease, from which he had suffered for some months past, assumed so serious an aspect that, under the advice of two eminent physicians, he was compelled to relinquish, for a time at least, the arduous work and responsibilities attaching to the presidential chair. A special meeting of the council was therefore held, when, in reply to the President's observations, Millais was deputed to assure him that they would cheerfully do his work amongst themselves so long as might be necessary to the restoration of his health, and would find someone to preside in his place at the coming banquet.

The next morning came the following letter:—

From Lord Leighton, P.R.A.

"THE ATHENÆUM, PALL MALL, S.W.,
"*March 27th*, 1895, 9.45 p.m.

"DEAR MILLAIS,—Fresh from the meeting and your touching and affectionate expressions, I write a little word which may at first startle you, that you must not answer at once, and that you cannot push away.

"My dear old friend, there is *only one man* whom *everybody*, without exception, will acclaim in the chair of the President on May 4th—a great artist, loved by all—*yourself*. You will do it admirably, that I well know; and you will have the huge advantage of doing it for once only instead of year after year. You have a misgiving about your voice; but, in the first place, it is only *at first* that your hoarseness hinders you; your voice warms as you go on; and, in the second, it is *quite immaterial whether you are heard all over the room*. Those nearest will hear and enjoy you; the rest may be read, as the whole English-speaking world will read in the columns of the *Times* (the reporter is at your elbow, and you will give him your MS.) what you say on this occasion.

"Dear Millais, every man in the profession will rejoice to see you in that chair on that night; and let an old friend of forty years say you *may* not refuse this honour. You said very kindly just now that all my brothers would come to my aid at this juncture. I ask you, in full confidence, to do so. "Ever yours affectionately,

"FRED. LEIGHTON."

To a request so charmingly and so touchingly made there could be but one answer. Millais wrote at once accepting it as a command, and assuring his friend that everything should be done as he wished. Only one speech, he understood, would be required of him at the banquet; he would get through it as best he could, and for the rest he could not but indulge the hope that before another season came round the President would be well enough to resume his duties.

"Show Sunday," at the end of March, was to be poor Leighton's last day in England, and I went with my father

to his house in Melbury Road, where we found him along with a crowd of picture-lovers, and the usual array of so-called "smart" people. With his characteristic urbanity he was showing them his last beautiful works, "Flaming June" and "Lachrymæ;" but what a change a few months of suffering had wrought in him! He seemed nervous, and looked for the first time really ill, interested, however, to all appearance, in the things around him, and even more attentive than usual to his guests. To my father he was cordiality itself, and on our taking leave he said to him in a half-whisper, "Come and see me quietly to-morrow, old boy. I go the next day."

The meeting and the parting were alike sad to Millais. Never before had he recognised the serious character of Leighton's illness, and his heart sank within him at the thought that never again would his old and beloved friend occupy the presidential chair, and possibly he would see his face no more.

Leighton went off to Algeria and the sunshine of Biskra, whence he wrote several charming letters to Millais thanking him for (amongst other things) "so generously relieving him of the duties of his office." Here is his last letter to my father:—

From Lord Leighton, P.R.A.

"ALGIERS, HOTEL D'EUROPE,
"*May* 19*th*, 1895.

"DEAR MILLAIS,—Although I had already, some little time ago, written to you to say how charmed I was to hear of your great success (of which I for one was sure in advance), and how much touched I was by your generous allusions to myself; and again, in a postscript, to express my warm satisfaction at the purchase of your beautiful and impressive picture ["Speak! Speak!"], I must write one line again to thank you for your letter, which just reaches me from Tangier.

"That your throat would clear up under the excitement of the moment, experience has taught me; but I am grieved to hear that you have relapsed into your former condition; and indeed one of my reasons for writing is to urge you to give thought to the Swedish form of massage which Lauder Brunton and Broadbent both think highly of, and which did

"THE GIRLHOOD OF ST. THERESA.' 1893

By permission of Mr. E. M. Denny

my general health immense good. Now I can, by certain movements, stop an incipient attack of my pain. . . . But do try. You can yacht afterwards all the same.

"What a state Jersey would be in! But you will have to make speeches, old boy.

"I am longing to see 'St. Stephen.' He wasn't in the studio that day, you know. I have been a little thrown back by long railway journeys and bad food, but I am distinctly better than when you last saw me.

"Always affectionately yours,

"FRED. LEIGHTON."

In spite of poor Leighton's absence, the Academy banquet was a great success. For more than a month Millais had been preparing for it, always dreading, nevertheless, that his voice would not be heard, or would possibly break down altogether; and now when the time had come to give vent to it, he played his part so bravely that everyone was gratified, "fulfilling the duties of President," as the Archbishop of Canterbury humorously remarked, "with such geniality and such eloquence, when we could hear him, and such perfect dumb-show when we could not."

An unfortunate mistake of his only added to the amusement of the evening. Instead of the Archbishop of Canterbury, he called upon the Archbishop of York to respond to the toast of "The Guests," whereupon his Grace of York rose slowly to his feet, and with consternation in his face expressed his surprise at the call, and his lack of preparation "to address this illustrious assembly."

Millais hastened to correct the mistake, and thereupon the Archbishop of Canterbury brought down the house by commencing his speech (according to the *Times*' report) in this wise:—"Sir John Millais, your Royal Highnesses, my Lords, and Gentlemen,—If the Archbishop of York was never more taken by surprise in his life, I can say that no one ever experienced a greater sense of relief (laughter) than I did at that moment. I thought that I had got off altogether, and now, after all, I find that I am to die a second death. (Laughter.)"

His speech, with its touching reference to his associations with the Academy and its President, was much eulogised by the Press; but what pleased him most of all was this charming letter:—

From Lord Rosebery.

"10, DOWNING STREET, WHITEHALL,
"*May 6th*, 1895.

"MY DEAR MILLAIS,—I must repeat in writing what I felt and said on Saturday night—that I never heard anything more exquisite or delightful than your speech (for you only made one). It enchanted all who heard it, and will help to bring health to Leighton when he reads it.

"I hope your voice is returning.

"Yours ever,
"ROSEBERY."

During the summer he took a short yachting trip to Jersey and back in the *Palatine* along with two widow ladies (Mrs. Watney, the owner of the yacht, and her friend Lady Metcalfe), to his great enjoyment and the immense improvement of his health. He came home in the highest spirits, and risking the displeasure of his family at so vile a pun, referred to the trip as "the widow's cruise."

It seemed indeed to be the turning-point towards complete recovery; for, a few weeks later, while shooting with his friend Mr. Julius Reiss at Corrie Muckloch, Perthshire, the additional tonic of the fine Highland air worked such wonders for him that, on his reporting the improvement to his doctor, Sir Richard Quain, that juvenile octogenarian expressed himself most hopefully as to the case. Here is his letter:—

From Sir Richard Quain, M.D.

"67, HARLEY STREET,
"*August 30th*, 1895.

"DEAR MILLAIS,—I am delighted with your report of your health and, if possible, more with your determination to keep it good. You can, and you must, for your health and life are precious, not only for yourself and your surroundings, but to the world of Art, which owes you so much and will owe you still more; for you can and will, by care, do as well as you ever did. More I cannot say. . . .

"People have been very good to me in the grouse and salmon way, and yesterday Fiue sent me a capital haunch. I might like the stalking if I were on the hills, but I had my innings for some twenty-five years. I was looking only

yesterday at the list of my bags. My biggest (twenty-seven days, including Sundays, which did not come in for sport) was seventeen stags and six hinds—not bad for a cockney doctor! That was in Glenmore Forest. I once said to a little lady that, spending all my time curing people, I went to Scotland for a change—killing. With an arch smile, she said, 'Not quite so great a change!'

"I will not bore you with any more nonsense, so only beg to offer my kind regards to my lady, and all good wishes for the great R.A. "I am, faithfully yours.

"R. QUAIN."

"ST. STEPHEN." (AN EARLY STATE OF THE PICTURE.) 1895
Showing the Saint with black hair

To me too, on September 1st, my father wrote in the most encouraging terms:—"I had excellent sport at Reiss," he says, "killing to my own gun seventy brace of driven birds. In the four days we (six guns) got upwards of 400 brace. Now I am keen on the fishing, which ought to be good this year, as this last week has been one continuous spate. To-morrow I hope to be into them."

One incident of this year is interesting from the sporting point of view. During the winter a fallen tree had drifted down the river and settled itself in one of the best pools in

Upper Stobhall. One day Sir J. Wolfe Barry lost a good fish by running on to it; so my father gave orders for it to be cleared away, and, some two days afterwards, thinking that his orders had been carried out, he lost while casting there the heaviest fish he had ever hooked—perhaps the largest fish ever seen on the Tay. From his great experience he knew that this monster was not foul-hooked, for, as he afterwards described the incident, "the beast, even when given all the strain I dare put on, fairly made me spin about like a teetotum." After worrying on for an hour and a half, during which the fish, never showing a fin, worked down seven or eight hundred yards, it suddenly seemed to take a new lease of life and went full speed up stream right to the head of the pool, towing the angler along the bank. Imagine his astonishment when at this point the fisherman told him to try and keep the fish clear of the sunken tree! That was now impossible; the salmon went straight for it and broke the cast! What happened then I leave to the imagination of my readers. Suffice it to say that ever afterwards he spoke of the incident in saddened tones, as one of the keenest disappointments of his life.

Writing to his brother William, on October 13th, he says:—"To-morrow is my last day on the river, where I have worked like a slave with indifferent success, considering the water, which has been perfect nearly all the season. Somehow the fish wouldn't rise when they were fresh and first came up, and now they only occasionally rise to a fly. Of course you will see in the papers all sorts of grand reports about the fishing, but the truth is there is general disappointment; my number (with one fish to-morrow) will be forty—*your* fish about the biggest. However, the exercise has been of great benefit to me, and *I never felt better*, although my voice continues feeble."

A month later his health gave way again, and he was obviously somewhat alarmed about his throat. Yet he managed to pluck up spirits enough to write as follows:—

To Mr. Frith, R.A.

"BOWERSWELL, PERTH,
"*November 15th*, 1895.

"DEAR FRITH,—Don't be alarmed at seeing my handwriting. I am not going to ask you for a temporary loan,

"A DISCIPLE." 1895

Gallery of British Art

or any favour; I am only so bored here that I must write to an old friend, when I can find one, and tell him I shall be glad of a line containing any news of the world that he may think of, to cheer my solitude. I have only one pleasant walk here, the Hill of Kinnoull, where I always feel a kind of St. Hubert, and expect to meet the stag with a cross between its horns—all thick, dark, fir wood—only Hubert wasn't *deaf and dumb*, as I am.

"Now, I see, Sala is going—not so long after Yates—whilst our friend C—— defies the grasp of the skeleton hand. His coat-tails somehow always give way, and he escapes. I come up to town the end of this month, to paint—*perchance to die.* My ailments make the club almost impossible, so I am restricted in all my joys, old man, as you are. I hear bad accounts of Leighton, whom (with a father between 90 and 100) I thought good for 190; and the newspaper correspondents alone know what is to happen in the Royal Academy if anything in the shape of a new President is demanded.

"Lucky dog, you! On a rainy day you can go to the Crystal Palace garden to look at the Mastadons and Ichissaurus (*can't* spell it) in the middle of the fountains, whilst here I see only mist.

"Ever yours,

"J. E. Millais."

And now the door of Bowerswell closed behind him for the last time. Never again would he see the green terraces and yew hedges of his northern home; never again the fir woods and the rushing Tay, which had been to him both his joy and his inspiration; never again the familiar faces of the many friends that he left behind. All were to be no more, for the Great Reaper had stepped across the threshold and marked him for the sickle.

The "bad accounts of Leighton" were a source of great anxiety to him, not only for his friend's sake, but in the interest of the Academy, of which he was so distinguished an ornament. For himself (as announced in the Press), the state of his health precluded the thought of his acting as President longer than might be necessary, his mind being rather bent on giving up work altogether; but later on he was induced to change his views.

In January, 1896, poor Leighton died, and was buried in St. Paul's. Millais, of course, attended the funeral, and, at the request of his colleagues, bore with him the splendid wreath of the Academy, and deposited it on the coffin so soon as it was lowered into the crypt.

Then his friends on the Council and other members of the profession began to gather around him; and, listening to their solicitations, he wrote to his brother in the following terms:—

To Mr. William Millais.

"THE ATHENÆUM,

"*February 5th*, 1896.

"DEAR WILLIAM,—Do not be surprised if, after all my resolutions against being President, I am placed in the chair. I am assured that it is necessary and expedient for me to act.

"The work will be often *terribly irksome*, but I have thought it over seriously, and I see that the Royal Academy might suffer if I decline. At any rate (if elected, as I have no doubt I shall be), I will be P.R.A. until we have settled a bit after this calamity. . . .

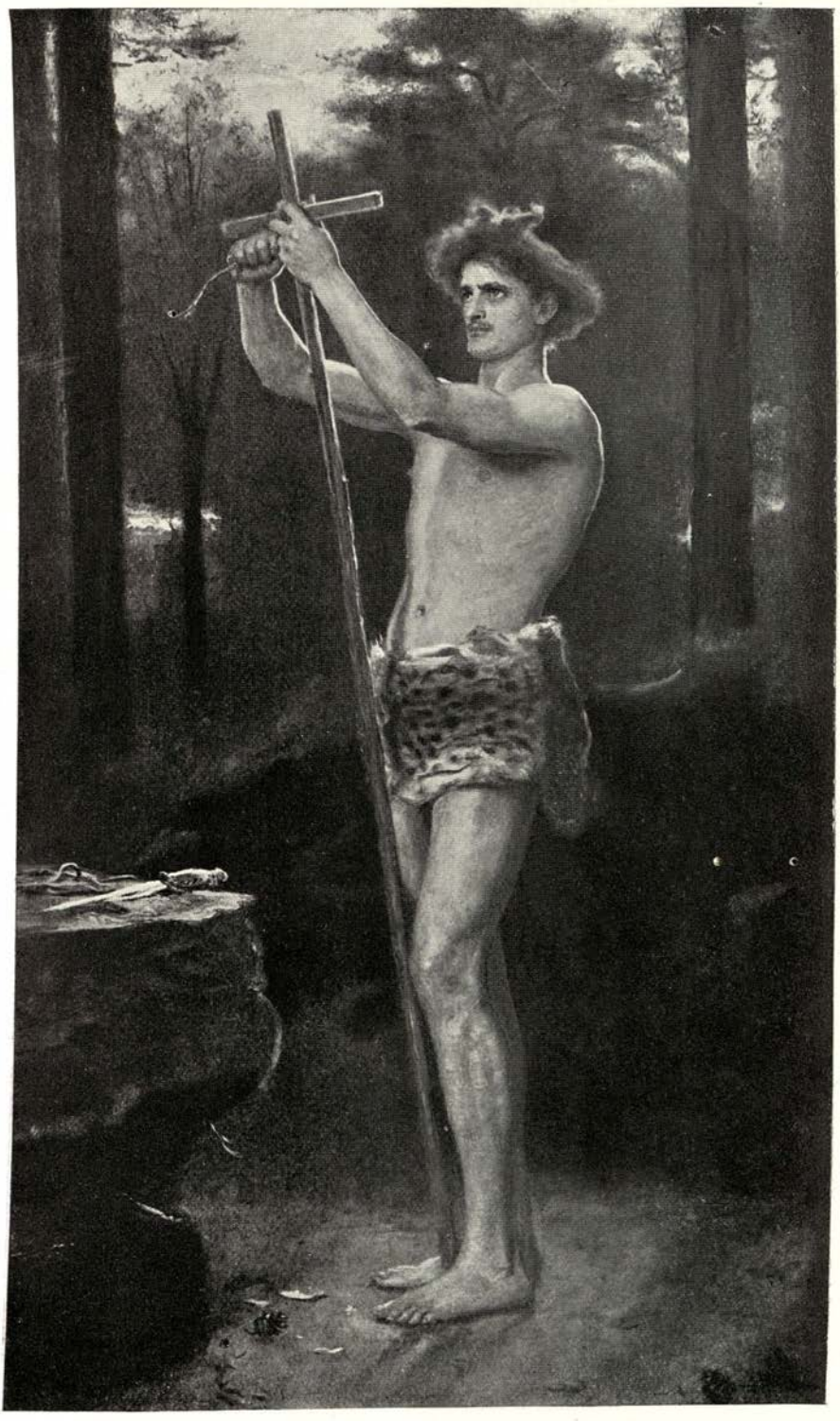
"Your affectionate brother,

"JACK.

"This comes just as I was dreaming of retirement!"

The election came off on February 20th, 1896, when (with the exception of his own vote, which was given in favour of Calderon, the chairman at the meeting) Millais was unanimously appointed as President. He looked, as everyone noticed, very pale and ill; but, cheered by this signal proof of the appreciation of his colleagues, he returned home in better spirits than when he left, and fairly hopeful as to the future. For though Félix Sémon, the great throat specialist, pronounced him to be suffering from a malignant tumour for which an operation was necessary, other eminent men thought otherwise, and his sanguine temperament led him to accept their opinions rather than Sémon's.

The flood of congratulations that now poured in upon him was quite overwhelming. Every artist in England seemed impelled to express his delight, and (as may be imagined) it



"A FORERUNNER." 1895

By permission of Sir Charles Tennant

was no small business to answer all these letters, however delightful the task. Enough for these pages to give two or three of them, from eminent and well-known men, as characteristic of the whole. And first from Mr. John Collier, who, as a representative British artist, was entitled to speak for the whole body:—

From the Hon. John Collier.

"NORTH HOUSE, ETON AVENUE, N.W.,
"*February 21st*, 1896.

"DEAR SIR JOHN MILLAIS,—I feel that I must send you a line, not to congratulate you—for your acceptance of the Presidentship cannot add to your fame—but to congratulate ourselves, the English artists, that you have undertaken this heavy burden for the honour of our Art.

"It is a great thing for our profession that the official head of it should be the greatest British painter of the century.

"I know you will be overwhelmed with letters, and I ought not to add an unnecessary one to the number; but I feel very strongly in this matter, and also I have the memory of too many kindnesses received from you to let me hold my tongue.

"Yours very sincerely,
"JOHN COLLIER."

From Sir W. V. Harcourt.

"6, BUCKINGHAM GATE, S.W.,
"*February 21st*, 1896.

"DEAR MILLAIS,—I cannot fail to write one line—though I know it is unnecessary—to tell you to accept my heartfelt sympathy and pleasure at the event which has placed you in the great position which your genius and the long labours of an honoured life have so well earned for you.

"I reckon myself as one of your oldest and most attached friends, and as such am most deeply interested in this happy occasion.

"The recollections of the old days are treasured up as years gather over our heads.

"Your sincere friend,
"W. V. HARCOURT."

From Mr. Holman Hunt.

"DRAYCOTT LODGE, FULHAM, S.W.,
"*February 24th*, 1896.

"MY DEAR MILLAIS,—I don't know whether it is definitely settled yet that you shall be the President of the Royal Academy, but I have no doubt that it soon will be, for, whatever differences of interests there may be among the members, when once it was known that there was a possibility of your accepting the post, there could have been, and there will be, but one feeling about the surpassing fitness of the choice of yourself. . . .

"That you may hold it for some years is my hearty wish, but I trust that you will not make any kind of promise to keep it for life. The post is quite a different thing to fill, in the amount of work required, to what it was in Sir Joshua Reynolds' time. London, with six million of inhabitants, and about three-quarters of these calling themselves 'artists,' would wear any man to death if he felt there was no escape for him. It would assuredly interfere with his opportunities for work very mischievously. I was sorry that so true an artist as Leighton allowed himself to be hampered with the duties permanently. . . . He did the duties magnificently, but he could have worked magnificently also, and the work would have remained for all generations; and this may be the same with you.

"Give my felicitations to Lady Millais, who will have to take so large a part in the new honour; and give my love to Mary.

"Yours very affectionately,

"W. HOLMAN HUNT.

"Did you ever hear of Lear's pun?—which would be more appropriate now. It was—that the *Millais-nium* of Art had come. You have gone a letter higher—from P.-R.B. to P.R.A."

March now set in with a rigour that added greatly to Millais' discomfort. His voice, once so powerful, sank to a whisper, and at times he could hardly make himself heard. There was, however, a great deal to be done in view of

the coming exhibition, and with characteristic bravery he devoted his whole time and attention to the work. Specially trying was the month of April, when, day after day, he had to act as Chairman of the Hanging Committee—a task at once so responsible and so exhausting that his health well-nigh broke down altogether before it was finished. He recovered himself, however, sufficiently to take a final survey of the exhibition before it was opened to the public, and to welcome, with his usual geniality, the artists whose works had been accepted.

A writer in the *Daily News* of August 14th, 1896, thus describes one of his last visits to the Academy:—

"There was something very pathetic in the way Millais lingered round the galleries of the Academy during the last days before it opened for the first time under his presidentship. He was in the rooms on the Saturday before the private view (the last of the members' varnishing days) shaking hands with old friends, and saying, in a hoarse whisper, which told its tale tragically enough, that he was better. He came again on Monday—that was the outsiders' varnishing day. The galleries were full of painters, young and old, hard at their work—much to do and little time to do it in—when someone said, 'Millais is in the next room.' Young men and old, they all looked in, mournfully realising it might be their last chance to see the greatest of their brethren. There he was, leaning on the Secretary, and slowly going his round. One young painter, perched upon a ladder, varnishing his canvas, felt his leg touched, but was too busy to turn round. Again he was interrupted. It was the President, who, in a scarcely audible whisper, wished to congratulate him on his work. That was on Monday. He came again on Tuesday. There was discussion amongst a few of the members about a picture that in the hanging had not got so good a place as it deserved. 'Take one of my places,' he said; and he meant it. It was not the first time he had offered to make way, giving up his own position to an outsider."

On Saturday, May 2nd, he went to the Academy to receive the Prince of Wales. But now the disease had made such rapid advance that he could hardly walk round the room. After one or two efforts to keep pace with the Prince, he began to hang back, and His Royal Highness,

on learning the cause, very kindly insisted on his returning home at once. He then left—never to return again.

And now the conviction grew upon him that his days were numbered. More than ever he liked to have his children about him, and as I had now adopted Art as a profession, he delighted to give me all the help in his power by way of practical suggestions and advice.

As I write, the last morning he spent in his beloved studio comes back vividly to my mind. I had long wanted him to paint "The Last Trek," a drawing of which he had kindly supplied as frontispiece to my book, *A Breath from the Veldt*, and Mr. Briton Riviere had also urged him to do so;* and now—pointing to a large white canvas which stood on one of the easels—he whispered, "Well, Johnnie, you see I have got the canvas at last, and I am really going to begin 'The Last Trek' to-day."

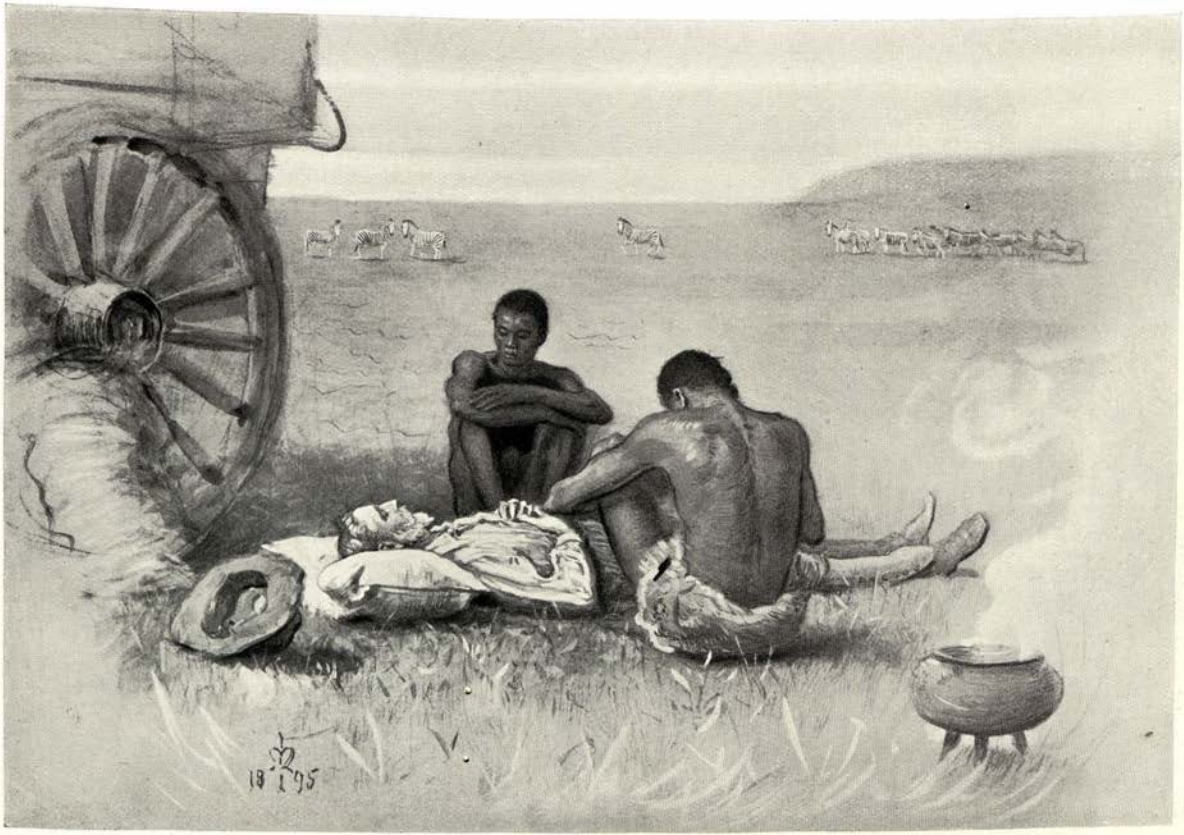
The subject appealed strongly to his feelings. It was that of a scene I had myself witnessed in South Africa—a white hunter dying in the wilderness attended by his faithful Zulus. The title, too, seemed to please him (perchance as having some relation to his thoughts about himself); and after talking for some time on various points—such as the atmosphere of the southern plains, and the appearance of the parched and sun-cracked soil—he suddenly paused in his walk about the room, and, putting his hand to his forehead, said solemnly and slowly, "This is going to kill me! I feel it, I feel it!"

The idea seemed to be but momentary. In another minute he was quite calm again, and, throwing down his palette, which was already prepared, he pulled out his cards, and quietly commenced a game of "Patience."

An hour later he felt so extremely unwell that he retired to his own room downstairs, closing the studio door behind him for the last time.

He had commenced, though he knew it not, "The Last Trek"!

* Mr. Briton Riviere, R.A., writes:—"On one of our last meetings alone before his fatal illness stopped all effort, we got upon the subject of your African book and its illustrations. I told him how much I had been impressed by his own beautiful frontispiece, 'The Last Trek,' and that I hoped he would paint a large picture of it in the style of his Arctic explorer. His face lighted up at once, and he said, 'I'll do it.'"



"THE LAST TREK." 1895

By permission of H. Sotheran and Co.

Henceforward he was a prisoner in his own apartment. Everything that the highest medical skill could suggest was done to prolong his life; but there was no arresting the decline that now set in. Even to whisper became a great exertion for him; he suffered, however, but little pain, and the presence of his wife and family, who were about him night and day, added greatly to his comfort.

He was glad to see, also, now and then, such old friends as Mr. Bancroft, Mr. Chudleigh, Mr. George Smith (of Smith and Elder), Mrs. Richmond Ritchie, Mrs. Jopling-Rowe, Lord James, Sir William Harcourt, Lord Rosebery, the Duke of Westminster, and Mr. and Mrs. Perugini, all of whom came in from time to time. Most of the Academicians, too, and many of his old Garrick friends, including Mr. Toole and Sir Arthur Sullivan, called and saw him, and he specially sent for Mr. Ernest Crofts, a newly-elected Royal Academician, that he might shake hands with him, and present his congratulations. The Princess Louise, too, honoured him with a call, and cheered him with her most gracious and unaffected sympathy; and Sir Edward Burne-Jones, though himself unwell and soon, alas! to follow his departing friend, made a drawing of him, which he afterwards bequeathed to my sister Mrs. Stuart-Wortley.

Too painful were it to follow any further the progress of the fatal malady from which he suffered. Enough to say that in May his condition became so serious that tracheotomy had to be resorted to, and was skilfully performed by Dr. Treves, assisted by Mr. Hames, F.R.C.S., and that, thus relieved from the most distressing feature of his complaint, he lingered on in comparative comfort until death put an end to his sufferings.

By command of the Queen bulletins of the patient's health were occasionally sent to Her Majesty. The Princess Louise also made frequent inquiries, as well as sending lovely flowers.

My mother, too, attended at Windsor in compliance with the Royal command, and was most graciously received by Her Majesty, who expressed in the kindest way her sympathy with the dying man and his family.

Before the end of the month he had sunk into a comatose state, significant of the coming end, and in the afternoon of August 13th, in the presence of his wife, my brother Everett, and two of my sisters, he breathed his last.

During his long illness his frame, once so robust, had wasted away to a mere shadow of his former self; his beard and moustache, too, had been allowed to grow; and as he lay in his last sleep, with the lines of care and suffering all effaced, his face looked like that of a mediæval saint. In his usual felicitous manner Lord Rosebery noticed this in a most kind and sympathetic letter to my mother:—"But in any case my memory of your husband must always be one of charm without alloy, for even of his death-bed my recollection is one of divine beauty and patience."*

By request of the Royal Academy, who undertook the management of his funeral, he was buried in St. Paul's Cathedral on August 20th, 1896, the pall being borne by Mr. Holman Hunt, Mr. Philip Calderon, R.A., Sir Henry Irving, Sir George Reid, P.R.S.A., Viscount Wolseley, the Earl of Rosebery, the Earl of Carlisle, and the Marquis of Granby.

And there he lies in "Painters' Corner" in the same niche with his friend Leighton, and with his illustrious predecessors Sir Joshua Reynolds, Sir Christopher Wren, Sir Thomas Lawrence, Benjamin West, Opie, Fuseli, and Sir Edgar Boehm.

So went to his long home (in the words of the *Standard*) "the very type of the true Englishman—genial, sincere, hopeful, content with his own lot, and full of benignity to others who trod, sometimes with weary feet, the road that led him to renown."

There is something in the sound of *Punch* sadly out of harmony with an occasion like this; but those who know the tenderness that underlies the humour of that brilliant periodical will not be surprised at my repeating here the charming and most sympathetic lines that appeared in it immediately after the funeral.

* Writing to my brother Everett, Lord Rosebery said:—"I cannot resist saying that, while no one admired your father's genius more than I did, I loved him even more than I admired him. There was about him a charm of manliness and simplicity that I have never seen equalled, and which no human being could resist. It showed itself publicly and conspicuously in that last exquisite speech which he made to the Academy at the dinner of last year, which moved me more than any other speech that I can recollect. Has any likeness been preserved of him as he lay dying? I was urgent with your sister that this should be done, for I never saw so beautiful a sight, putting its pathos on one side."

"SIR JOHN EVERETT MILLAIS.*

President of the Royal Academy.

"BORN JUNE 8TH, 1829. DIED AUGUST 13TH, 1896.

"'A combination and a form indeed,
Where every god did seem to set his seal,
To give the world assurance of a MAN.'
"—*Hamlet*, Act III., Scene 4.

"AT last Death brings his Order of Release,
And our great English painter lies at peace,
Amidst a nation's sorrow.
A man in heart and Art, in soul and frame,
By love encompassed, and secure of fame,
Through history's long to-morrow.

"The world seems greyer, gloomier, far less young,
For loss of him, the free of touch and tongue,
Nature's own child in both.
By glowing canvas or by rushing stream,
With brush or rod, he was no thrall of dream,
Feebleness, fad, or sloth.

"Fresh as the morn, and frank as noon's full flush,
In friendship as in Art, with speech or brush,
Health, heartiness, and power
Were his, from earliest critic-chidden days,
To that fine prime when universal praise
Hailed genius in full flower.

"Men loved the man, and Art the artist crowned.
The brush that pictured poor 'Ophelia' drowned
In young Pre-Raphaelite days,
Glowed with a virile vigour, and sweet charm
Too masterful to take abiding harm
From mere mimetic craze.

"English he was, and England best inspired
His skill unfailing and his toil untired.
On his strong canvas live
Her loveliest daughters and her noblest sons,
All that to a great age, which swift outruns,
Its greatest glories give.

"And he among those glories takes high rank.
Painter more masterly or friend more frank
Its closing scarce shall show.
Our good, great MILLAIS gone! And yet *not* dead!
His best lives on, though that worn, noble head
In rest at last lies low!

* By permission of the proprietors of *Punch*.

CHAPTER XXII.

His Art life and methods—The joy of work—Methods—Materials—Models—The difficulty of painting children—Sitters and their peculiarities—"The most beautiful woman in the world"—Millais as an animal painter—Modelling—Millais as a critic—His views on Art—Latter-day illustration—Advice to young students—The National Gallery—Sir Henry Tate—The Gallery of British Art—Critics—Notes by Mrs. Perugini.

EVERY artist, says Balzac, must pass through three different periods:—"The first third of such a life is spent in struggling, the second third in getting a foothold, and the last third in defending it." And Millais' life was no exception to the rule. His work nevertheless was to him a lifelong joy, chequered only by difficulties and disappointments such as every true artist must occasionally encounter. "The joy of working" was his even in the days when all the powers of the Press were arrayed against him and insults were heaped upon him on every side; and still more was it his when "Time that trieth all things" had given him the victory.

As to his methods, they varied according to circumstances of time, place, and subject. In his Pre-Raphaelite days and the intermediate period, which may be said to have ended with the "Vale of Rest," he sat down to his work, getting up only now and then to note the effect from a distance; but as the years went on—in fact from the commencement of "Rosalind and Celia" to the end of his career—he stood up before his easel and constantly walked to and fro, adding to his painting only a few touches at a time. His big looking-glass was also in frequent use, enabling him to see his work as reflected from various angles, and to detect in an instant any defect in drawing.

In the early days, too, before commencing a picture he would make a large number of sketches, and often a highly-finished drawing in black-and-white, of the subject he intended to paint; while for "The Rescue" he made, as we have seen,

a big cartoon, which he afterwards traced on the canvas. Later on, however, he contented himself with rough sketches in charcoal on the canvas itself, eventually making these only suggestively as he became more sure of his aim.

Subject-pictures were the only exception to this rule. For these he always made pencil sketches—just a few lines to indicate the broad features of the composition—while portraits he would commonly start without any drawing at all, commencing at the head, and generally securing a satisfactory likeness in two sittings of an hour each.

It was to the finishing of his paintings, the working out of every detail, that he mainly devoted his time. Nothing would content him short of the full realisation of his ideal; and to achieve this was often a sore trial to his patience. "The Woodman's Daughter" distressed him greatly because a little jay's feather amongst a mass of herbage refused to go right; and for a whole month "The Vale of Rest" was a misery to him because the line of a woman's back conflicted with the rest of the composition, and he did not see how to prevent it. And so it is, as Mr. Van Prinsep said at the Literary Fund dinner the other day, "Art may seem an easy thing to some people; but it is so difficult that even the most successful men have felt appalled with the hugeness of their difficulties."

In the days of his youth he liked to have people about him to talk to when he was at work, or to read, or even to sing to him; but later on he allowed no one to come near him when at work, finding that the slightest movement on the part of a companion, or any sound except that of distant music, broke the current of his thoughts. During the last few years of his life, however, he would not object to the presence of one of us at a time, so long as there was no moving about the room; and in this way I learnt the meaning of those games of Patience that he so often resorted to in the course of his work. After pondering for some time over a difficulty, he would draw the card-table out in front of his picture, and while apparently absorbed in dealing out the cards, would every now and then take a momentary look at his work, until at last—perhaps after an hour's play—he would suddenly jump up, seize his palette and brushes, and dash in a few broad touches that set everything right. Thus was achieved in one hour more and better work than he could have accomplished in three hours by the old Pre-Raphaelite methods.

His materials, including the extra smooth canvas and even vellums that he used in the Pre-Raphaelite days, were obtained from Messrs. Roberson, of Long Acre. He generally preferred a grey-tinted canvas, and had it made too large for the stretcher, the latter being made with rounded edges so as to avoid marking the canvas in case he wished to enlarge his work. In later days he used prepared panels, smooth canvas, millboards (for black-and-white work), and once or twice semi-absorbent Roman canvas, which came into fashion about 1885. The very last order he gave was on February 19th, 1896, for "plain canvas, $49\frac{3}{4} \times 31$; extra canvas all round."

For portrait painting he used an invention of his own in 1881—a thick, coarse canvas heavily coated with a preparation showing strong brush-marks—by which the painting of the background was greatly simplified; but for the face and hands of the figure he first scraped those portions of the canvas quite smooth with a piece of cuttle-fish or a bit of glass. This brush-marked canvas is now called by his name.

The vehicles he employed were quick and slow-drying copal, also (after 1850) Roberson's medium. The Pre-Raphaelites were most particular in the preparation of their colours, often making them themselves from the raw material—a circumstance that no doubt contributed largely to the preservation of their freshness. Millais, however, soon found that Messrs. Roberson were as careful as himself in that matter, so he gave up making his own paints, though to the last he stuck to the old fashion of procuring his zinc-white in bladders or in china pots, lest the metal of the tubes should spoil it. These china pots (2 lbs. each) were a great convenience to him when painting a snow-scene, enabling him to get a good brushful of paint at a time; but it was only in later years that he ventured on subjects of that sort, fearing as he did that the lead in the white might ultimately turn a bad colour.

As to brushes, other than those in ordinary use, he preferred one now known by his name, but which was in use before artists' colour-men came into existence—a brush made of hog's hair, held with a quill and bound with string—as he found that the metal of the ordinary brush was liable to make scratches on the canvas.

For models (as will have been seen already) he was largely

MISS NINA LEHMANN. 1869

By permission of Mrs. Lehmann

indebted to personal friends, and still more frequently to his own daughters, who were constantly requisitioned. Portraits of my sister Effie are seen in "My First Sermon," "My Second Sermon," "The Minuet," "New Laid Eggs," "The Wolf's Den," etc.; of Alice in "Sleeping," "Sisters," "The Picture of Health," "Mrs. Stuart-Wortley," and "The Grey Lady"; of Sophy in "The Flood," "Still for a Moment," "Punchinello," "Clarissa," and "Princess Elizabeth in the Tower"; and of Mary in "Waking" and "The Last Rose of Summer."

For the rest professionals were engaged; and very charming some of them were. Some, too, had interesting tales to tell of themselves and their experiences in life, sad or amusing, as the case might be; and some—well, models are not always perhaps what their name would seem to imply; they vary, like other people, and whether good, bad, or indifferent is of small moment to the artist, so long as they serve his purpose.

Of all models the most difficult to deal with are undoubtedly children. A man must, first of all, understand them and their winsome ways; understand too how to win their hearts and allay their fears at the sight of a stranger. And then the portrait-painter is but at the beginning of his task. For some little time at least they must be made to sit still; and only those who have tried it know how hard this is to accomplish. "It's no use whistling jigs to a milestone," says the Irish proverb; and equally useless is it to reason with a child. They must be amused, each of them in its own way; or if old enough to appreciate the virtues of bribery and corruption, these forces may be employed to advantage.

Millais was quite an expert in this line of business. Being naturally fond of children, he liked to study their ways and make notes of their most fascinating attitudes as they played about in the parks and gardens, and would often stop to talk with some little creature who seemed to have lost its way. They, too, took naturally to him, and it would be strange indeed if he failed to win the heart of any child after two minutes' talk in his studio. A variety-entertainment was always ready for them there—lovely dolls, picture-books, boxes of chocolates, etc.—and, for the elder ones, a never-ending supply of fairy tales, that kept them as happy as he was himself while recording their charms on canvas.

Superficial observers were apt to think he had no real sympathy with childhood, "or he would not have painted it

so ugly"; but, as a critic thoughtfully observes, "the fact is that he saw the beauty of childhood even in ugly children; and that children, pretty or ugly, he never tired of painting. From plain children to pretty children, the evolution was a simple one, and the charge which we so often hear that Millais used his emancipation from the bonds of the Pre-Raphaelite Brotherhood to cast aside great artistic themes

"UNE GRANDE DAME" (First State). 1883

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for the rendering of pretty girls that the public would like, the dealers buy, and the newspapers publish, is worthy only of persons ignorant of his work. From the very beginning children have inspired him. Probably no eminent painter, except Edouard Frère and Josef Israels, has painted so many, and rested his reputation so frequently upon his realisation of them, even when he knew that the types he chose were not to the public taste."

Touching sitters and would-be sitters for portraits he had many tales to tell. One charming old gentleman, well advanced in the sere and yellow period, had recently taken to himself a young and pretty wife, who came with him to the studio and insisted on remaining there while his portrait was being painted. But it was not to be. To the great amusement of the artist she lavished so much affection upon

"UNE GRANDE DAME" (SECOND STATE). 1883

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her husband as, leaning over him, she arranged the flower in his button-hole, brushed off here and there a speck of dust, and generally touched up his toilet, that at last, conscious of the absurdity of the situation, the poor old man blushed violently, and Millais was obliged to insist upon her retirement.

On another occasion Mrs. W——, a handsome woman of the Juno type, came to sit, and Millais succeeded in obtaining

a life-like portrait. But, unfortunately, it did not please the lady. What she had hoped was that he would present her, after the fashion of some of his portraits, as a woman of the soft, clinging, essentially dependent type of beauty—in fact, the very opposite of what she was herself—and on his declining to alter the portrait, both she and her husband made such uncomplimentary remarks that he at once let them off their bargain and had the picture hung in the dining-room at Palace Gate.

The sequel was amusing. A certain royalty came to the studio one afternoon, accompanied by (amongst others) the disappointed husband, and in his passage through the room his eye fell upon the rejected picture. "Halloo, W——," he said, "what a splendid portrait of your wife! What is it doing here?" There was no reply; but next day came a cheque for the picture, which Millais, however, returned. Later on the picture passed temporarily into the hands of the Fine Art Society; and on a demand from a Colonial gallery for one of Millais' works, the artist himself wrote to the Secretary, his old friend Joe Jopling, as follows:—

To Mr. Jopling.

"2, PALACE GATE, KENSINGTON,
"*January 24th*, 1884.

"DEAR JOE,—What are you about with the picture? If the committee hesitate, for goodness' sake send it back, and let me hang it up again, as there is an ugly gap on my wall, and I am not at all anxious to dispose of it.

"Ever yours,
"J. E. MILLAIS.

"P.S.—After all it might be thought not quite the thing on my part to let it go out of the country, when Mrs. W.'s children might some day like to possess it. What think you? W——, who thought it a failure, ought to see it again. They behaved very badly about it; but that is no reason why I should do likewise."

Eventually the picture was sold to the W—— family.

"O wad some power the giftie gie us to see oursels as others see us!" Only portrait-painters of celebrity know

what a relief such a "giftie" would bring to them. Quite amazing was the number of letters my father received in the course of his life from would-be sitters who insisted that either their charms or those of their children ought to be immortalised by the painter's art. And yet not one in twenty had the smallest pretension to beauty. One lady, who modestly described herself as "the most beautiful woman in the world," called again and again to see him, but was always refused admittance. Taught by past experience, he would not have his work broken in upon by a stranger, whose pretensions were probably false.

He was talking of this to Mr. Gladstone one morning, while painting his portrait (1879) and discussing the subject of bores. Mr. Gladstone, who seemed much interested, thought it was a mistake not to give the lady a chance of displaying herself; for surely, he argued, she must possess some great attraction to justify her persistence. Oddly enough at that moment she called again—her features hidden by a long black veil. Mr. Gladstone's curiosity was now thoroughly aroused, and at his request the lady was shown upstairs to the studio. The *dénouement* was somewhat curious. As the shrouded figure advanced into the room she slowly raised her veil; and there appeared a wretched creature—in my father's words, "a Venus with the face of a battered tomato—one of the most ill-favoured women I ever saw." He bowed her out with all the politeness at his command, and after a hearty laugh, in which his companion joined, proceeded with his work.

Few, perhaps, even of those who are familiar with Millais' pictures have learnt to appreciate his power as an animal painter. Yet, as a critic remarks:—"It is twelve years ago since Ruskin wrote to Mr. Gordon Crawford, 'Looking back now on the painter's career . . . I am more disposed to regret his never having given expression to his power of animal painting—wholly unrivalled in its kind—than any of the shortcomings in his actual work.' Had Millais given his attention to the lower instead of to the higher animals there is little doubt that he would have been a far greater animal painter than Landseer, though not so popular: for he never sought to humanise them as Landseer did, to the delight of an animal-loving, but somewhat unthinking public. For Millais a dog was a dog, to be loved as such, and not half

apotheosed into a human being. And he painted him with a vigour of brush, a perfection of colour, a knowledge of form and habit, and a sympathy that never degenerated into undue worship—that together have made such animals as he has given us unsurpassed in English Art. It is true that he rarely painted a horse, and that the charger on which Sir Isumbras crosses the ford would not pass muster at

"UNE GRANDE DAME" (THIRD STATE). 1883

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Tattersall's. But in the execution of dogs he has never been excelled. The greyhounds in 'Isabella,' the collies in 'The Order of Release' and 'Effie Deans,' the bloodhound in 'The Ransom,' the deerhound in 'Twin Daughters of T. R. Hoare, Esq.' and in 'Peace Concluded,' and the smaller dogs in small pictures, are as full of dog-nature as of artistry. Not even M. Lambert or Madame Henriette Ronner ever painted a better cat than that which appears in 'Puss-in-Boots,' or recorded kittenly distress with more

astonishing realism and success than in the dejected passenger in the cradle in 'A Flood.'

"Lower in the scale we find two pictures of mice—in 'Mariana' (1851) and 'Cinderella' (1881). The thirty years that separated the two pictures show no failure of observation. The curious twist that a mouse gives to its body when it stops and half settles in its flight, the strange stiff-suppleness

"UNE GRANDE DAME" (FOURTH AND SEMI-FINAL STATE). 1883

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of its tail, the curious mixture of boldness and timidity, and the intelligence in its bead-like eyes, are here reproduced with a skill that will be appreciated by every student of natural history. Again, the lizards in 'Ferdinand lured by Ariel' have been painted in the queer poses so characteristic of them, as assuredly they have never been painted before, and the hawks and rooks, crows and pigeons, pheasants and robins, the kingfisher and the swallow—all have been rendered in a manner that silences the adverse critic."

Of Millais' etching I have already spoken. Something, too, he knew about modelling with the clay—"the art of drawing in the solid," as someone happily defined it—but I do not remember having seen him practise it, beyond putting some finishing touches to a basset-hound my brother Everett once modelled and sent to the Grosvenor Exhibition. It would seem, however, that he had some skill in this line, as amongst the letters he received on being made President was one from Mr. Adams-Acton, an old gold-medallist and travelling student of the Royal Academy, who concludes his congratulations in the following words:—"I had the distinguished privilege of a visit to my studio in the Marylebone Road from you, many years ago, and as long as I live I shall never forget the masterly way in which you handled the sculptor's material, cut off the head of our mutual friend Frith, and readjusted the clay in a more suitable and characteristic pose."

Mr. Onslow Ford, R.A., also writes:—"When he went round the sculpture gallery at the Royal Academy which I had arranged (1895), I was very much struck how in every case he instantly put his finger on the best quality in each particular work, and also made allowance for each shortcoming, such as 'Perhaps he was not very well at the time,' or 'Poor fellow, I suppose there were no pretty girls amongst his acquaintance, so he was obliged to do what he could get,' and so on. I shall never forget my parting with him, and never cease to feel grateful that it was my privilege to get to know him as well as I did in so short a time."

"He was indeed," says Mr. Briton Riviere, R.A., one of my father's dearest and most valued friends, "the most sympathetic and appreciative of critics; but this was not the result of weakness, nor would his good nature blind him to a fault for one moment. On the other hand his eye seemed instinctively to pick out what was good. When anyone said 'How poor this is,' or 'How wrong that is,' he would often say, 'Yes, I know that! But look here, how well this is understood, and how clever that is.' With unerring judgment he would choose what was good, and evidently took delight in doing so."

"As a critic of an unfinished picture," continues the same writer, "he was invaluable, but not generally upon those lines that might have been expected. For instance, though himself gifted with a remarkable sense of colour, he hardly

THE EARL OF ROSEBERY. 1886

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ever made any spontaneous suggestion as to colour, but generally confined his remarks to points of drawing. Upon this he was wonderfully clear-sighted and practical. He never pointed out an error without being able to show in detail how it should be rectified. Subtleties of perspective in a face which might well trouble many so-called 'draughtsmen' were patent to him by a kind of instinct. He not only saw such subtleties, but he could express them, as we find in his girls' and children's faces, where a slight dissimilarity between the two eyes, or a deflection in a mouth from perfect symmetry—sometimes so charming in Nature and lending much character to a face—were never shirked by him, but given exactly as Nature had formed them and with Nature's charm and limitations—with no loss, but rather a gain of real beauty.

"Though, as I have said, he hardly ever offered any suggestions about colour, he was always ready with them when asked for, and in these again he was wonderfully clear, sometimes reducing his conclusions almost to a certainty. His suggestions, however bold, were always possible and nearly always in harmony with the artist's own scheme, in fact evidently made in order to strengthen and develop that. I remember on one occasion, when hanging the Academy summer exhibition with him, that we were considering the general effect of a particular wall which looked dull and ineffective, and his love of vitality in colouring at once asserted itself in a highly characteristic manner. He said, 'It wants waking up with some bits of red, like poppies in a field. It is all dull now, but a few touches of red will turn the whole wall into colour.'"

Of his attitude towards his own works, Mr. Briton Riviere speaks with authority as one of the few men now living with whom he conversed freely on matters of Art. He says:—"He was remarkably frank in the estimate of his own work, and knew perfectly well, making no secret of his knowledge, how permanent his reputation was likely to be. Even when suffering from that occasional depression that must haunt the most sanguine member of his profession, I do not think he ever wavered in his belief as to what he really could do. I remember a delightfully *naïf* instance of this which occurred one day when I called upon him on my return from a visit to Haarlem. We were talking about the Frank Hals' collection there, and became enthusiastic on the subject. In the middle

of our conversation he suddenly turned round and pointed to a large, important picture of his own, saying, "I can fancy that, some day, people will talk of that picture as we are now talking of the Frank Hals." There was no sign of boasting or conceit in his tone; only quiet consideration and conviction. Men of unusual capacity generally know their power perfectly well, but the majority of them are too reserved to express this knowledge. On the other hand Millais was as open and frank as a boy, and would have thought it mere affectation to disguise such a belief from a friend."

Towards the works of other artists, home or foreign, he was absolutely eclectic, finding in every School of Art something to admire. Talking on this subject with his friend Dr. Urquhart, of Perth, he said:—"The best has been already done in Art, such as the sculpture of Greece, the portraits of Rembrandt, etc.; but artists are doing just as well to-day; only their work has not the *prestige of age.* The newest Art texture may be very fine in both detail and conception, but the hard lines have yet to be worn off. Artists have to wrestle to-day with the horrible antagonism of modern dress; no wonder, therefore, that few recent portraits look really dignified. Just imagine Vandyck's 'Charles I.' in a pair of check trousers!"

Touching the value of Art from the economic standpoint, he continued:—"Burton [keeper of the National Gallery] has been trying for twenty years to get hold of a Frank Hals; but the Dutch are quite right to hold their inheritance. The artists have been a fund of wealth to Holland, as they bring so many tourists there. Paul Potter's 'Bull,' however, is a very over-rated affair. Many men draw and paint domestic animals better than the old masters—notably Henry Davis. A fine old Velasquez, with a hero on horseback, looking as if he would eat you up, is mounted on a poor horse, poorly drawn—an impossible creature. A far higher standard in this respect is required now. None of the old masters can touch Meissonier in this respect."

Whistler he would have no man follow. "Clever a fellow as he is, I regard him as a great power for mischief amongst young men—a man who has never learnt the grammar of his Art, whose drawing is as faulty as it can be. He thinks nothing of drawing a woman all out of proportion, with impossible legs, and arms proceeding from no one knows where. Any affectation of superiority in style

has its effect on certain minds, and attracts a certain number of followers; but when a spectator has to ask himself 'Is this right?' he may be pretty sure it is wrong. Take Browning for instance—most charming and unaffected of men—his conversation was ever direct and clear; yet when he got a pen in his hand he was often quite unintelligible. I read his *Cordille*, and could make nothing of a very great deal of it; yet Browning's genius, as displayed in other works, is undoubted."

In connection with this subject Mr. Briton Riviere kindly sends me the following note:—"On looking through some of my short notes on Academy Exhibitions before they were opened to the public, I find the two following remarks by Millais, when we were engaged in hanging pictures:—

"'1882.—Millais says "a clear edge" is what he has learnt by this exhibition.'

"'1890.—Millais said to me, "All clear work tells here. The thing that does not tell is muddle. Clear, direct work is what always tells."'

"I do not think anyone has ever enjoyed good work done by his contemporaries more than he did. He said to me, 'The average quality of work is so much higher now than it used to be, that it is very difficult to surpass it; but amid this high average of cleverness, I am looking for a man of the Fred Walker type to rise amongst the young ones and do something higher.'

"Among the clever 'Moderns,' even in pictures where his keen eye saw much to admire, he frequently deplored the superficiality of much of their work. A defective sense of beauty and lack of finish (in the true meaning of the word) were too often conspicuous. When anyone admired an eye or any part of a face in a picture still on his easel, he would say, 'Yes, I have caressed that,' meaning that he had worked upon it over and over again long after some clever 'Modern' would have considered it finished.

"I remember one day at the Academy, before the exhibition opened, he drew my attention to one of Leighton's pictures, saying, 'When I look round and see the work of some of these clever young men, I find no sense of beauty. Even their paint is not beautiful! Now, look here (pointing to the Leighton); you may, or may not, agree with his method of painting, but it is *all beautiful*.' With infinite pleasure he pointed out the drawing and surface of a vase in

the picture, as diametrically opposed to the slovenly work of these 'Moderns,' whose rendering of such things would have been simply ugly.

"From what I have said about his remarks on some clever young 'Moderns,' it must not be thought for one moment that he did not fully appreciate the younger school. Anything that showed force and originality and sincerity, more especially when it came from a young or raw hand, was always received by him with delight. His mind was always open to new impressions in Art."

To young men who thought of following Art as a profession—even to such as displayed considerable aptitude and cleverness—he rarely gave any encouragement, knowing as he did what thorns and briars beset the path of the artist, how many of even the most gifted men have gone down when almost within reach of the goal of their ambition, and how hopeless is the outlook for mere mediocrity in Art. "The public," he would say, "are too discriminative now. They want something more than merely good Art. Only the very best of everything is in demand. The man who can draw a few lines in black-and-white better than anyone else is wanted; the man who can paint a pretty good oil-painting is not. Strange to say, too, there is such a thing as fashion, even in Art, and its vagaries may at any time prove fatal to the man who has depended on Art for a living, however clever he may be."

He himself was at one time almost driven to the point of despair, as upon occasion he confided to a lady writer—the only lady who ever succeeded in "interviewing" him—for he had a strong objection to the wily interviewer of the period, as Sir George Reid reminds me in an amusing note:—"Your father, once speaking about interviewers, who seemed to have been bothering him greatly with their questions, remarked, 'These fellows want to know everything; they want to know what you had for dinner, and if you say "chops," then they want to know what you did with the bones!'"

The lady gives an interesting account of her interview in the *Strand Magazine* of July, 1896, from which I gather that, talking of the early days of his Art life, Millais said:—"Prompt recognition! I never had any encouragement at all. All my early pictures were damned by the critics, and my parents were so discouraged, that my father said, over and

LADY PEGGY PRIMROSE. 1884

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over again, 'Give up painting, Jack, and take to something else.' I have had a happy life on the whole, but my youth was very unhappy. I had to work hard, illustrating and doing portraits and all sorts of inferior work, to help at home, ever since I was a lad; and my early pictures received nothing but abuse. The critics were a greater power at that time than they are to-day; and however it may have been with other men, I had no consciousness of ultimate triumph then. I went on for years in a storm of disapproval."

As to the teaching of Art, the reader will find at the end of this chapter a contribution from Mrs. Perugini, in which his views are clearly expressed. The subject is also touched upon in an interesting and instructive article in the *Daily News* of December, 1884, from which I venture to borrow the following extracts:—"'Drawing and painting,' said Millais, 'have their grammar, which can be taught and acquired to a certain extent like the grammar of speech and music; but beyond this there is little to be done for a painter —everything by him.' He to whom all this was said allowed, apparently, a kindness for the French method of teaching to peep out. 'You are evidently taken with the atelier system,' Millais goes on to say. 'Now, if I had a dozen young men painting in this studio of mine, the chances are that they would imitate my faults, as a certain French set do those of their master, who himself, however, imitates nobody. You would have a number of young men painting alike, and turning out work of the Millais pattern of a kind of average quality. Who are the influential men? The very ones who have worked almost alone. . . . You ask my opinion on Art education at this moment. It has never been so ample since the world began. Everything that has been done is to be seen in some form or other at the South Kensington Museum or in the National Gallery—a splendid collection, especially for education—and in the museums of the Continent. So much has been learned and done since these grand old masters lived and worked, that the educational course of Art has been greatly widened. It is the old story of the dwarf on the shoulders of the giant. The modern student sees farther and knows more because he has before him, not only the work of the ancients, but that of Raffaelle and Michael Angelo, of their predecessors and of

their successors down to to-day. Access to all this is very easy just now. The collections of Holland and Belgium are just across the road, as it were, and it costs less trouble and less money to see the Dresden Gallery, and even the Uffizi, or to study Tintoretto at Venice, or Velasquez and Murillo at Madrid and Seville, than it did fifty years ago to see the Louvre. Railways have helped students and young artists as they have helped others. . . . Raffaelle and Michael Angelo had comparatively little to study from compared with the modern student. All that previous work can teach him the latter can learn if he likes, and at the Academy we show him how to draw and paint. So far as my experience goes, it is of little use *telling* a student how to paint. The teacher must take the brush in hand and show him how it is done. Painting is, up to a certain point, so purely technical a thing that it must be learnt, like sewing or sawing, filing or turning, from actual instruction, and by great attention and practice. The manual dexterity can be acquired, like some knowledge of colour, composition, and so forth, but only up to a certain level, beyond which painting worthy of the name is too subtle a thing to be passed from hand to hand or from mind to mind.

"'I have read most of the best books on Art, and I do not see it explained. I quoted Walker just now, whose poetry seemed to be in his fingers only, and who, apparently, did exquisite work, as a violet has a sweet scent naturally. Some students acquire manual skill far more rapidly than others, but nearly all may become so far proficient in time as to copy, and sometimes fairly to imitate. But I need not tell you that painting of a high kind begins where all this leaves off. It is when the student has assimilated the knowledge of others, and has acquired the power of using his brush freely, that he has a chance of becoming a genuine painter. The strength to make this bound over the limits of teaching is not given to all, but it is this which marks the painter's work as original. Probably very few good painters could exactly define the moment of their emancipation, which is often slower than we might guess from their pictures. This process, however, has little to do with the actual technical teaching we are now giving our students at the Royal Academy. They have done wonderfully well at the competition this year (1884); many of their paintings show extraordinary proficiency. The average of skill is, I know,

immeasurably higher than it was thirty, or even twenty, years ago. Whether from this high average artists of great and original power will spring is more than we can tell. It seems reasonable to expect a great result, although we must not forget that Turner, like Walker, owed little to teaching.'

"In answer to a query relative to the scarcity of figure pictures in such exhibitions as that of the Institute, he said: 'We are living in an age of transition. The old order of things is giving place to what is newer, if not better. There seems to be a demand for truth, for actuality. The reason that historical and large *genre* pictures are now less painted than formerly is, that there is much less heart in the work. Probably the painter does not believe in it, nor the public either, so much as they once did. Would anybody now buy, much less paint, any of those friends of our childhood, "Alfred in the Neatherd's Hut," "Canute and his Courtiers," or "The Finding of the Body of Harold"? The painter might laugh at his own work.' . . . .

"'There is still an interest in works of a devotional character; but the passionate, intensely realistic, and Dante-like faith and worship which inspired the old masters is extinct, or nearly so. It is the difficulty of giving agreeable reality to sacred subjects which daunts the modern artists, living in a critical age and sensitive to criticism. I should like very much to paint a large devotional picture, having for its subject "Suffer little children to come unto Me"; I should feel the greatest delight in painting it; but the first question that occurs to me is, what children do we care about? Why, our own fair English children, of course; not the brown, beady-eyed, sinuous-looking children of Syria. And with what sense of fitness could I paint the Saviour, bare-headed under the sun of Palestine, surrounded by dusky gipsy-like children; or, on the other hand, translate the whole scene to England? The public is too critical to bear this kind of thing now, and I should be weighed down by the sense of unreality in treating a divinely beautiful subject.'"

"It is curious," says Mr. W. Armstrong, "that at the moment that Millais was saying these words to his interviewer, a picture on the very lines he suggests only to condemn, was being made in a Munich studio. Frederick Uhde was painting the 'Laissez venir à Moi les petits enfants,' which created such a sensation at the last Salon, and was putting into it not the 'brown, beady-eyed, sinuous-

looking children' of Palestine, but the flaxen-haired, heavy-limbed little maidens of Bavaria, and was setting them not against the blue skies and yellow plains of the East, but under a German cottage roof, among German fathers and mothers, and with every surrounding Teutonic, except the figure of Christ Himself. . . . The world is much older than it was thirty or forty years ago. It not only knows more in reality, but is more knowing in its attitude.

"To a suggestion that the world now cares little for the past facts of history, and wants such actuality as Dumas the younger, Sardou, and Ohnet give it, he [Millais] says:—'I cannot help thinking that a great deal of confusion arises from the use of the adjectives "historical" and "real." They have no scientific precision. Historical painting means different things, at different times, and in different months. Raffaelle and other great painters of his time illustrated sacred history by their work; but in another sense the portraits of Titian, Velasquez, and Vandyck are historical pictures of the highest value. And Hogarth is a true historical painter, as well as a great satirist, for he has painted his time with marvellous strength and exactness. "Realism," again, is understood to signify all kinds of things by different people. One will understand it as a mere literal transcript of Nature, another the same thing after being distilled or smelted in the artists' mind. . . .'"

As to Art Schools, Millais' love for the Royal Academy and its course of training, by which he himself had profited so much, could hardly fail to influence his choice. Speaking at the Academy banquet in 1895, he said:—

"I entered the antique school as a probationer when I was eleven years of age, then became a student in the life school, and I have risen from stage to stage until I reached the position I now hold of Royal Academician, so that, man and boy, I have been intimately connected with this Academy for more than half a century. I have received here a free education as an artist—an advantage any lad may enjoy who can pass a qualifying examination—and I owe the Academy a debt of gratitude I can never repay. . . . I love everything belonging to it—the casts I have drawn from as a boy, the books I have consulted in our library, the very benches I have sat on, not forgetting my dear, good brother-members who surround me at this table."

To "draw" him on the subject, it was only necessary to come and ask him, as so many intending students did from time to time, what French artist's studio he would recommend. He would say to us afterwards, "That young man will never get on; he is the victim of fashion." And

LADY CAMPBELL (Miss Nina Lehmann). 1884
Commencement of second portrait

then—with a growl at the Little Englanders of Art—"as if our own school was not good enough! The Academy, the Slade, or young Cope would teach him to paint just as well as any French master, if he 's got any grit in him."

Success in Art depends on the man himself, not on where he is taught; and, as to the curriculum of the schools, his views were precisely the same as Leighton's, whose address

to the students at the distribution of prizes, in December, 1879, drew forth the following letter:—

To Sir Frederick Leighton, Bart., P.R.A.

"DEAR LEIGHTON,—I was suffering all yesterday with toothache, otherwise I would have attended the distribution last night. The ceremony is always most interesting to me, awakening as it does many anxious and happy recollections. My object in writing to you is to say I have read your address, which I think so beautiful, true, and *useful* that I cannot but obey an impulse of congratulating you upon it. For some time past I have been jotting down notes on Art, which some day may be put into form, and I find we are thinking precisely in the same way. Indeed, in what I have written I have used identically the same words as those you declaimed yesterday. The exponents of Art surround it in such a cloud of mystery that it is a real gain when a practical authority is able to say something definite and clear the way.

"Yours ever,

"J. E. MILLAIS."

These "Notes on Art" were unfortunately destroyed—all save one short one in the following words:—

"FASHION IN ART.

"At this moment, who are the masters most in fashion? Look at the prices realized at Christie's, and you will very soon arrive at the conclusion that they are our own portrait-painters of the last century—Reynolds, Gainsborough, and Romney. They obtain higher prices than even the great Venetians.

"The charm, too, attaching to these works is very great, and it is easy to understand why they are so coveted. They are often beautiful as works of Art, and in their possession the happy owner daily lives in the best society. They give an air of distinction to the house. They decorate and harmonise with plate and furniture of the same period. The *tout ensemble* is, perhaps, more socially agreeable than any other, whilst the portraits of Titian, Velasquez, and Vandyck are *severer*, and are therefore not. . . ." *Cetera desunt.*

Miss Edith Durham kindly sends me the following note on this subject:—"I was a student in the Royal Academy schools from 1886–91, and was working in the 'Upper Life' when Sir John came round the painting schools for, I believe, the last time. . . . June or May, 1888. To us it was a great event, and I shall not easily forget the cheery good nature with which he looked at everyone's work. 'Draw, draw,' he said; 'never be afraid of an outline. Take a sable and some Indian red, and draw.' To someone who remarked that 'painting was very difficult,' he replied promptly, 'I should hope it is! *Where would I be if all you young fools could paint?*'"

His sentiments as an artist were fairly expressed by his old friend O'Neil, R.A., in some lines he sent to Millais, of which the last stanza runs thus:—

> "With this advice I end. Let men obey
> Their mother, Nature—safest, best of guides.
> Fortune is but the offspring of the day;
> Enduring fame is won by steps, not strides—
> She tells us when to sow and when to reap,
> When it is time to wake, and when to sleep."

But his influence was by no means confined to the encouragement of good work in every branch of Art. That he was equally interested in the preservation of our Art treasures we have seen in his indignant protest against the neglect of our National Portrait Gallery, and his persistent worrying of the Government until its contents were safely housed in a building worthy of their reception. Most anxious, too, was he to add to the Art possessions of the country any exceptionally valuable works that might otherwise fall into foreign hands; and to this end he addressed himself on one occasion

To Miss Gladstone.

"2, PALACE GATE, KENSINGTON,

"*July 7th*, 1884.

"DEAR MISS GLADSTONE,—I was so keen on my work this morning, and so anxious not to venture on a subject which might disturb your father, that I purposely refrained from speaking of the Blenheim pictures. Feeling, however, that time is of importance, I do not hesitate to write you

a line to say that I earnestly hope he will see his way to grant for the National Gallery pictures not less than £160,000. With that sum at the disposal of the trustees, I have good reason to hope that three of the chief pictures — the Raphael, Rubens' family picture, and Vandyck's 'Charles the First' may be obtained for the country. The Rubens portrait of himself, Helena Forman, and child, is regarded by Dr. Waagen, in his *Galleries and Cabinets of Art*, as quite one of the finest works of the master; and Mr. C. Wertheimer, who is the best living authority on the value of old masters, tells me he can find a purchaser who will give £50,000 for it at once. Large as the sum £160,000 undoubtedly is, I don't think Mr. Gladstone will regret the outlay, and I for one would rejoice to think that his name will be for ever associated with so splendid an acquisition as is now within our reach.

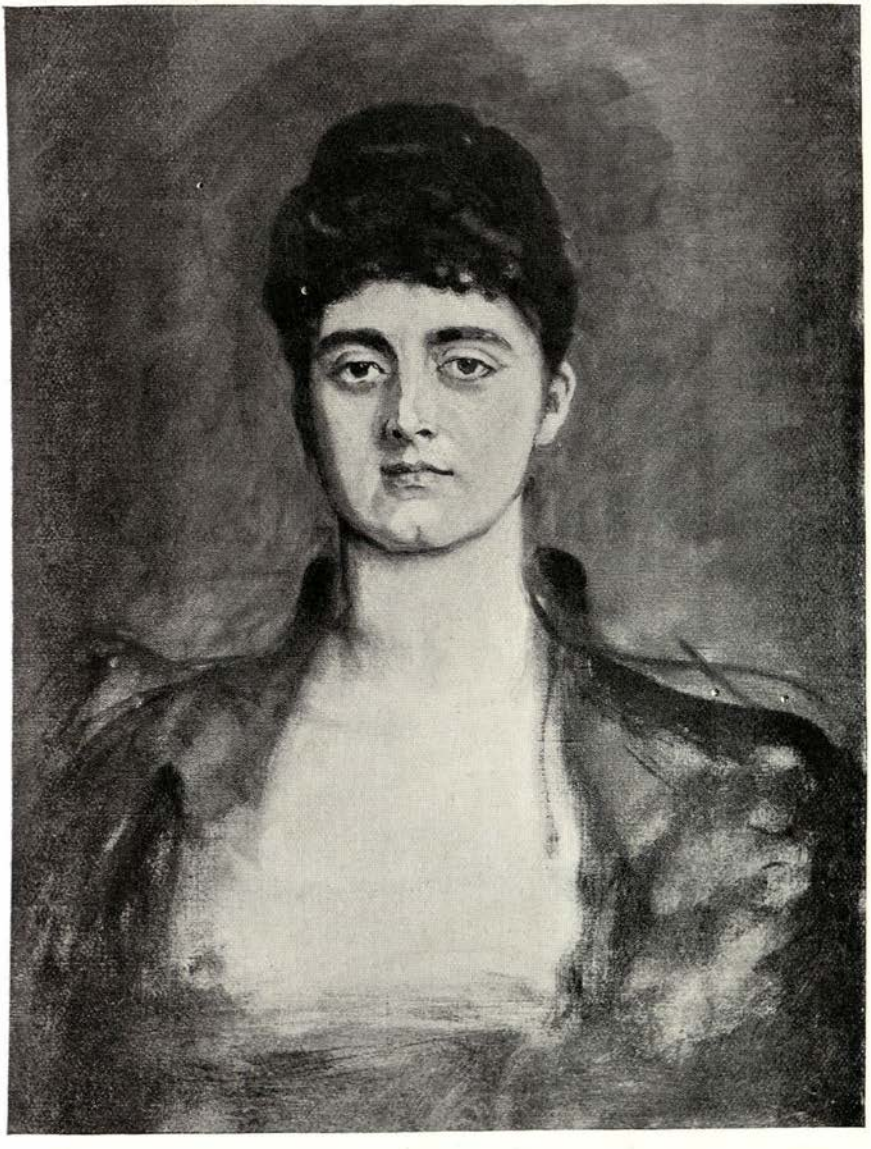
"I am induced to write this because I feel sure no satisfactory purchase can be made with £100,000 only.

"Believe me, yours sincerely,

"J. E. MILLAIS."

Happily his letter met with success. The amount he asked for was granted, and these famous paintings were rescued from the fate of so many priceless works that had recently been allowed to escape into other lands. False and foolish economy he considered the refusal to secure them, when other and poorer nations were glad to take them at the prices asked; but what he lamented far more sorely was the penny-wise and pound-foolish policy of giving enormous sums for the pictures of deceased artists that might have been bought for a fourth or a fifth of the amount during the lifetime of the painter. This, he insisted, was not only a gross waste of public money and cruelly discouraging to the great artists of the day, but reflected seriously on the intelligence of the governing body, as implying an incapacity on their part to estimate the value of a picture until all the world had pronounced upon its merits.

Chantrey, the sculptor, would have been a still happier man than he was, when making his bequest to the Royal Academy, had he known what a new era this generous gift of his opened up; for now the distribution of the annual allowance for pictures is entrusted to the Academy authorities, and that they know a good picture when they see it is



LADY DALHOUSIE (Two Sittings). *Circ.* 1886

clear enough from the use they have made of the money. Few, indeed, could find fault with their selection in any year since this duty was imposed upon them, for all the pictures they have bought are undeniably of the highest rank in Art. The only difficulty was to find a place where they could be well seen and enjoyed by the public.

And now, while pressed with this consideration, came Sir Henry Tate's princely offer to present to the nation his priceless collection of modern pictures, and a fine gallery in which to house them. Strange to say, this offer was met in no generous spirit. All sorts of difficulties were put in his way, and the would-be donor was even subjected to personal insults that would have driven from his purpose any man less thoroughly and heartily patriotic. Englishmen who fly to the galleries of Paris, Madrid, Dresden, or Antwerp, to instil in their children a love for Art, can hardly be proud to think that amongst their own countrymen should exist a body of educated men who would fail to appreciate the most disinterested gift to the nation which this century has seen. Millais was indignant beyond measure at the spirit they exhibited. "It was here in my dining-room," he exclaimed, "that Mr. Tate, Leighton, and Lord Carlisle met, and we talked it over and settled it as far as we could. You see the utter hopelessness of establishing anything, even for the good of the nation, when there are insolent disturbers about!"

The insolent disturbers prevailed for a while, but eventually, owing to the exertions of Sir William Harcourt, Mr. Tate was offered the fine site which his gallery now occupies at Millbank. When Millais was in Scotland Sir Henry Tate wrote asking his opinion of this site, and received the following characteristic reply:—

To Sir Henry Tate, Bart.

"PERTH,

"*November 20th*, 1892.

"DEAR TATE,—I would accept, *without a moment's hesitation*, the land offered for your gallery. The situation is *splendid* and open, with that grand old river in front. *Nothing in Kensington would be as good.*

"There will be grumblers, whatever you decide on. Don't

listen to them. I am proud to think that my dear old friend, Sir William Harcourt, is the man who will have done this great service to the national Art.

"With kind regards,

"Ever yours sincerely,

"J. E. MILLAIS."

At last the gallery was built—a gallery devoted to modern Art such as may fairly challenge comparison with the works of the old masters—but unhappily Millais did not live long enough to witness its completion. In a letter to me Sir Henry Tate says:—"I may say he took great interest in the gallery, and even asked for photographs of the building, on which he wrote, about a fortnight before his death, 'Quite satisfied.—J. E. M.'"

Now for a word or two as to the critics. That Millais was not very anxious to cultivate their good graces may be gathered from a letter of his

To Mrs. Jopling.

"*April 22nd*, 1884.

"DEAR MRS. JOPLING,—I am afraid I failed to answer your letter requesting the admission of an Art critic to see my pictures. I have only just found it among a heap of unanswereds. . . . I am afraid I have incurred the displeasure of at least a dozen Art critics who have solicited the same opportunity, but it is really *impossible* to grant all the applications I receive, and I must take the consequence. There is a day set apart at the Royal Academy especially for their convenience. . . . "Yours sincerely,

"J. E. MILLAIS."

It can hardly, indeed, be supposed that he had any special liking for a body of men so many of whom did their best to crush him at the most critical period of his life. Nor did he think any the more highly of them when, foiled in their effort, they turned round and covered him with effusive praise. He had learnt by this time to estimate at its worth the criticism of men who so abused their office under shelter of the editorial "we," and was neither elated nor depressed by anything they said.

His victory over these pseudo-critics was far wider-reaching

in its results than at first appeared. Public confidence in the Art criticism of the day received a severe shock, and could only be restored by the introduction of new and more healthy elements. It must be lifted on to a higher and more intellectual plane; and, in response to the public demand, this was done. Men of wider views and higher culture were pressed into the service, and though it is true that real Art critics are born, not made—and few indeed are they who can boast this excellent gift outside the body of artists themselves—the *best* Art criticism of to-day leaves little to be desired in point of tone and discriminative power. In every case there is at least an intelligent effort, perhaps even a feverish desire, to understand the object and aspiration of the painter whose work is under review, instead of the old formula in dealing with an unknown artist, which seemed rather to be, "Here is a new man, whose aim and methods I do not understand. He therefore must be wrong. Come, let us damn him."

To Mr. F. G. Stephens belongs the honour of having first discovered and interpreted to the world the meaning and merits of Millais' works, and of having manfully stuck to his opinions from first to last, in spite of all opposition.* Mr. Spielmann, too, has of late years made a special study of these works, and his views as recorded in the Press are, almost without exception, not only broad-minded, but correct.

Of other Art critics, with one or two exceptions, enough perhaps to say that they belong for the most part to the rank of Press-men, and however clever in their own vocation, they can hardly be accepted as trustworthy guides in the realm of Art. Mr. Frith, in his *Reminiscences*, expresses himself strongly on this point, objecting to all criticism of Art by Press-men. "Why," he asks, "should literary men criticise painting? Artists do not criticise their work. They are judged by their compeers. . . . . I would here advise all artists, young and old, never to read Art criticism. Nothing is to be learnt from it. Let me ask any painter if, when he wants advice upon any difficulty in the conduct of his work, he would seek it from an Art critic? No, I reply for him; he would apply to an artist friend."

Millais was never on terms of intimacy with *any* of the

* W. M. Rossetti also fought hard for the Pre-Raphaelites, whenever he could obtain a hearing.

critics. When they called, he received them, of course, with the civility that as gentlemen they had a right to expect, but nothing more. To go beyond this would have been to belie his own nature, which would never permit him to affect a greater cordiality than he felt; otherwise he might perhaps have met with better treatment at the hands of some of the craft. The suggestion may seem uncharitable. Would that it were so; but, knowing what I do, I cannot withdraw it. Only a year or two before my father's death a critic in the employment of one of the leading London papers and *a bit of a picture-dealer as well* (to say more would expose his identity, as I have no desire to do) called one day at Palace Gate to inquire about a valuable old picture that he was bent on getting hold of. Millais told him it was not for sale—that he meant to keep it himself—but, in nowise daunted by the refusal, the critic called again and again about it, until at last, annoyed by his persistence, Millais peremptorily refused to discuss the matter any further.

The Academy Exhibition now came on, and Millais' contributions were all but universally acknowledged as amongst his finest works. There was, however, one striking exception to the general sentiment. In the paper with which this critic was connected appeared a notice of his exhibits so utterly ridiculous and so virulent in tone as to leave no room for doubt as to the motive of the writer. He had been baulked of his prey and repulsed in a way he did not quite like; and this was his revenge! My father never spoke to him afterwards.

In contrast with this unpleasant episode comes the following letter from Mrs. Perugini, already known to my readers as one of Millais' most intimate friends. The letter is addressed to myself.

From Mrs. Perugini.

"KENSINGTON,

"*July 1st*, 1898.

"DEAR JOHNNIE,—When you asked me to write down for you my impressions of your father, and a few of the things I recollected about him, I readily consented to do so, for indeed nothing seemed easier at the moment than to describe one whom I had so much reason to love and remember. It did not occur to me that it is perhaps more difficult to speak of

those we have known very well, than of mere acquaintances. When we have loved people, their very faults become dear to us, and unless we are very strong-minded indeed, we can seldom look upon their work or themselves with entirely unprejudiced eyes. Happily the largeness and straightforward simplicity of your father's character, and the lovable quality of his faults would make it difficult for even the most captious critic to find anything that was blamable in him; whilst the work he leaves behind him speaks in so distinct and unmistakable a language, that there is no necessity for anyone to interpret or describe it or attribute to it any meaning other than its creator intended it to have. Your father was a master of the art of making himself understood; he knew so perfectly what he had to say, and said it in so strong and simple and unaffected a fashion. His character is as plainly indicated on his canvases, I think, as though he had used a pen, and not a brush, to impress his individuality upon the world, and it is something beyond his craft as a workman and his genius as a painter which will always make 'a Millais' so interesting a study, not only to the lover of Art, but to the lover of all that is most real and sincere in human nature.

"Many years after I had sat for the girl in 'The Black Brunswicker' your father very kindly offered to paint my portrait, which was to be a present from himself to my husband. When I went to him for the first sitting, being anxious to save him trouble, I had put on a plain black dress, and placed myself in an easy attitude with my back to him and my profile turned towards him. 'That's capital,' he said, 'I am going to paint you just like that; don't stir.' I didn't stir, and at the end of two hours, when he told me I might have a rest, I found I could scarcely hobble across the room, so stiff had my easy attitude made me. It was during one of these intervals, I remember, and when we were talking what he called 'shop,' that I once asked him, which did he consider was the best sort of training for an Art student? He took me to the window and, drawing aside the blind, he said: 'Look, my dear; I would place him in this chair here, and I would give him a pencil and a sheet of paper, and I would make him draw all that he sees passing in the street below—that hansom cab loitering along; the little girl bowling her hoop, with her sister and the governess following her slowly; the policeman at the corner, and the

cart of flowers and vegetables over there by the roadside. Then I would bid him look up into the sky, and try what he could make of those white clouds hurrying so quickly across the blue. If, after a short or a long time, he could draw some of these things accurately, or in such a way as to convey exactly the meaning of what he saw to the spectator —in fact, my dear, if he had an eye to see with, and a brain to understand—he would be an artist, and not all the teaching of all the masters in the world could do much more for him!'

"I ventured to say that every Art student might not possess his gift of observation, in which case—'In which case, my dear, a man had better not be an artist at all,' he said. 'Let him *deal* in pictures instead of painting them; it is a much more remunerative occupation.' But in spite of this sweeping condemnation of the less observant artist, your father was always kind to all young students who went to him for advice or help, and an encouraging word was never wanting from him when he saw a ray of hope or promise in any work, however crude it might be. I think your father greatly modified his views on the subject of Art training in later years; but at the time I am speaking of, he was strongly opposed to the teaching of Art as it was then taught in the schools, and was very greatly in favour of a man's teaching himself, through the medium of his own observation and temperament.

"Your father was so frequent a visitor at our house, and my husband and I looked upon him so much as one of ourselves, that he came and went in many moods and at all times and seasons. One day he would be in the gayest spirits, delighted with any small joke and pleased with everything. On the next perhaps he would appear quite depressed and silent, anxious only for a game of bezique or a chess problem to solve, in order to pass away a little of the time which must elapse before he would be able to return to the work that was absorbing him. During the latter part of his life he was just as ardent a worker as I remember him to have been in the days of 'The Black Brunswicker'—indeed I never saw any painter work with quite such enthusiasm as your father. His vitality and energy were as remarkable at the end of a long day of labour as at the beginning. If his morning's work had been unsuccessful, as sometimes happened, he would still do as he did so many years ago—wipe out everything, with a kind of eager impatience to

erase from his canvas what so displeased his eye—telling you at the same time *how* good he was going to make it next time. If he had satisfied himself, he was just as nervously anxious to go on with what he had begun as he used to be in the old days. His eagerness and restless industry were quite contagious, and no one who ever sat to him would have thought of hinting even that the sitting had been a long one, or that his model felt a little tired. When his work was finished, that is to say when he suddenly found that he could do no more for the day, he would hastily put aside his brushes, dismiss his model abruptly, and turn to the next best thing to be done; perhaps a pipe, or a walk in Kensington Gardens. From the time I first knew him until the end he was always the same busy, active, eager being—gifted with a great genius, a charming personality, and a goodness and kindness of heart that brought sunshine to any home he entered.

"Your father had one little weakness, about which we often used to tease him. He liked always to be right. Now we most of us do like to be right, and I think very few of us are often so near being right as your father; however, he was not infallible, and one day he was wrong. He happened to be walking up Piccadilly one afternoon in the company of a friend, smoking his pipe, and in one of his most genial moods. Coming towards them was a gentleman of a very stiff and formal demeanour. Your father immediately went up to this gentleman, and said in the most cordial manner possible, 'Glad to see you. Your name's Brown.' 'My name is *not* Brown,' said the gentleman severely. 'Ah, I thought not,' said your father, and resumed his walk and his conversation as though nothing had happened. At the corner of Bond Street he turned to his friend with that merry look in his eyes we all remember, and said, 'I suppose I put my foot in it that time, eh, old boy? But he was *very* like Brown, and I believe he *was* Brown!'

"I fear that in speaking of him I have alluded too frequently to myself, but you must forgive me; he was so intimately connected with all the joys and sorrows of my life that I can hardly dissociate myself from him, and when I think of him I remember also the long years—now far away—when his friendship was my constant pleasure, and at times my greatest comfort. "Yours,

"KATE PERUGINI."

CHAPTER XXIII.

REMINISCENCES OF MILLAIS, BY VALENTINE PRINSEP, R.A.

I FIRST made the acquaintance of John Millais at my father's house about the year 1854. Tall, thin, and active, his eager, handsome face, his clustering curls of dark hair, and his keen, bright eye—his whole presence—betokened a boyish energy which was quite remarkable. I was but a lad then, and he was already a man who had made his mark, but his youth and vivacity—almost bounce—strongly impressed me. Some few years after I myself began studying painting, and in 1858 I renewed my acquaintance with him—an acquaintance which, I am proud to say, quickly developed into an intimacy which lasted unbroken to his death. Through all the years I knew him he did not seem to change in disposition. The same boyish heartiness which characterised him in 1854 remained with him till 1895, when the hand of death gripped him by the throat. Age did not dull his powers of enjoyment, nor did success render him *blasé*. He remained a boy till the last. A day's sport, a game of cards or billiards (though latterly he ceased to play billiards)—any trifle where skill or pluck were concerned—he entered thoroughly into the spirit of the thing. I recollect his watching from my window two little chickens squaring up to each other. No boy could have laughed more heartily than he at the plucky little creatures, and he would not leave the window till one had yielded. On a memorable occasion I took him and Leighton to Henley Regatta. Millais was quite delightful. His admiration of the rowing, of the scene on the river, and above all of the many pretty girls to be found at Henley, was proclaimed aloud with a bubbling, boyish good humour which could give no offence. Nobody appreciated him more than Leighton, who, though he too enjoyed the beauty of the scene, had no taste for sport beyond that

"LITTLE NELL AND HER GRANDFATHER." 1886

which he thought it his duty as an Englishman to affect. Himself a solitary, self-contained man, he wondered at Millais' vivacity. "How I envy Millais his wonderful spirits and power of enjoyment," he said to me afterwards.

In the fifties no one could be less like the then received type of an artist than Millais. His clean-shaven lip and chin, and his whiskers worn in the fashion of the day ("mutton-chop"), contrasted with the beards worn by most artists, while in place of the flowing necktie, open collar, and velveteen coat of the many painters, Millais always appeared in a long frock-coat and high-standing "stick-up." In fact he looked like a successful and fashionable business man.

Rossetti told me, and Millais himself confirmed this story, that he (Millais) went one day to Donovan, who then had a great reputation as a phrenologist, to have his character recorded. Donovan was a shrewd man, and had many little dodges to discover the profession and tendencies of the people who came to consult him. All round his room, on shelves, he placed busts of eminent men of every profession, and by playfully calling attention to these, he often learnt what he wished to know of his clients. But Millais utterly foiled him. In vain Donovan pointed to his busts. "That's a fine head," he observed, pointing to a bust of Maclise. "Who is the old cock?" asked Millais. He knew none of them—neither Beethoven, Michael Angelo, nor Newton. When the character was delivered it recorded that the client was a shrewd man of business, with a great taste for mathematics, but was utterly deficient in imagination, would never make an artist, and probably could not tell pink from green. "Do you know who I am?" roared Millais, shaking the paper in Donovan's face. "I'm Millais." Donovan tried to get the paper back, but the indignant Millais carried it away.

How well I remember his visits to my studio in those early days! He would take a chair before the picture and stop me in the midst of the explanation I, as a nervous young artist, wished to make. "Wait! I see all that," he would cry. Then he would say some kind things, and then proceed to criticise. Millais' criticism was always to the point. He never reasoned about sentiment, nor did he trouble much about composition; he pointed out faults of drawing and proportion, and he always finished by saying, "Have you

got a bit of chalk?" If you produced your chalk he was terrible, going all over your picture. "That's too small. Your ear is in the wrong place; it ought to be there (chalk). It's extraordinary how seldom fellows get the position of the ear correctly. Bring that out—so (chalk). Drapery always sticks out so in Nature. Do this—and that"—and he did it in chalk. I confess I never had fear of Millais and his chalk, but I have known sensitive painters tremble before him. Latterly, I own, I kept the chalk away and presented him my palette and brushes, with which he was less reckless. Many a good hint I have thus received, for he was in his way an admirable critic, and really took pains with those pictures he liked. After a time he would cry, "There, that will do, we've had enough of pictures; let's talk of something else." Rossetti used to say that Millais didn't like his own pictures, and hated everyone else's. This might have been true of him when he was quite young, for young men are often intolerant, but certainly not in late years. I have always found him most lenient. "I know, my dear boy, how difficult it is to do good work—indeed, anything; I myself am so discouraged about my painting that I sometimes go to my wife and have a good cry." This was the man accused of carelessness!

Although Millais was so wholesale a critic, no one was more tolerant of criticism from a brother artist. "You come with a fresh eye," he would observe apologetically. He was easily convinced, and generally then and there proceeded to make suggested alterations. Very few of his own pictures pleased him, but when he had done a good thing he exulted in his triumph and would proclaim it loudly. When the Leyland gallery was exhibited at "Christie's," previous to the sale Millais went down and openly asserted that the "Eve of St. Agnes" was the best picture there. He was probably right. In anyone else the self-praise would have been offensive, but in Millais somehow it was so simple and boyish as to be delightful. Corot, the French landscape painter, had somewhat of the same joyous disposition. I remember once mentioning one of his pictures to him. "*Oh! c'est un fameux*," he cried, and he clacked his tongue to emphasise what he said, much as Millais would have done had he been a Frenchman.

It is not to be denied that at one time of his life Millais was thought by many to be very egotistical; but this arose

principally from his strong personality. He felt his strength. He was Millais, and the same intensity that enabled him to achieve his great works seemed to crystallise around his person. He himself was his own work. He had made his own way, and as he gloried in his pictures so he gloried in his success. But to his friends even his weakness had a charm. His faults were so transparent, his virtues so real, that we could not separate one from the other, and we loved him for both. A great heart lay concealed beneath the rough exterior. We could rely on him, for he was without envy or jealousy. Never was he insincere; never have I heard him make an unkind or disparaging remark of a contemporary, even of those held up as examples to him by foolish critics.

If Millais was egotistical it was due to his bringing up. From his earliest years his father was his humble servant—used to run his errands and fetch his colours; and the rest of the family were early aware that John was the bread-winner of the household. And when success came it never ceased.

One day, just after he was elected President, he met a *confrère* of the Royal Academy, Philip Calderon (now, alas! also dead) in Kensington Gardens. His fatal disease had not been declared by his physician, though it was suspected by his friends, and I feel convinced he himself realised the truth. "It will kill me," he said in a hoarse whisper, pointing to his throat. "But," he added, "I am ready and not afraid; I've had a good time, my boy, a very good time!" And so he had. No one has been the acknowledged head of his profession longer than he; no one had enjoyed greater success, and (let me add) no one was more admired and loved by his brother artists.

Of all the men it has been my lot to know during my life I think Millais was the one with the most natural ability. It was a pity these natural powers were not more cultivated in early life. I do not find that he was ever at school after the age of ten, when he entered the Royal Academy. Had the education of most of us been arrested at so early an age, I fear our intellectual development would have been strangely stinted. It is wonderful that Millais should have been able to keep level with the requirements of the men among whom he loved to live, furnished with so slight a stock of school knowledge. It only proves his wonderfully quick powers of mind. From the time he plunged into painting at the age of ten he devoted himself to his Art alone. This was no doubt

a gain for him in mere manual dexterity in his profession, but he could and would have done more, without giving up one jot of his pictorial dexterity, with his bright natural perceptions, had his mind been framed by more schooling. Soon after he had joined the Pre-Raphaelites, the Brethren published a literary journal entitled the *Germ* (which these young men chose to pronounce with a hard G). Seeing Rossetti occupied with the poetry which afterwards appeared in the *Germ*, Millais said one day, "I could write poetry if I wished," and he took a slate and straightway proceeded to write an epic! He filled the two sides of the slate with the delicate and minute handwriting which was always his, and then read it out. "And devilish good it was," said Rossetti to me, "but having read the slateful, he rubbed out the first side and continued the poem." Of course it was never finished, nor was what he had written preserved.

As a speaker Millais was wonderful. It is true he rarely spoke of anything but himself; but how dramatic and excellent it was! I call to mind one evening at a dinner at the Art Club, at which Leighton, the then newly-elected President of the Royal Academy, was the guest of the evening, Millais had to return thanks for the Art of Painting. It was the first time I heard him speak in public. The intensity of the man was quite remarkable. In a deep voice and slowly his words poured forth. "When I was a young man," he said, "William Makepeace Thackeray, having seen my pictures, came to call on me. And very proud I was, I can tell you, to make his acquaintance. And greatly did his sympathy cheer me at a time when most of the world was against me! Some years after, when things were going better with me, I met Thackeray at the Garrick Club, and he said to me, 'I have just come from Rome, where I have seen the cleverest young dog I ever met. Mark my words,' he added, clapping me on the shoulder, 'that young man will be President of the Royal Academy.' I own I thought these remarks in bad taste, and was not at all pleased; for at that time I was full of youthful ambition, and naturally thought that I myself ought to be President. Years have passed since then, and I have made the acquaintance of Frederick Leighton. And now I fancy I see old Thackeray before me, and his eyes twinkle behind his spectacles as he seems to say to me, 'Millais, my boy, I told you so!' I bow before my President and acknowledge the truth of

"THE MISTLETOE-GATHERER." 1884

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that great man's judgment." The words, as my memory has retained them, cannot convey the impression they made on those present, owing to the intensity of Millais' earnestness.

When he was leaving the club that evening, one of the members said to him, "That was a beautiful speech, Millais! Was it impromptu?" "Impromptu?" shouted Millais, with characteristic warmth. "Why, it took me three weeks to make it!"

On other occasions I have heard him speak, and always of himself and his experiences, and always in a way to excite the enthusiasm of his hearers. It has fallen to my lot to hear many celebrated orators, but I think Millais was by far the most impressive. His speech when he took the chair at the banquet of the Royal Academy, in the absence through ill-health of poor Leighton, who can forget who was present? His voice had lost all its old roar. It was husky through his terrible malady, but the audience (and a very difficult audience it is) were so still you might have heard a whisper. "I love it so," he said, alluding to the Academy, with which he had been associated so many years. "I love it all, from the very benches I sat on as a boy!"

I am unaware of any writing that Millais published with the exception of a short article in the *Magazine of Art*, which he called "Thoughts on our Art of to-day." This article was quite characteristic of the man. He called it "Thoughts on our Art," but it was entirely of his own Art that he wrote. He was moved to write by the undue prominence given by critics of late years to some painters of the last century. He felt that in praising the past unduly the present was too much neglected. He need have laboured under no apprehension on the matter. Fashion may place Romney and Morland on a pedestal to which they are not entitled, but time will assuredly return them to their proper place; and though age no doubt adds a charm to the work of the painter, fashion has more to do with the modern craze. Could it be possible that Millais, when he wrote this article, was losing that belief in himself which had been his characteristic through life? I think not. He was only actuated by a wish to do good to the members of his profession who had not enjoyed his success and were not, moreover, supported by his robust confidence in his own power.

Millais was a charming companion and a most picturesque conversationalist. His wit was playful and boyish, and when he described anything the description had all the brilliant rendering we find in his pictures. I call to mind an occasion when I met him at dinner at a house opposite Hyde Park, whose owner is now no more. Browning was of the party. Talking of "Stubbs' London," lately published by the Shakespeare Society, Browning quoted one of the curiosities of the book. "In Lambeth there is a ducking-stool, where 'Queans' were placed and thrice ducked in the Thames." "And," cried Millais, whose wife was away in the South of France, "a very good way of taking the waters. Don't you think so, L——?" turning to one of the guests, whose wife was also away. "Yes," said the latter, "and cheaper!"

When Cardinal Newman came to sit to him, I fear he rather shocked the priests who came with him, when he said gaily, pointing to his sitters' chair, "Come, jump up, you dear old boy!"* He took a boyish delight in everything that belonged to him, in his pictures, in his family in his house, and above all in himself. Nor was he the least discomforted by things that were said to him which might have ruffled the temper of one less confident.

During his visit to Italy—I think in the year 1864—Millais acquired a statue, which he fully believed to be by Michael Angelo. For a long time he was full of his statue. "Come and see my statue" was the first thing he said on meeting a friend. "Phillip," he said, "have you seen my statue?" "No," said John Phillip, "I have not; but I hear it is by God Almighty himself!" Woolner, who never would acknowledge any sculpture but his own, said on seeing it, "It is undoubtedly by Michael Angelo; "but," he added with a snarl, "it's a devilish bad thing." I do not think it is by the great man to whom Millais attributed it; but it certainly is not a bad thing. One leg and foot might have been touched by Michael Angelo; the rest is the work of some inferior man. Someone one day pointed out to Millais that one leg was too short. "Oh!" cried Millais, "every painter has a short leg even to his best picture."

Through Millais' artistic life—which was longer than that

* Millais' actual words were, "Oh, your eminence, on that eminence, if you please," pointing to the models' dais; and, seeing him hesitating, he said, "Come, jump up, you dear old boy!"—J. G. M.

"PERFECT BLISS" (In Progress). 1884

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given to most artists, from his having begun painting at so early an age—the joys of painting itself formed his principal pleasure. The beauty of Nature was a constant delight to him. He loved to watch the children playing in Kensington Gardens, and the Long Walk nearly opposite his house was a sure place to find him on summer afternoons. "They are the most beautiful things in this world," he said to me one day as we sat and watched. "What subjects

T. OLDHAM BARLOW, R.A. 1886.

to paint!" When he had what is called a good subject he was enthusiastic. I remember his loudly-expressed delight with his model when he was painting "The Beef Eater." When "The North-West Passage" was on the easel he could talk of nothing but of Trelawny, the friend of Byron and Shelley, and the author of *The Adventures of a Younger Son*, who sat for the principal figure. He told me a very characteristic story of this celebrated man who was, I believe, called the "Pirate" by his friends. One day Trelawny was riding with Byron, when the poet suddenly

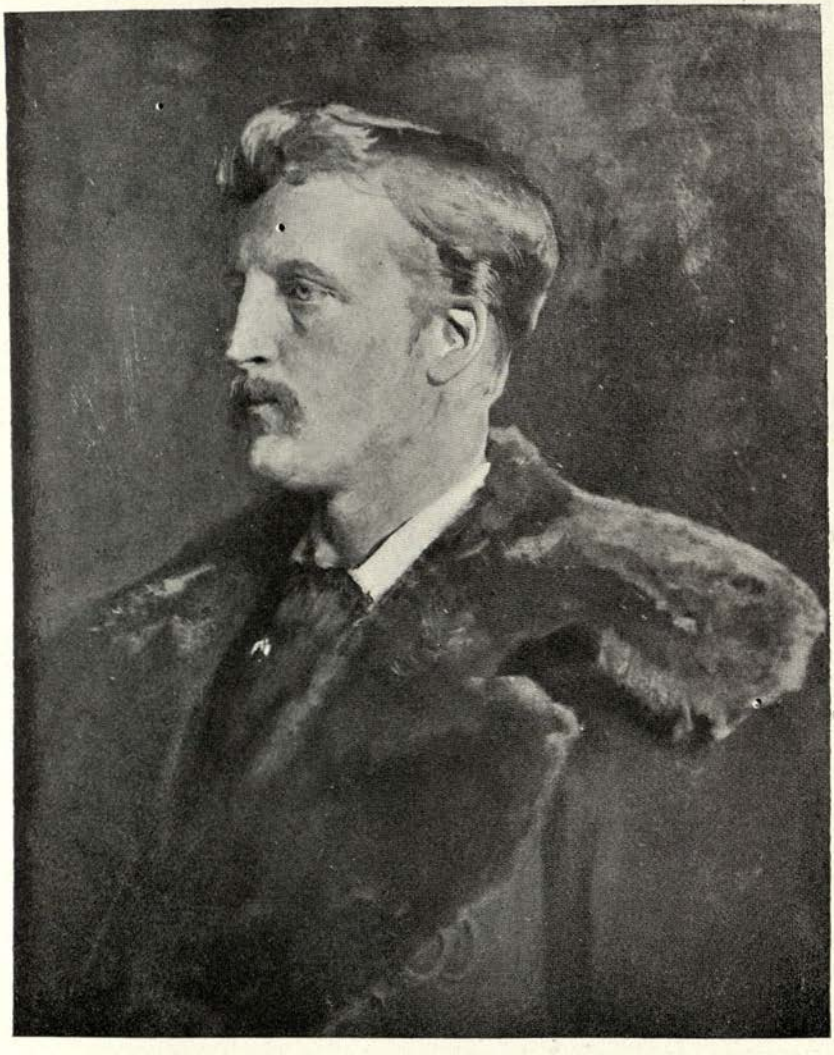
asked him what he thought was the ruling passion of mankind. "I," said Trelawny, "being an enthusiastic young man, said, love." "No," cried Byron, laying his hand on my horse's mane, "not love, Trelawny—malignity!"

It so happened a friend of mine was dining with an old friend of Trelawny's in the "Albany" just as this picture was being finished. They were astonished to hear a loud knocking at the door, and Trelawny's great voice asking for admission. On his entering the room the old man, in a furious voice, cried, "I want you to be my second. That fellow Millais has insulted me, and I'll have his blood." With great difficulty they found out the cause of offence. Trelawny was a strict teetotaler, and "That fellow Millais has handed me down to posterity with a glass of rum-and-water in one hand and a lemon in the other." This is not quite true; but it is an undoubted fact that the rum-and-water is there (and how admirably painted!). For some time Trelawny could not be appeased, but finally departed grumbling, "After all, I don't think it is Millais' fault. It's his wife's. She's a Scotchwoman, and the Scotch are a nation of sots." So his anger ended in an aphorism, and he was content.

As Nature had been singularly lavish in her gifts to Millais, she added to his intellectual qualities a remarkable personal comeliness. In early life he was singularly handsome. Tall and graceful, he excelled in all sports in which activity and address are necessary. In his boyish way he was proud of his looks. "No painter," he said to me many years ago," can draw who is not well proportioned. A man always reproduces himself."*

As he grew older he did not lose his beauty. In later life, though his figure had somewhat changed, though age had added weight and destroyed elasticity, he still carried himself without stooping. With his grey hair and whiskers, keen look, and singularly erect carriage of his head, he looked like an old lion, and he resembled the royal beast in his roar. During his last illness, when he was lying speechless in his bed, and his grey beard had already grown,

* Sir George Reid writes:—"On one of the days while he was with us here in 1894, an Art student called. As he was leaving, knowing the pleasure it would give him in after-life to say he had once shaken hands with Millais, I asked your father if I might introduce him. He received him, and talked with him in the kindest way; but after he was gone exclaimed, 'Oh! don't make him an artist, he's *too* ugly!' The poor lad certainly was rather plain."



THE MARQUESS OF LORNE, K.T. 1884

I never saw a more beautiful head. The touching affection with which in mute demonstration he greeted his old friends was enough to unman the firmest nerves, and I confess, though I had hoped by cheerful talk to enliven the sick-room, I was quite overcome, and could say nothing; nor was I the only one touched. The eminent surgeon who performed the operation which prolonged his life told me that when the operation was successfully completed Millais insisted on embracing him. "I," he said, "am from the necessity of my profession quite without emotion; but I confess I was quite overcome."

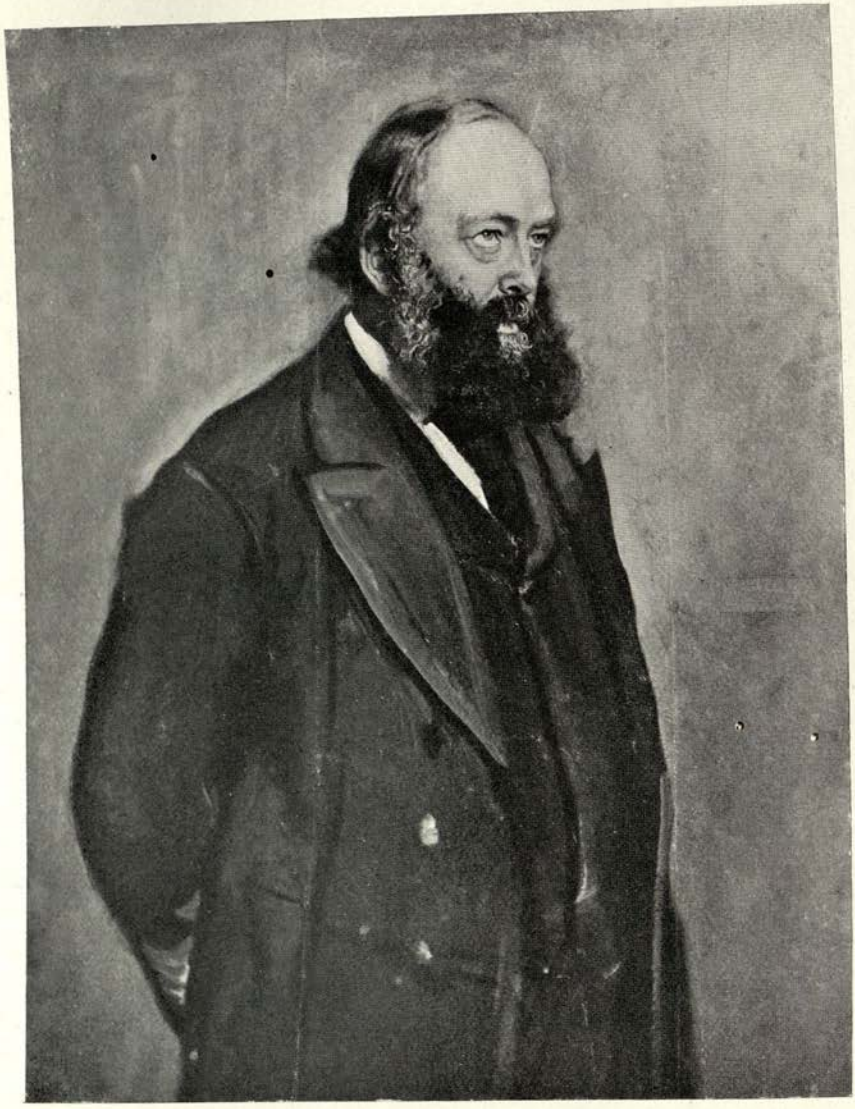
To the last Millais continued the emotional boy. And we, who knew and loved him, loved most this straightforward simplicity and heartiness, which was no humbug—this joyousness of the schoolboy which is seldom to be found when the world has knocked off the freshness of youth. Till the last illness his life was a delight to him. He had had a good time. "I have no enemies," he once said to me; "there's no man with whom I would not shake hands —except one, and, by Jove! I should like to shake him by the hand now."

To talk of Millais one must need to talk of his pictures, for they were Millais himself. The value of contemporary criticism is very doubtful, yet the opinion of the whole of the profession should have some weight, and about the exhibition now just closed at the Royal Academy there were no two opinions among painters. . . . The man was a transcendent painter, of that there can be no doubt; even critics admit so much. But they assert that when he changed his style he lost all powers of imagination; that he was, moreover, careless, slovenly, without beauty. I call to mind meeting him in 1859, when he brought his pictures up from Scotland to the exhibition. I asked permission to see them. "Come by all means," said Millais, "but you fellows won't like them." I may explain that I was then a Pre-Raphaelite. I went to Langham Chambers, where they were on view, and found "The Vale of Rest" and "Apple Blossoms." His style had completely changed; nevertheless I did like the pictures in spite of the change, nor do I find any lack of imagination in them or in the subsequent work.

Millais from the first sought out the poetry of Nature. He began to study it in its infinite variety of detail, and he rendered it, owing to the matchless delicacy of his hand,

in a way which for minuteness and truth has never been equalled. As he acquired more experience his treatment became broader. Still leaning on Nature, all his masterpieces were reminiscences—impressions according to the modern term—of Nature itself. But in rendering Nature Millais was a true poet. It has been said that imagination is only a form of memory. The book of Nature was Millais' lifelong study, and the best things he did were those for which he went straightest to the fountain-head. The early successes, "The Huguenot," "The Order of Release," "The Carpenter's Shop" were astounding pieces of work, completely carried out; but the Nature in them was somewhat cramped. The painting was most skilful, but was rather too imitative. In these pictures the stuff of the gowns, etc., formed too great a portion of the picture. The effect as a whole was often sacrificed to the detail. The genius of the painter flashed out in spite of the archaism of treatment in the expression and effect. The effect he strived for was often noble, more noble than in his later works, and there is in these pictures a certain *naïveté* that captivates the imagination, as in the works of the early Italians, from whom the idea of Pre-Raphaelitism was derived. In these early Italians, as in the early Millais', there was mighty effort, there was great imagination; but the work was incompletely—or, perhaps, it is better to say immaturely—imagined.

From the time of "The Vale of Rest" all this changed. The pictures—that is the best of them—became gradually more thorough and homogeneous. The imagination was gradually matured. Take the "Ophelia"—a most beautiful picture wondrously worked, enchanting in its deftness of handling. That woman floating down the placid stream, singing her mad song, had it been rendered with the knowledge and breadth with which certain backgrounds were afterwards painted (notably "Cherry Ripe" or Mrs. Myers' portrait), what a depth and solemnity there would have been! what a shadow beneath those willows! As it is, this picture is a most admirable work—the work of an astoundingly talented young man. Look at the mystery in "The Eve of St. Agnes." Is that not imagination? And "The Martyrdom of St. Stephen," and many others. Much as I admire "The Carpenter's Shop," I do not think in painter-like quality it comes near these. "The Blind Girl" is much



THE MARQUESS OF SALISBURY. 1883

By permission of the Fine Art Society

more thorough. Again, "Speak! Speak!" is a picture none but Millais could have attempted, and certainly none but he could have carried out. When I saw that picture in his studio I told him how delighted I was with it, and I ventured to say, "We do not want Reynolds and Gainsborough from you; we want John Everett Millais. And thus we have it." But my remark was not just. However much he was influenced by Sir Joshua's success in painting children, in no case could any one of his pictures be attributed for one moment to anything else. They are stamped with his genius, and all that is good in them is his, and his alone. In truth it must be said that many of these pictures failed to satisfy those fastidious critics whose canons of Art were founded on the works of the masters of the past. I have heard eminent men say that they thought "Speak! Speak!" stupid. They have justly pointed out many incongruities and defects in the treatment which perhaps cannot be defended. There are the same defects to be found in "The Huguenot," and in most of the early pictures. In Millais there were often these inconsistencies. Probably this arose from his want of early training at school. . . . . For mere school-knowledge he cared nothing. There was no one more careless about the history of Art. That a picture was good was enough for him—he was indifferent to the questions that occupied many as to who painted the picture. "All I can say is, I should like to have done it," he would say. It was in the execution he took unbounded delight. The mere laying on of colour was a joy to him, for he was a consummate master of that part of his profession. "If I were a rich man," he said to me when he had his admirable portrait of the Duke of Westminster on his easel, "If I were a rich man, I would pay someone to paint pictures for me, and spend my time in putting high lights in the boots." There are many pictures which he painted which are astounding *tours de force*. The Pender children, "The Beef Eater," the portrait of Mrs. Myers, and many others, are, to my mind, the finest examples of his genius, and all display an audacious disregard of what is ordinarily received as good Art. There are blues and reds harmonised together in a way that no one but Millais could have dared, and with a success due to his great genius.

To criticise such a man is easy. But what should be the duty of a true critic? Surely not to point out faults alone,

but rather to discover and dwell on beauties. The faultless work of Art is cold, passionless, and, I venture to say, commonplace. Yet are there some who can only see the flannel shirt of the man in "Speak! Speak!" and the unfortunate leg in "The Huguenot."

"Every fine work has a short leg," cried Millais when a friend criticised his statue. So Voltaire criticised Shakespeare. Surely transcendent merit atones for such blemishes. There is in these works no smell of the lamp. All comes bubbling forth straight from the painter's mind, and sparkling with the magic of his wondrous execution; and in the presence of such, criticism should be dumb.

Millais several times attempted important historical work, and, it must be owned, without great success. He had no sympathy for abstract and decorative work. So, in spite of the prodigious executive skill which may be witnessed nearly all through these pictures, the result of the whole is not satisfactory. He began his work without much premeditation, and was full of fire and impatience to get to the painting in which he delighted. It was not surprising, therefore, that he sometimes found himself deceived in his first impression. Nevertheless, with his dogged obstinacy he carried the picture through, often spending thereon more time than he would have bestowed on two or three successful works. And he would own that he had often done things unworthy of his genius. "And who hasn't?" he would add. He was much disheartened by the want of success of those pictures which he thought were his best. "The Carpenter's Shop" was scoffed at; "The Vale of Rest" and "Sir Isumbras" both hung on his hands; "The Eve of St. Agnes" was unpopular. When I saw it on the wall of its first owner I was assured that the whole family infinitely preferred "their little Webster." Yet all these have won their way to fame, and have all of them fetched many times the price originally paid for them.

There are, however, two notable exceptions to what I have said above: "Sir Isumbras" and "Moses." Of "Moses" I am unwilling to say much, as it is years since I saw it; but my recollection of it is very vivid, and I remember it as a fine and thoroughly successful work. "Sir Isumbras," however, was at the last Winter Exhibition, and it is not only an exception, but it proves the rule. Here we have a picture of which any Venetian might be proud; the glamour of the

"OLIVIA." 1882

By permission of Mr. James Orrock

execution is prodigious. Parts of the painting have never been excelled, and the whole tone is highly and essentially decorative. Moreover, in this picture alone of all Millais' work there is what Ruskin called a "noble conventionalism.' Nature is there, but truth of effect is wilfully disregarded. The whole picture is one glow of decorative colour—a climax of Pre-Raphaelite training, in which imagination takes the place of absolute truth. It so happened that in after-years he was asked to retouch this picture, to add some trappings to the horse. Steeped as he was then in natural effects, he had ceased to care for the fine ideal; so he tried to reconcile the laws of Nature with the imagining of his early years, and by doing so certainly injured the general conception. Luckily he restrained himself, or he would certainly have spoiled his early work.

To the last Millais was a profound student of Nature, and to Nature he went for every trifle he painted. No trouble was spared in procuring what he wanted. I went with him somewhere in the sixties to several music shops to search for a particular coloured back of a piece of music, which he wished to paint in a picture called "The Poor Governess." But though a true lover of Nature, he was Nature's master, not her slave; and what he painted was no mere imitation (as it was in some of his earlier work), but a rendering. In his later work he was impetuous, but never careless. He had always a fear of appearing laborious. He dreaded hardness, which comes too often from over-elaboration. He knew from experience when he had done enough to express what he wanted. "Then that will do," he would say, and put away his brushes. But he had no fear of detail; in fact he revelled in it. There is no picture he ever painted more elaborate than "The Princess Elizabeth" (a comparatively late work) and none more masterly in treatment. In some of his landscapes—"The Old Garden," "The Fringe of the Moor," and other late pictures—the details are as fully carried out as in the "Ferdinand and Ariel" or the "Ophelia."

When we were hanging the Millais Exhibition, many of his pictures were brought to us in a very deplorable state of filth. I mention this as a warning to owners of many noble works. Glass does not entirely protect a picture against the influence of our unfortunate climate, and it would be well for the reputation of this great artist if, from time to

time, the owners of his incomparable works would have them carefully washed and looked at.

To sum up, Millais, as an artist, was essentially of his age. He lived and worked with a keen sense of all that was around him. He was a modern of the moderns, owing less than any painter I know to those who had gone before or those who were contemporary. He loved sport, he enjoyed all kinds of games. To the last he was a joyous and engaging companion. And all these qualities we find in his pictures, realised through his vivid perceptive qualities, and rendered as Nature has never been rendered before by his transcendental powers as a painter. His nature was as his Art—joyous, bubbling with life, incapable of meanness; a boy till the last, yet a man of the greatest power. No painter excelled in so many branches of Art, no one has been more loved or so regretted by his contemporaries.

When "Flaming June," by Leighton, occupied the centre of the north wall of the big room of the Royal Academy, "Speak! Speak!" hung in the corresponding centre. The one seemed to me to be like music—the harmonies all thought out, the lines carefully and artfully composed, self-contained, melodious, and monumental in qualities, like a great sonata. The other like the drama—full of humanity and feeling, stirring a different set of nerves, striking a more human chord, enchanting us by its surprise and by its wisdom. That two such men should have lived at the same time is a glory to our school. At the commencement of our Royal Academy there were also two men who rose supreme above their contemporaries—Sir Joshua Reynolds and Thomas Gainsborough. They were rivals in the same art of portrait painting. When Gainsborough was dying he sent for Sir Joshua, from whom he had been estranged for some time, to bid him a long farewell. "We shall meet again," said the dying man, "and Vandyck will be of that company." These two other great artists and friends have joined Reynolds, Gainsborough and Vandyck now, and we may rest assured that the great ones of the past will proudly welcome them as equals.

CHAPTER XXIV.

SOME RECOLLECTIONS OF MILLAIS BY LORD JAMES OF HEREFORD, MRS. RICHMOND RITCHIE, AND HIS DAUGHTER (MRS. CHARLES STUART-WORTLEY)

I FIRST saw John Everett Millais in the early fifties. As a student in the Temple I had formed a great friendship with Frank Talfourd, the eldest son of Mr. Justice Talfourd, and so I became a frequent guest at the judge's house in Russell Square, where very attractive gatherings took place. Most eminent judges, well known authors and authoresses, popular actors and actresses would be found mingling there. In one evening I listened to the sage sayings of the Chief Baron Sir Frederick Pollock, was introduced to Charlotte Brontë, and escorted Mrs. Keeley to the supper-room.

At one of these gatherings I met John Millais. He was then some twenty-three or twenty-four years of age, but had already secured much fame for himself as the great leader of the Pre-Raphaelite school; and I well recollect how interested I was when first I saw "young Millais." He was standing in a doorway talking to a lady. What a handsome couple they were! The lady was his future wife.

Some years elapsed before I became intimate with Millais. Being elected a member of the Garrick Club, I found Millais one of the foremost amongst the distinguished men frequenting the old Club house in King Street. Night after night some twelve or fifteen men gathered in the smoking-room of the Club. Thackeray, Dickens, Anthony Trollope, John Leech, Robert Keeley, Charles Reade, Shirley Brooks, and others equally well known in different callings formed a group it was pleasant enough to associate with. Amongst them all my closest intimacy was with Millais.

There was one incident connected with Millais' early days at the Garrick Club he never wearied of repeating and laughing at. At the afternoon whist Charles Reade constantly

assisted. He was a very slow player and occupied a long time to consider very little. One of the players, an intimate friend of his, on the occasion of a longer pause than usual, said to him, "Now, old Cockamaroo, play something." Reade's dignity was offended, and in the evening he wrote a formal letter demanding an apology and intimating that, failing it, an appeal would be made to the committee. The member so addressed replied by gravely acknowledging that if he had applied a term so offensive as "old Cockamaroo" to any member of the Club, there would doubtless be serious ground for complaint, and an apology ought certainly to be made; but when he recalled to Mr. Reade's recollection that the term employed was entirely different in its meaning and derivation, viz., "old cockawax," he was quite sure that Mr. Reade would naturally desire to withdraw his letter and express regret for having fallen into so strange an error. Before it was sent, this reply was shown to Millais, who sought out Reade and informed him that, having been one of the whist-players, he could assure him that the words used were "old cockawax," and that therefore as a man of honour Reade was bound to apologise. Next afternoon the affair terminated in much laughter.

Shooting and fishing we both enjoyed, and in pursuit of these sports we associated much together. During many years the early days of August would find Millais somewhere in the neighbourhood of Birnam, in the highest spirits preparing for the twelfth, and especially looking forward to the later period of the autumn when, grouse and black-game having begun to fail and partridges having become wild, he would commence fishing on a stretch of water he rented on the Tay. And so it was to the last. He was a good shot with the rifle as well as with the gun, and many a good head was secured by him.

One little incident of his fishing days interested him much. Whilst fishing in the Murthly water towards the close of an October day, he hooked a magnificent salmon. It was a long fight—some hour or so—but at last the gaff got well home and the fish was brought to land. Millais, delighted, exclaimed that it was the finest fish he had ever caught; and so well it might be, for it weighed forty-two pounds, and was of a beautiful shape and colour. Immediately he began to discuss to whom it should be sent. "It will go to the best fellow I know, and that is Lord Granville"; and so, that night,

"A MESSAGE FROM THE SEA." 1884

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the beautiful fish was despatched to the Foreign Secretary. Day by day passed and no acknowledgment arrived. Millais' pride was hurt, feeling that the present was not appreciated; but he would make no inquiry. Early in the next year I met Lord Granville and told him how proud Millais had been to send him an almost record fish, and how disappointed he was at receiving no acknowledgment. "Your news is most acceptable," said Lord Granville, "for we have been much troubled. When unpacking the fish the cook destroyed the label, and having no letter, I never could learn from whom the present came. We wrote to all the friends whom we knew to possess salmon-fishing, but without any avail, except that most of them thought that the inquiry represented a diplomatic suggestion that a large salmon in prime condition would be regarded in Carlton Terrace as an acceptable present. Millais shall have a full apology to-night."

There was one task he dreaded—that of making a speech. I recollect well how, one Sunday evening in December, Anthony Trollope prevailed on Millais to give a promise to preside over the Literary Fund Dinner in the following May. Those intervening weeks were full of torture. Much was written and rewritten, much committed to memory, and much forgotten; the lay-figures in the studio were addressed with great vigour, but the result was not satisfactory, and at length, a friend's assistance was called in; a speech was produced for Millais to learn, but the task was most distasteful—the style was too poetic, he said. But one idea introduced in the peroration caught his fancy and he consented to learn for the purpose of delivering the few sentences which constituted the conclusion of the composition. As the day of the dinner approached anxiety, represented by considerable irritability, developed itself. Much solitude was sought, and much time was spent in preparation.

At length the dreaded day and hour arrived, and a crowd of literary men and others gathered to do honour to the great artist who had consented to plead the cause of charity. Lord Derby, the President of the Literary Fund, sat by Millais' side. The friend who had suggested the peroration was near him.

The speech was a straightforward statement of the position of the Literary Fund and its work; but as the peroration was approached, signs of nervousness became apparent, and at length a full stop was arrived at. Turning to his friend,

he said, "By Jingo, I have forgotten all about it!" and then, producing his notes from his coat-pocket, he exclaimed to the audience, "Oh, it is all right; here it is!" and proceeded at a rattling pace to read the fatal composition, which, being accomplished, Millais, a good deal out of breath, sat down, loudly cheered for a speech which had well accomplished the result wished for. "What an artist you are!" said Lord Derby, "and how well you know how to conceal your Art. When you were speaking you were exactly like Blondin—always pretending to fall off, and never doing so. You were only acting."

When he was made a baronet, he valued the honour for very practical reasons. Shortly after the title was conferred upon him, Millais paid a professional visit to Manchester. Upon his return, addressing some friends in his cheery way, he said, "You fellows think it is nothing to be made a baronet, but I can tell you it means a great deal; and I like it. Here, you see, I went to the hotel at Manchester, and I said to a beautiful young person in the bar, 'I want a bedroom with a fire in it.' Off she went to a pipe, and said, 'Whist! No. 238 and a fire.' She then asked me to write my name, which I did. Looking at me, she said, 'Are you Sir John?' Upon my answering 'Yes,' back to the same pipe she went, and said, 'Whist! Not 238—No. 23, and a good fire in it.' Now you see the use of being a baronet, my boys!"

Enjoying, as I did for thirty years, the closest intimacy with John Millais, I believe I know his character well—and yet it is somewhat difficult to describe. It seemed always to occur to him that whatever was in his mind ought to be spoken. For instance, he had every confidence in himself as an artist—a confidence that represented the measure of his success—and this belief he was apt openly to express—not boastfully or arrogantly, but in a simple, honest way, as if he were stating a truism of which there could be no doubt—and all this true faith in himself never bore the complexion of egotism. Certainly it never was egotism of a comparative character. Often as I have heard Millais praise the merits of other artists, I never heard him detract from them. Truly could he have said, "Enemies I have none, my rivals are my friends," for so he always treated them. And as he was sincere in his thoughts of himself and in all the words he uttered, equally true was he in all

"LITTLE MISS MUFFET." 1884

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his dealings with others. This truth made friendships long and fast. Full well I learnt to value the one he gave to me. I know I have never possessed one I could more certainly depend upon. All the traits of his character combined to produce a most cheerful companionship. All his manly qualities were mingled with a boyish brightness, which made him the loved centre of his home, and caused a flow of mirth to brighten the generous hospitality he loved to afford and his friends to enjoy.

There were others besides his friends who owed him much. Proud of his own success, he always remembered that he ought to repay his good fortune by helping others. To young artists his door and hands were never closed, and no man worked harder in the cause of any charity than he did in aid of the Artists' Benevolent Fund. It is not for me to discuss Millais' powers as an artist, but I have often thought that the strong truthfulness of his character showed itself in his pictures. He was the popular people's artist because he placed objects on canvas exactly as everybody had seen them in Nature. To that Nature the artist was strictly true. For the figurative expression which Sir Walter Scott employed when speaking of literature to Lockhart, "If a man will paint from Nature he will be most likely to interest and amuse those who are daily looking at it," is a truth every artist will do well to bear in mind.

SOME RECOLLECTIONS OF MILLAIS, BY MRS. RICHMOND RITCHIE (ANNE THACKERAY)

WHEN I first saw your father I was a girl in the schoolroom, and even to my schoolroom eyes he seemed scarcely more than a boy. Perhaps he looked younger than he really was. He was not so handsome then as he grew to be later, but he was very striking in appearance, with wonderful thick, bushy hair; he was gay, strong, and he talked. He was *somebody*, in short. We already knew some of his pictures. In those days it was our custom to admit ourselves to certain private views of our own. We used to get up very early, and, with some girls who lived close by, go off to the Academy together, and be at the doors when they first opened. On

one occasion when we arrived, although it was so very early still, I remember there was already a little crowd assembled round a certain picture. We had to wait to see it till we could get to be in front of the people. I gazed, charmed and bewildered. Was it faëryland, or was it all real? That shining glen, that floating, radiant figure? I knew not what I saw, but the picture took hold of my imagination, as some pictures do; and after years and years, when I saw the "Ophelia" again, it was not less beautiful than I remembered it. When, as girls, we went abroad, and could not see the Millais pictures, we used to read the papers and imagine them for ourselves; and I can remember being in Paris and trying to make a fancy sketch of "The Naturalist" with all the brightest purples and greens in my paint-box. It was an absurdity, but it shows what a present fact those special pictures were for the girls of my generation.

Soon after your parents' marriage my father took us with him one day when he went to call upon them, somewhere near Montagu Square. I do not remember being shown any pictures on this occasion, but there is one I can still see. Your mother was recovering from some illness, and she was extended straight in some beautiful glowing dress upon a sofa, with her head resting upon a round gilt leather cushion, which made a "background of pale gold" to her face.

We saw most of your parents after my father's death, when my sister and I were living very near to Cromwell Place, and we used to meet your father in the street and go to see him sometimes in his studio, and now and then he came to our house. I can remember one little speech of his to some very charming and fastidious young women who were staying with us then. "Ah!" said he, when they objected to someone or other, "you young women are all alike. You expect a man to be as handsome as the Apollo Belvidere, and as wise as Socrates, and as rich as Crœsus, and nothing short of perfection all round will content you." And then, in a sort of humorous way, he began enumerating various attributes of various friends; A.'s hair and B.'s eyes, and C.'s white teeth and D.'s amusing wit, etc., etc. "Only you expect to get them *all* together in one individual," he said. He had a way of illuminating people and brightening up commonplaces. He always spoke straight out, and even his adverse criticism didn't hurt, it was so kind and so true. I remember taking a picture to him once that an importunate

DOROTHY THORPE. 1882

By permission of Mrs. Dyson Perrins

friend was most anxious he should see. "*You* know better than to bring me such a thing as that!" said he. "Take it away." And to this day I blush when I recall that work of art. Simplicity and the directness of his blame took away the sting of it; for it is not so much criticism that people resent generally as the spirit of censure in which it is given.

Once he took several of us—I am ashamed to say I only remember myself—to the National Gallery. He was not afraid to speak, and to speak out loud, and went round with us. The loiterers opened their eyes and ears. "The Triumph of Bacchus" became a glorified triumph indeed as he stood before it praising and cheering, but the poor little later Raphaels, "St. Cecilia" and others, might well turn pale and hang their affected heads as that flashing sword of justice went by.

Almost the last time I ever went to see him in his studio, that beautiful picture of "The Old Garden" stood upon the easel. I said how beautiful I thought it. "Do you like it?" he answered rather sadly; "I can tell you that a bit of my life has gone into that picture." It was on that same day I think, but I am not sure, that he showed me his daughter Mary's portrait. "Here is something you must like very much," he said, and then he went on with a father's fond pride to praise the sitter. . . . .

I once saw an artist at work in a little wood near Knole on a certain day in July, when we all started on a happy expedition Mrs. Millais had invited me to join. Her sister was there and the Trollopes, and Mr. Charles Clifford. We had found sunshine everywhere and a drag at Sevenoaks, and as we walked through the woods, we came upon this painter at work under the trees. Our host stopped for a moment. "Why," said he to the painter, "you have not got your lights right. Look, *this* is what you want." And he took the brush out of his hand and made a line or two on the picture, and then nodded to him and walked away. Mr. Trollope laughed. "The man looks bewildered; he ought to know it is Millais," said he, and he ran back and told him. Then someone else laughed, and said, "He ought to know it is Trollope." So a second message was conveyed to the unfortunate painter, and, greatly amused, we all walked on through the woods to where the carriage was waiting.

The last time I sat by your father at dinner was at the house of my husband's sister, Mrs. Freshfield. It was a very

great pleasure to me to find Sir John there, and still more to find my place by his at dinner. After a long talk on books and pictures, he told me a ghost story, which, as he assured me it was true, I venture to repeat here. It was of an old manor-house in the North, standing in an old Scotch garden. A London lawyer, who liked to go to Scotland, happened to see it one day as he was driving across the moor, and he expressed a wish to the friend with whom he was staying for some such retreat to come to with his wife. She was out of health, and he wanted to get her away from London, and he added that it was just what they would both like, only that he feared he would never be able to afford it, and he named the sum he could give. The friend answered that he might get such a house well within the price he named; this one was going to be put up to auction, but there was some ghost story about it, and no one up there would bid. Then the lawyer went back to town; but shortly afterwards he received a telegram from his friend in Scotland telling him that the house had been put up to auction, and, finding that it was going far below its value, he had secured it on the lawyer's behalf. The lawyer's wife was no less delighted than her husband to hear of this purchase. She had been for some years past suffering from strange hysterical attacks, and was longing for change. Her attacks came on in her sleep, and she would wake utterly exhausted. She always had one dream of an old house that she never remembered to have seen when she was awake; she used to find herself hurrying up and down the corridors, and along the paths and terraces of the old-fashioned garden. The place was all perfectly familiar to her, and she knew every yew hedge and turn of the paths. She could not stop herself, though she would be sinking with an exhaustion which unnerved her for hours after she awoke.

When the autumn came the family set off for the North. As they drove up the avenue leading to the house, the lawyer noticed that his wife was looking very strangely, but he put it down to fatigue. When he rang the bell the door was opened by the housekeeper, to whom he introduced himself, and said a friendly word or two of greeting, and almost immediately he began to ask her whether anything more had been heard of the ghost—whether it had appeared lately. "What sort of ghost is it?" said he. The house-

keeper did not answer, but stood quite still, looking hard at her new mistress. "No one can answer that question better than the lady here," she said at last, slowly. As for the poor lady, she gave a sort of cry, for as she came into the hall she saw the house which she had always dreamt of, and where she herself had been seen again and again. The end of the story, I believe, was that the lady got quite well in the fine Scotch air, and quite gave up dreams and astral bodies.

MILLAIS' LOVE OF MUSIC, BY HIS DAUGHTER

(MRS. CHARLES STUART-WORTLEY)

WITH ADDITIONAL NOTES BY SIR ARTHUR SULLIVAN

NEXT to his work, my father's friends would say that from his fishing he derived most pleasure, but those who knew him best knew that second to his Art came the sister Art of music.

His father is described in some early letters as "incurably musical," and he was undoubtedly a musician who might have made a name for himself had he cared to enter the competition and criticism of public life; but he lacked energy.

It was sufficient happiness to my grandfather to enjoy his gifts and talents in the circle of his friends and family, so in an atmosphere of music the little boy grew up, and he used to lie awake listening to the trios and quartettes performed in the little Normandy drawing-room.

From the age of seven years his time and talents were persistently devoted to the absorbing work of his life, so that he acquired no musical education except this early insight into classical music; but an inherited taste and a fine musical ear developed in him surprising discrimination and love of music, and made music at all times a necessity to him.

Few of his admirers realise how much music there is in his pictures; how much music helped him in his painting. He heard and knew nearly all the great singers, executants, composers of his generation, placing them according to their merit in the pigeon-holes of his brain with extraordinary accuracy.

In Cromwell Place between the years 1863–78 such men as Alfred Cellier, Frederic Clay, Arthur Blunt—popularly known as Arthur Cecil, the actor—were amongst the *habitués* of the studio.

Blunt would be set down to "moon," as my father called it. He possessed little voice, and that of the *voilée* order, but a touch of rare quality, and a natural gift for melody and harmony which enabled him to charm and fascinate his audience by the hour.

With him came Cellier and Freddy Clay; and many were the refined songs and operas of these, our talented friends, that delighted my father, and filled our childhood's days with memories of lovely lyrics and dainty ditties. These men proved that light music need not necessarily be vulgar, that it can be scholarly, artistic, and inspired, and though their work be no more than charming—if there be enduring life in charm—it will live.

In saying this I fain would pay some small tribute to the talents of those who made sunny days sunnier by their gifts and personalities.

Closely associated with those early days was Arthur Sullivan. He was organist about this time at St. Peter's, Onslow Gardens, and we used often to see him. My father loved him and admired his genius, and in the closing days of his life Sullivan was one of the last of his friends he asked to see.

In asking Sir Arthur to give me some personal recollections of my father I feel I cannot do better than record them here in his own words:—

"Millais was a man who inspired those who knew him intimately with the greatest personal affection. There was something exceptionally lovable in his nature, and he was so large-minded and generous. Like all artists who have achieved distinction, his opinion was constantly asked by artists of lesser rank and amateurs, and he must have been sorely tried at times, for he shrank from giving pain by telling the truth, and yet he was too honest to give a flattering or false opinion. He therefore invariably looked for some point which showed either promise or fulfilment, or a striving for what was right, and on this point he would dwell and this only—so that he always found something kind and encouraging to say, and at the same time was honest and truthful.

"THE CAPTIVE." 1881

By permission of the Fine Art Society

"I made his acquaintance in 1863, shortly after I began to make a name for myself, and from that day to his death I held him in the greatest affection, and I know that he returned my feeling towards him. He came frequently to the Saturday afternoon concerts at the Crystal Palace, and afterwards we would dine and spend the evening at the Scott Russells', who lived at Sydenham.

"The girls of the family were brilliantly gifted and highly educated, and (frequently joined by Henry Phillip, the painter, George Grove, Frank Burnand, Fred Clay, and distinguished artists and literary men) we would discuss music, painting, poetry, literature, and even science until the clock told us that the last train back to London was nearly due.

"On every subject Millais held his own, and his opinions were honest, fearless, and generous, and always worth listening to. Those evenings were amongst the happiest of my life. The youngest daughter of the house, Alice, sat to him as the model for the central figure in 'The Romans leaving Britain.'

"It had long been my desire and ambition to do a work which should combine the three sister Arts, poetry, painting, and music; and this idea I imparted to Tennyson and Millais. They both fell in with the notion, and Tennyson for this purpose wrote the little cycle of songs called 'The Window, or the Songs of the Wrens.' These I set to music and Millais began the illustrations; each song was to have its accompanying picture. But difficulties arose, and for reasons unnecessary to enter into here, the illustrations were never completed. The first and only one done I remember well. It was a lovely drawing of a girl at a window, birds flying around and 'vine and eglantine' trailing about it. This drawing was afterwards bought by the late Henry Leslie, I believe, for a frontispiece to one of his musical works.

"It has always been a bitter regret to me that we were unable to carry out my idea. I am not in a position to speak as to Millais' judgment in other matters, but in music he possessed an unerring instinct for what was good and artistically right, although he had no technical knowledge of the art, nor did his love and enthusiasm for it blind his judgment. He was conservative in his love for the old masters and liberal in his admiration of the new.

"After all, the same great general laws govern all the Arts, and his technical mastery over one gave him a standard

by which he could gauge the weak parts in another. If I wanted a good, sound opinion on a new work I would have turned to Millais with confidence—his impressions were unfailingly right."

These then were the constant friends of the house, but not by any means the only musicians he counted as friends, for during the progress of years my father was proud to welcome such brother artists as Hallé, Neruda, Joachim, Piatti, Essipoff, De Soria, the Henschels, Rubinstein, and many others whom memory fails me to recall.

Rubinstein in his various visits to London always came to dine with him, and it used to be with us a subject of conjecture whether my father would tempt Rubinstein to the piano, or Rubinstein detain my father at the card-table.

Rubinstein fancied himself as great a whist-player as he was a pianist.

I recollect one evening in the studio in Palace Gate, Rubinstein had set himself down to a game, and was playing rather worse than usual. My father suffered acutely through one or two rubbers, until at last he rose in desperation, saying, "If you don't stop I will go and play the piano."

My father was early attracted to the modern romantic school of music, and was perhaps among Wagner's earliest admirers.

When Wagner came to London in 1877, he paid my father a visit at the studio in Cromwell Place. My father was deeply impressed by the appearance and manner of the great poet-musician, whom all the world was then ridiculing, and believing his immortal work to be a joke or an insanity.

My father invited Wagner and Frau Cosima Wagner to dine with him, but when the expected day arrived Frau Cosima came alone, to the great disappointment of my parents and everyone present—the great genius being indisposed or prevented at the last moment.

I have said how necessary music was to him, and how much it helped him to paint his pictures. In the Cromwell Place days a piano always stood in the studio, but when he moved to Palace Gate in 1878 the piano stood in the drawing-room, separated from the studio by folding doors.

Here as the hour drew near for the morning's work to begin he would roll the partitions aside, saying, "I won't say 'no' to a little music." One of his daughters would then play his favourite themes or explore the latest musical

"A REVERIE." 1868

Used in Leslie's "Little Songs," but originally drawn for a joint work by Millais, Sullivan, and Tennyson

novelty — operatic, symphonic, or lyric — and if anything struck him as unusually beautiful he would appear for the briefest instant in the doorway, palette and maul-stick in hand, and with characteristic directness say, "That's all right; that fellow knows all about it; play it again"; and disappear in a flash back to his work. The portions that thus pleased him were, so to speak, labelled for future reference in his mind, as "the melancholy bit," "the pathetic bit," "the polite bit," "the dainty bit," even "the curly bit," and we always knew what he meant and to what he referred.

He was a great admirer of Bizet's. When *Carmen* was produced in London he never tired of praising it. *L'Arlésienne*, too, he loved, and he used to compare much of the charm of Goring Thomas's work to Bizet and Massenet.

It must not be supposed from this that the lighter and more modern school was all he could appreciate. Few men ever took greater or more discriminating pleasure than he did in the great works of the classical masters.

I have seen him deeply moved by a chorale of Bach's, and in the evening it was his habit to throw himself into an armchair, saying, "Now a little music, and then to bed." Then he would listen to Scarlatti, Bach, Beethoven, or, according to his mood, Chopin, Schumann, Grieg, Brahms, etc., seeing and enjoying beauty in the individuality of each.

In later days he would listen to *Parsifal*, *The Meistersinger*, *Tristan*, *The Ring*, or at least as much of them as my husband could sketch on the piano for him. He would listen to all he could hear or be told of the Bayreuth world with that keen interest, freshness, and appreciation which belonged to a unique personality.

At an early period of his life he frequented the Italian opera, and while fully appreciating its beauties, at the same time he was alive to its absurdities. For years, too, he attended Professor Ella's Musical Union—that quaint little man, who certainly understood the art of chamber music. In the centre of St. James's Hall, not on the platform, during the months of May, June, July, was given a wealth of musical treasures by the greatest executants in Europe, and my father invariably found his way there once a week, accompanied by my mother or one of his daughters. Apart from this he was never much of a concert-goer, nor latterly an opera-goer,

except, perhaps, some special allurement such as *The Meistersinger*, *Tristan*, *Lohengrin*, etc. He disliked the restraint and conditions under which he had to listen, too much to derive much pleasure, but among his artist friends he never lost an opportunity of hearing "good" music.

I remember certain memorable Sunday evenings at Sir Charles Hallé's, and others in Rubinstein's rooms in the Hotel Dieudonné, in Ryder Street, where the great pianist would not only welcome, but entertain his guests, assisted by such artists as Sophie Menter, Wilhemji (Thekla Friedlander) and others. He always went to Sir Frederick Leighton's annual party, and among his many friends I may mention Sir Arthur Sullivan, Madame Neruda (Lady Hallé), Mr. Alma Tadema, Mr. Henry Joachim, Mr. Rudolph Lehmann, Mr. Frederick Lehmann, Monsieur Blumenthal, Mr. Burnard, with whom Madame Schumann always stayed during her various visits to London. He often told us with pride that the first time Madame Neruda played in London was in his studio in Cromwell Place.

It was from one of these visits that he recently returned, pleased and interested to have met Mascagni. He had been to spend the day with Arthur Sullivan at his house on the river. There he found a small gathering of musicians, Madame Melba, Tosti, Mascagni. They spent most of the day on the water, and my father kept them amused—"fascinated" was the word used by the one who told me of it—by his brilliantly high spirits and unrestrained enjoyment of everything. Mascagni could not speak English, nor my father Italian; but they managed to understand each other, with the occasional aid of an interpreter, and they kept the whole party roaring with laughter at their attempts to discuss matters connected with painting, music, cooking, and every variety of subject.

Then his illness came, and still music befriended him, and he would have it when he could.

One afternoon in May, 1896, he requested to be played to, and having heard some of his favourite "bits," he asked, almost in a whisper, "Anything new of Parry?"

For the moment I knew of nothing, and then I thought of a prelude in six flats from an early work of Parry's, entitled *Characterbilder*, which I knew he had not heard. He listened with evident enjoyment, and at the end murmured, "Beautiful." It was his farewell to the piano, the drawing-

STUDY OF A HEAD

room, the studio. Next day he was worse, and he never came upstairs again.

I have tried to give a faithful account of my father's taste and love for music, but I may be accused of representing a taste so cosmopolitan as to be no taste at all. My father was a consumer, not a producer, and a consumer may be permitted as wide a range as he can find; whereas a producer had better, if he is to produce well, remain within the narrower limits of his own creative faculty.

The ordinary man or woman who says, "I like only Bach," "I like only Wagner," sets forth limitations that cannot exist in music.

I remember once a lady saying to the greatest pianist of our time, "Monsieur, do you like Wagner?"

"Madame," he replied, "in the garden of music there are many flowers, and they are all beautiful." So it was with my father. He drew from every flower all it had to give him of sweetness and delight.

CHAPTER XXV.

THE MAN AND HIS ART

Sir Noel Paton, R.S.A.—Professor Sir William Richmond, R.A.—Sir George Reid, F.R.S.A.—H. W. B. Davis, R.A.—Lines by the Poet Laureate.

BY SIR NOEL PATON, R.S.A.

IN default of contemporary records, it becomes more and more difficult as years advance to recall with distinctness individual incidents of the far past, however vivid as a whole their recollections may seem. But some of these, by which the future has been more or less consciously influenced, remain indelibly impressed upon the memory. Of such was my first contact with Millais—an auspicious beginning of an unclouded friendship of more than fifty years. It came about in this wise. When drawing as a probationer for studentship at the Royal Academy, in the spring of 1843, I had found a place on the area of "the dingy shrine of the antique, where dear George Jones held rule," the semicircle of raised seats behind having been previously appropriated. I was working from the statue known as "The Fighting Gladiator," on an unusually large sheet of paper, which hung loosely over either side of my drawing-board, to the undisguised amusement of the overlooking fellow-workers, whose sheets of paper had been religiously stretched over their respective boards, in accordance with the usage of the schools, of which, however, as an outer barbarian, fresh from the North, I knew nothing, never having previously passed through any school. A certain stir had just been made by the appearance of a rather good-looking student, divested of the moustache (at that time a rare artistic decoration) which he had hitherto worn; the excitement becoming vociferous on his pathetic announcement of the reason for the sacrifice—his determination never to wear a moustache till he could draw the

"SHELLING PEAS." 1889

By permission of Mr. J. Orrock

Apollo! in which task it appeared he had failed. But shortly thereafter another and more lively commotion was raised by the advent of a boy of singular beauty and very smartly habited in a little black surtout, with three rows of buttons on the breast, as I noted. The juvenile visitor, who was evidently a familiar and welcome figure there, forthwith proceeded, in boyish fashion, to tease several students of a greater growth—himself already a student of three years' standing—and to make critical remarks on their performances, which always seemed to be taken in good part. By-and-by, no doubt attracted by my audaciously unconstitutional arrangement for work, he stepped down and stood beside me very quietly, not reaching much above my head as I sat. After some tentative remarks about the gladiator, and inquiries as to whether I had attended any drawing-classes in London, he told me his name was "Johnnie Millais" (of course I did not then know how distinguished the name had already become in the schools), and asked for mine, which I gave him. He then inquired what sort of Art I was 'going in for,' and by way of answer I put into his hand a small note-book containing first ideas for outline illustrations of Milton's *Comus* and the *Prometheus Unbound* of Shelley, all necessarily treated freely in the nude. He glanced hurriedly at one or two of these jottings, and exclaiming, in an emphatically deprecatory tone, "Oh, is *that* the sort of thing you do?" handed the note-book back, as if glad to get quit of it, and turned abruptly away. Feeling that "that sort of thing" would *not* do, I quickly caught his retreating skirts, and saying, rather grimly I suspect, "No! you shall *not* go till you really look at these!" put the note-book again into his hand. A little nervously, and with a somewhat flushed face, but with quite judicial composure, he proceeded to examine the sketches; and speedily finding they were *not* the objectionable "sort of thing" he had hastily assumed, he threw an arm impulsively round my shoulder, saying, in a very different tone, "Oh, *you* are all right!"—and from that moment we were friends. The evident purity of mind and the straightforward honesty of the boy, with his generous amends for a momentary injustice, made a deep impression on me, which the whole tenor of his subsequent life has rendered only more deep and enduring.

Another illustration of Millais' boyish honesty, thorough-

ness, and courage I recall, though it may be less creditable to myself. While I was engaged on the required drawing of the Academy *écorchée*, in the rather shadowy corner it used to occupy—as students of that time may remember, if, indeed, any of these still linger on this side of the dark river—he sauntered over to me, and, finding I was writing the names of bones and muscles on the drawing from brief memoranda made at home, where I was then studying anatomical matters seriously enough, he gave me quite a little lecture on the immorality of the proceeding, to the effect that I ought to have committed all these names to memory—as he had done. Of this, as a condition, I had not been aware, but thenceforward I acted upon his suggestion—rather wondering, however, if all the students were as conscientious in this matter as "Johnnie Millais."

That the "young Apelles" could take as well as give criticism and advice, the following incident will show. Towards the autumn of the same year, when about to return to Scotland, I unexpectedly encountered him in the Elgin Room at the British Museum; and after dreaming, and no doubt *raving* with him for some time among the marbles, as young devotees of the beautiful are bound to do, I accompanied him, on his invitation, to the house then occupied by his family, for the purpose of seeing some of his work. In the sunny little drawing-room we found his sister, a tall, splendidly grown girl, of beauty different from, but not less remarkable than, his own. Having introduced me, in very friendly and flattering terms, as a fellow-student, who had just been a successful competitor for a prize offered by the Art Union of London—a fact which, in that day of small things, he seemed pleased to consider a distinction—he left the room to fetch his drawings. Whereupon Miss Millais turned towards me, saying, in a low and earnest voice, "And you *really* think Johnnie has genius?" My warm assurance that of this there could be no shadow of doubt evidently gratified her; and she thanked me with tears in her eyes, but a bright smile on her lips. The drawings brought for inspection were subject compositions of various kinds—he brought no 'Academy drawings,' of course. I found them, though somewhat conventional in character, full of fancy, and distinctly ambitious in aim, some of them containing great numbers of figures, all treated in a more or less sketchy manner. But I observed

that in regard to details generally, and the extremities particularly, they were dangerously loose and wanting in study. And while according to the designs as a whole my warm and almost wondering admiration—on the strength of my seniority by several years and of my greater growth by a good many inches—I ventured, despite my consciousness that already this "marvellous boy" was more of an *artist* than I, to draw his attention to this defect, and to urge that he should altogether avoid crowded scenes, and

HEAD OF CHILD IN "FOR THE SQUIRE." 1882
By permission of Mr. H. Makins

choose subjects embracing not more than two or three figures to be thoroughly studied and wrought out, especially in regard to hands and feet. For these strictures and suggestions, the propriety of which he freely admitted, he thanked me cordially; and when closing the street door on my departure, looked after me with a kindly smile and nod, saying, "I shall not forget about the hands and feet"—the last words of his I heard for several eventful years.

Evidently he had been in no way spoilt by his boyish distinction; nor was he ever spoilt by the honours and splendid

success of his maturity. From the first he was too true an artist—had too high ideals before him—to be otherwise than humble at heart. And notwithstanding his honest, and characteristically outspoken, appreciation of that success, he retained to the end the inward modesty of all great genius. Of this I had many proofs. One I may recall. On returning to the charming Cromwell Place studio one day after lunch—when he had been even more bright and cheery than usual—he drifted into serious talk about Art, and the trials incident to the artistic temperament; in the course of which he spoke of the frequent difficulty he experienced in his work, and of his almost invariable dissatisfaction with its results. I could not help laughingly expressing my inability to conceive how he—with his consummate mastery of technique, and with that mastery so universally acknowledged—could so feel. "Ah! my dear friend," he replied, in tones that vouched for the sincerity of his words, "that is all you know! Why, there are times when I am so crushed and humiliated by my sense of incapacity, that I literally skulk about the house, ashamed to be seen by my own servants!"—a confession from which I could not but derive consolation, as others may! Again, after many more years of brilliant achievement, he was then engaged on the splendid "Lord Salisbury," when about to enter the studio he paused with his fingers on the handle of the door, and turning to me said, almost gruffly, "But what have I to show you that you will care to see? I am only 'a portrait painter!'" Needless to say that the reply was, "My dear Millais, in painting such portraits you are painting history!" These incidents, trivial as they seem, may not be unworthy of record, as revelations of the more inward workings of the great master's mind, even at the height of his greatness.

Another and still later indication of Millais' habit of self-criticism I may note on the authority of one to whom the incident was related by himself. Shortly after the opening of the exhibition of his collected works at the Grosvenor Galleries, wishing to look at the collection undisturbed, he had gone there alone, at an hour when he had reason to expect that no visitors would be present. He found only some three or four lingerers in the Galleries, and these evidently did not recognise him. After looking round him for a little while, his sense of the superiority of the earlier works—carried out under many grave difficulties, and when all the

"AN IDYLL, 1745." 1884

By permission of Mr. F. Wigan

world seemed against him—over those done when in affluence and with all the world at his feet, became so oppressive, that he felt that he must choke if he remained. So, rushing out of the place, he bought, at the first tobacconist's he came to, the biggest cigar he could find, and smoking it furiously on the way home, was comforted! How like him all this! And how vastly unlike the too frequent mode of looking at their own productions of lesser men! But while—of set purpose—noting these more inward, and less generally recognised workings of Millais' mind, no one better knows than I what a life-long joy Art was to him, as the means of expressing his always exuberant delight in the beauty of Nature, animate and inanimate; first in its exquisitely minute, as later in its broader manifestations; or how thoroughly his manly and generous heart sympathised with and enjoyed life in all its phases. So that it has ever been—and for the brief remainder of my earthly sojourn must continue to be—one of my most grateful and cherished reflections, that, despite his share of the anxieties and sorrows incident to humanity, the life-long friend, so sincerely loved and honoured, was essentially a happy man.

BY PROFESSOR SIR WILLIAM RICHMOND, R.A.

My first recollection of Millais was at a party at my father's house, when he and Holman Hunt were the centres of attraction. It must have been very early in the fifties, not later certainly than 1853, when I was eleven years old. As if it were yesterday I recollect the strong impression made upon my childish mind, which had, I suppose, already keen perception of beauty, by the curly-headed young man whose work I had already heard discussed; and I recollect trying to get near to him, and then, as I ever did afterwards, admiring him with a kind of hero worship, which was more common five-and-forty years ago than it is now.

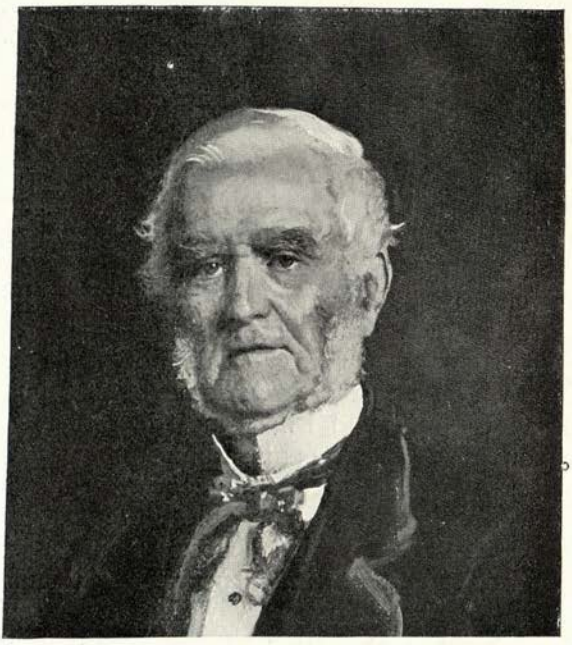
At my father's house much discussion took place about the Pre-Raphaelite movement, in which he took a very lively interest, and was ever upon the side of that group of artists who did so much to remove the English school of painting from the commonplace. He often used to tell us, when we were children, various comments upon the Pre-Raphaelite movement which he heard in Society; and I remember one

occasion (where the discussion took place I do not know, but it was evidently animated, and there were two opposing sides) he was appealed to as a kind of centre as to the merit of the then young Millais. As far as I can recollect his verdict, it was this: "Millais is already famous; you are adding to his fame by your discussion as to the existence or non-existence of his merits. You are only adding to a reputation already discovered by any praise or blame."

I remember the keen admiration with which I and my friends regarded everything that came from Millais' brush, and the almost worship with which we regarded his pictures. Fred Walker, Albert Moore, Simeon Solomon, Henry Halliday and I fed our young minds upon such pictures as "The Return of the Dove to the Ark," of which I remember my father saying, "It is the most poetic picture exhibited in the Academy in my recollection," and indeed the centres of interest at the Royal Academy Exhibition year by year were the places where Millais' pictures hung. There were ardent discussions among us when Leighton appeared upon the scene, as to the relative merit of the work of the two brilliant young men. My friends were perhaps more faithful than I was to the Pre-Raphaelite. With, I suppose, a natural leaning towards eclectic Art and a sense of style, which Leighton's work presented, I found something congenial to my own taste that I missed in the more romantic spirit. As time went on, I think that we all were able to differentiate qualities which exist in the works of two of the most interesting painters of this century, and we learned not to compare them, but to admire them both.

Millais was kindness itself to me as a boy. When I was a lad of sixteen I remember his coming to see me in my father's house to criticise the picture that I was then painting of "Enid and Geraint," and his taking the trouble to draw for me, in a book which I now have, a head of Geraint, which he advised me to substitute for the one which I had already painted, which was a portrait of Carlo Perugini, who became afterwards one of Millais' closest friends; and I remember thinking that Millais' criticism was slightly paradoxical in that he wished me to introduce into a picture an ideal system when I knew that all the heads in his earlier work had been uncompromising portraiture. But that mixture, or infusion, of the real and the ideal became later on a strong feature in Millais' work. His sense of character

and his appreciation of personality had always about it a wonderful evidence of a selective power. He saw the beauty that lay under character, and in that respect he was like a Greek. I apprehend that no member of the English school has ever had a finer feeling for form than was his, but his selection of it was never conscious. Under his discriminating eye the beauty of even common forms was evident. He touched nothing that he did not ennoble by an



MR. FLEETWOOD WILSON. 1883

By permission of Princess Dolgorouki

artistic perception entirely innate, never reasoned. That is why, I suppose, his Art has moved the world, because at its best, as well as at its worst, it was always spontaneous.

I have never known a better critic than he was, for two reasons. In the first place, he was entirely sympathetic; in the second, his marvellous accuracy of eye enabled him to drop upon a fault of proportion or incongruous design in a manner which in anybody else would have been called commonplace. United with a highly poetic instinct and a romantic spirit that I have often compared to that of Keats, Millais had an abundance of common-sense and a

love of accuracy which might have injured his poetical faculty if that had not been in the first place pre-eminent. His great success naturally made him impatient of criticism. A remarkable instance of that impatience I can give you.

I met him not many years ago in Hyde Park looking as dejected as I felt. He sympathised with me upon the subject of the reception of a picture of mine, of which he spoke in kindly terms. He was suffering under the same smart, and with indignation he turned round to me, and bitterly said, "Why do we cast our pearls before swine? The best we give to the English public they abuse; the vulgarest they accept and applaud." This, of course, was a mood, because Millais had a high regard for public opinion, and he believed, as many of us do not believe, that public opinion in the matter of Art is right. In earlier years, as far as I remember his opinions to have been, he did not very highly estimate the old masters, excepting, perhaps, Holbein; but as years went on his admiration for Titian and Vandyck grew to be almost adulation. Perhaps, as compared to Leighton's and some others, his artistic sympathies were somewhat narrow. I do not think that design, *quâ* design, which had not in it some human interest, had much to say to him, and I imagine, or rather I gathered from his conversation, that his admiration for Greek Art was more cultivated than spontaneous. While he was a poet he was also a novelist; people interested him more than things. Even in his landscapes I think I can always detect a kind of human sentiment pervading them, a mood of Nature akin to a human mood which had prompted the initiation of his vision. He was a great story-teller; his Art is extremely dramatic; he arrived at the roots of the sentiment that was prompting the actors of his drama with whom he became, as a great novelist does, intimately acquainted. Millais' literary sympathies were with Scott, Thackeray, and Dickens, and lastly Louis Stevenson. He loved anecdote and story as well as the literary embodiment of character; but I question if philosophical problem had much place in a mind that was essentially modern. It was in no sense retrospective intellect; it cared for the things that moved around it, and lived in the life of its own time. His illustrations to the poets could have been painted in no other century but this, and could have been done only by Millais. Keats's poem, "St. Agnes' Eve," he made

"TWA BAIRNS." (FREDERICK AND MARY PHILLIPS.) 1888

By permission of Mr. Frederick Phillips

his own. The picture is not an illustration of Keats's poem; it is an interpretation of Millais', conceived entirely in the spirit of the nineteenth century. It has none of the mediæval qualities. What seems to have attracted him in the poem has been the moonlight, and that with an unrivalled painter's gift he presented to the world, as I venture to think no painter ever presented it before. He is therefore, in this instance, not so much an illustrator as an originator; and I think this criticism might be said to be true to his Art throughout. Precedent had no charm for him; his vision was a painter's vision entirely his own. He never saw through the spectacles of others, and when he painted a souvenir of Velasquez it was Millais that was evident, not Velasquez; and when he reminded us of Gainsborough it was more upon account of the oval shape of the frames than of the artistic handling. I do not think that England has ever produced an artist more entirely individual, and one who has been, upon the whole, truer to his native instincts; and my firm belief is that as long as the memory of English Art exists the name of Millais will go down to posterity as among her truest and most individual exponents.

NOTES BY SIR GEORGE REID, P.R.S.A.*

As a boy I had a great admiration for Millais' work, but had not the pleasure of being introduced to him until we met at a dinner given by the late Mr. Macdonald, of Kepplestone, at a hotel in Jermyn Street. Faed, Wells, Pettie, Charles Keene, and two or three more were present. Some days later—to be precise, on Tuesday, June 13th, 1876—Mr. Macdonald, Keene, and I lunched at 7, Cromwell Place. Keene arrived late, luncheon being half over when he was announced. He had on a long, light overcoat, white hat, and white gaiters, and was hung round with satchel, sketching stools, etc.—a long, lank, odd figure. He had evidently been in the country sketching. Millais jumped up from table and greeted him with "Come along, old cocky-wax." In the studio the portraits of the two Miss Hoares and that wonderful *tour-de-force*, "The Yeoman of the Guard," were in progress.

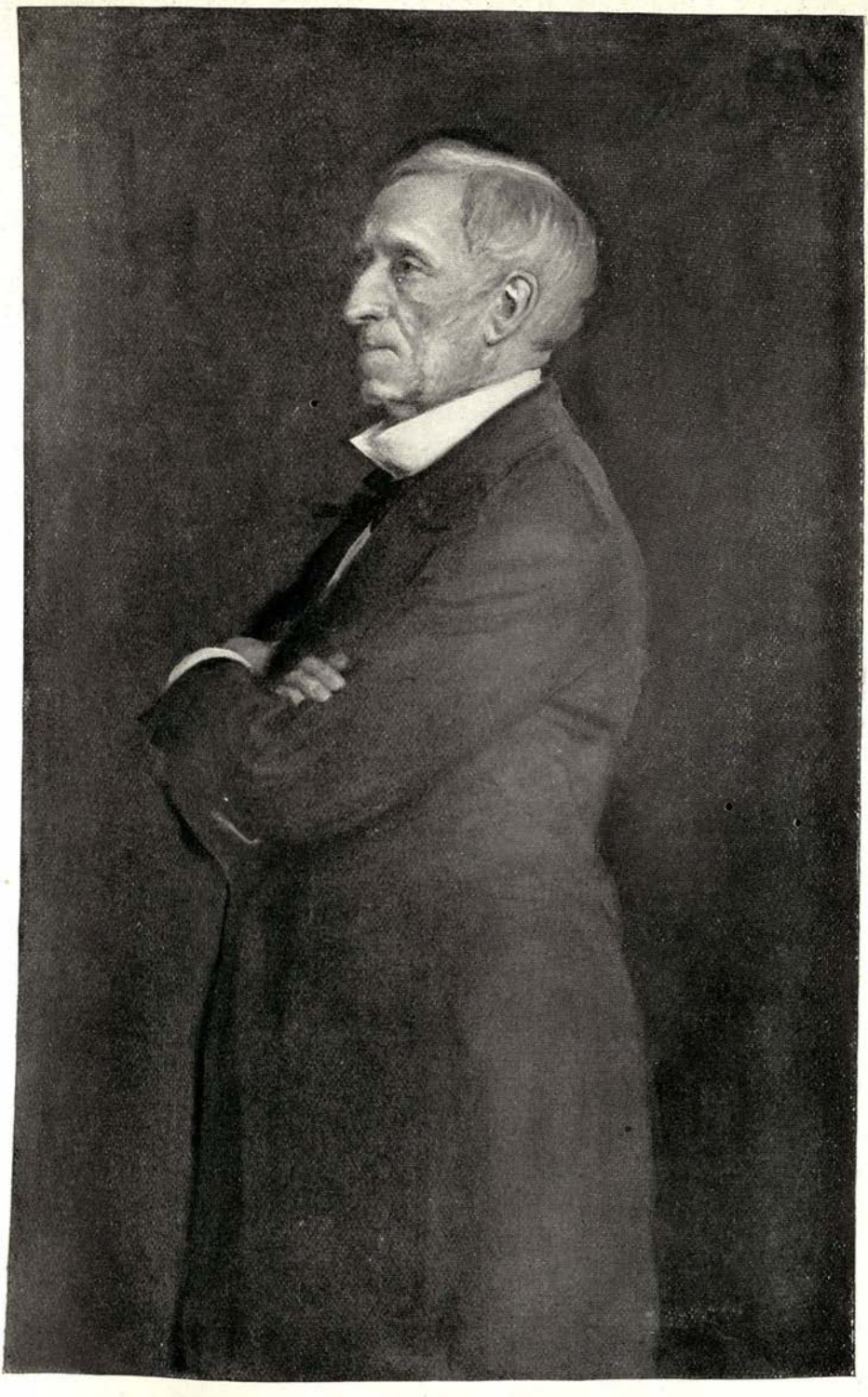
* These notes, I must explain, are merely an epitome of a letter from Sir George Reid addressed to myself.—J. G. M.

I think I next met Millais in Aberdeen in October, 1880. He was on a visit to Mr. Macdonald, at Kepplestone. He (Macdonald) was very anxious to have a sketch of Millais' head, and asked him to sit. He agreed, and on two mornings (Wednesday, 20th, and Thursday, 21st) came to St. Luke's, where he smoked his after-breakfast pipe, and on the second occasion the sketch was finished. Hunting about the studio, an old frame was found, the sketch was placed in it, and Millais himself carried it across to Kepplestone and put it on a chair in the entrance-hall, to greet Mr. Macdonald on his return from town in the afternoon. This was how the Kepplestone collection of artists' portraits was begun. . . .

He came to us in Edinburgh on Saturday, October 27th, 1894, and remained till Tuesday, 30th. He had been visiting at Gosford and Yester, and complained of the late hours, especially of the late dinners.

The first evening we dined alone, and he went off to bed about nine o'clock. Next day (Sunday) he wished to go to St. Giles, to morning service, but was far from well, and remained in the house all day. The whole afternoon was spent in pleasant chat. His mind was then full of the idea of painting a large picture of St. Christopher. He spoke of treating the subject in a way different from that usual with the old masters, and of making the beautiful child, and not the brawny saint, the great point of interest in the picture. He said he knew of a splendid bit of background somewhere on the Tay near Stobhall. This led to some talk about the legend of St. Christopher, and I took down Mrs. Jameson's *Sacred and Legendary Art*, and read it aloud. When I came to the sentence, "So the thing that he did pleased our Lord, who looked down upon him out of heaven, and said within Himself, 'Behold this strong man, who knoweth not yet the way to worship Me, yet hath found the way to serve Me!'" he eagerly exclaimed, "That is for the Academy Catalogue!" and copied out the passage.

In the absence of Sir Frederick Leighton, Millais presided at the Royal Academy dinner on Saturday, May 4th, 1895. While the guests were arriving I was in one of the first rooms looking at his picture of "St. Stephen," when he came to me, evidently in a very nervous state, and putting his hand to his throat said, "What am I to do? I have no voice." He went off to shake hands with the guests who were arriving, and a few minutes later I saw him patting



SIR RICHARD QUAIN. 1895

Lord Rosebery on the back, and the thought crossed my mind—how many artists would have ventured to pat a Prime Minister of England on the back?

When he first rose to speak his voice was all but inaudible, but as the evening wore on it improved; and his last speech, so hearty, so genuine, so characteristic of the man, was heard —every word of it.

Lady Reid and I dined at Palace Gate next evening. He was in great spirits, evidently glad that the dinner was over, and that all had gone off so well; but Lady Millais gave a different account of his feelings for weeks before, when she told my wife of his pacing up and down trying to piece together his speeches, and committing scraps of them to memory. The climax was reached on the afternoon of Saturday, the 4th, when the time came for him to go to Burlington House, and he declared that he had "a good mind to go and hang himself." I told this story to Lord Rosebery, when he remarked, "Ah! that was the *true* orator!" He even volunteered to come North and make a speech at the next Royal Scottish Academy dinner!

On November 27th he was in Edinburgh, on his way South, and I went with him to call on his old friend Sir Noel Paton. He seemed much disappointed not to see him. Next morning my wife and I saw him off to London by the ten o'clock train, accompanied by Lady Millais. We both thought him looking very ill, very much changed—his face worn, and the hearty, buoyant look gone. This was the last time I ever saw him. I had a note from him some time in February or March saying that I might be surprised at his having accepted the Presidency of the Royal Academy after what he had said, but that circumstances had left him no choice. Then came reports of his illness, which I only heard of through the newspapers (I being abroad at the time), and on the 17th July a most pathetic and beautiful note of farewell, written in pencil in an almost illegible hand. Twenty-seven days after that he passed away—one of the kindest, noblest, most beautiful and lovable men I ever knew, or ever hope to know. My wife says, "He was all that, and a great deal more."

GEORGE REID.

SOME NOTES ON MILLAIS AS A PAINTER OF LANDSCAPE, BY H. W. B. DAVIS, R.A.

You have asked me for my opinion in general of Millais' power as a landscape painter, as well as for some remarks in particular of his picture of "The Blind Girl," possibly from having heard me speak on some occasion with enthusiasm of that wonderful little work looked at from a landscape painter's point of view.

The picture is, indeed, to my mind, a marvel among pictures—even among Millais', considering at what an early stage in his career it was produced—for, putting aside for the moment the main subject of the picture—its great pathos, its remarkable realistic drawing, and the vigour of painting and colour in the figures—and looking upon the work in the sense of a landscape alone, it is, with its power and brilliancy as such, simply astonishing. A piece of great landscape painting is there, though on a scale so small that the hand might suffice to cover the surface of the whole background, and replete with detail of extraordinary minuteness; one of his few, too, dealing with a transient effect of Nature.

The sun shines out, after the rain, in all its lustre upon the green grass and wet landscape, and brightens the trees, the buildings, and all the details of the background with a vividness, a freshness, and a reality that are amazing.

What an effect its appearance must have had upon the Art world of the day—what a revelation to earnest students of out-door Nature! I recollect its exhibition at the Royal Academy, though too inexperienced at the time to appreciate its dazzling merits. It did have its effect, for I was not so young that I did not perceive its immediate influence—upon landscape painting particularly—in inculcating a more searching study of, a constant reference to, Nature herself for her facts, and a truer reverence for them, and refusing to be satisfied with the mere superficial cleverness and artificiality too prevalent at the time.

In this connection—I mean of his close study of Nature, and its effect upon contemporaneous landscape Art—I ought to allude to his earlier work, the "Ophelia" (which had already raised much discussion), for the keen observation and uncompromising rendering of Nature's facts displayed

in the picture. The very individual character of his subject —that, and no other—that is so remarkable in his portraits and figures, is to be seen here in every bit of foliage, every flower, water-herb, and weed. Look but at the group of flags, and the liquidity of the water around them—at the weeds emerging from the water in their front, at the foreshortened twigs and branches of the willow—and remember that these were painted before the time when photography had been essayed upon landscape objects, and had familiarised us with their accurate delineation.

Had such facts ever been so observed and so rendered before?

In these two works of Millais, as, indeed, in all his subsequent landscapes, they are as much pieces of characteristic portraiture as are the subjects he has painted from living models. They were painted, too, with an evident ease; there is no sign whatever of over-labour, or failure, there is no hardness or over-insistence of outline in any, his most intricate, details, such as would be seen in work of attempted similar character by an inferior hand, and was, indeed, but too painfully obtrusive in the works of his immediate imitators and followers.

All the mystery and delicacy of Nature—her losing and finding of contour—her look of accident in her very minutest details, are manifest in these works. Examine the garden with its rows of fruit-trees, and gravel path, and little figure in the background of the "The Blind Girl."

It was good to go from this small picture, in the late exhibition of his work at the Academy, to look upon, say, the "Miss Lehmann" portrait, with its broad, free, and masterly treatment, the charm of its delicate colour scheme, its girlish grace and character, and absolute vitality, for an appreciation of Millais' great gifts.

Is it surprising that with *such* preparation, such constant and strenuous effort in his early work and study, he was able to achieve so much freedom and power in his later productions?

Why, what a lesson is his career to ambitious tyros of the present day, so anxious, some of them, to pose as masters before they know what mastery means, and who hope to be accepted as such in the eyes of the unwary, by affecting a power they in no sense possess; covering, as they too frequently do, with rough and ready, but bald and meaning-

less, sweeps of the brush, their crude and empty canvases. The master's touch, *his* sweep of brush, is not to be acquired at the commencement of a student's career.

Mastery, even of brushwork alone, can only come of knowledge and much practice; and the beginner may rest assured that the powerful technique of a Constable or a David Cox—not to speak of Turner—was only arrived at by unremitting and reverent study of Nature, and after a vast and varied experience.

It must be admitted that it is chiefly for their matchless qualities of realism—as absolute transcripts of Nature—that Millais' landscapes are to be judged; and not, indeed, as compositions or impressions of great phases or effects of Nature; and it is to this intense realism of his landscape Art that I would draw attention: it is such that he makes you feel, as you look upon his work, to be actually on the spot—able almost to walk into the scene—to be breathing its very air; and I am not sure but what most of his great qualities as an Artist, as painter particularly, are seen to advantage in his landscapes. His rare grasp of character, so evident in his masterpieces of portraiture, unsurpassed, and unsurpassable as are some few of them; his terse and vigorous drawing; his unerring eye for colour—I mean for correctness of colour and tint values in Nature—even his great dramatic power, are as conspicuous in his landscapes as in his other more familiar and popular works. He holds in landscape art, indeed, a position that is quite unique. His was a new conception of that Art. Nothing quite like it had ever been attempted before, certainly no attempt had ever been so realised: and I am acquainted with nothing in the whole range of landscape art, old or modern, (and I am tolerably familiar with all that has been done of note in that art either at home or abroad), that at all approaches his work in certain qualities that are quite his own. At all events, in these qualities of the landscape painter, Millais' position, as I have said, is unique; that is, from his own, the absolutely sincere and realistic point of view. These qualities that he possessed in so rare and so marked a degree, are the mastery over the ever-recurring problems in painters' work as a craft, which the painter is ever endeavouring to solve, and which would appear to have offered no difficulty whatever to that highly-gifted man. His acute sense of colour—I prefer to say correctness of tint—never seemed to fail him: the resources of

palette were ever ready at his command. He could not, it would seem, see tint, however subtle, incorrectly, or be at a loss to represent it on canvas; and this power, which he had, no doubt, cultivated to the utmost (the colour gift itself is innate) by his early close study and painting of flesh —see, for an example, the consummate painting of the sleeping child's bare legs in "The Order of Release"—is particularly evident in his landscapes; the more noticeable in them,

THE HONOURABLE JOHN NEVILLE MANNERS. 1895
By permission of Lord Manners

possibly, because we are so little accustomed to see remarkable power of that character in landscape painting.

I am speaking, as will have been surmised, more particularly of so-called "aerial perspective," the true perception and expression of which is, after all, but the power of seeing and rendering the infinite subtleties of Nature's tints and values with absolute accuracy. In this, as I have said, Millais' power was unfailing.

The well-known aerial perspective of Hobbema, striking as it is, seems nowhere in comparison with the gift of Millais, who, moreover, was master of other qualities to

which the great Dutch painter could make no pretension. Nor could Millais have felt any of the ordinary difficulties of these problems of painting; or how account for the manifest ease and rapidity with which he must have painted those vivid transcripts of pure Nature, a couple of which it was not unusual for him to produce in an autumn, or part of winter? I think it is the remarkable ease with which he apparently overcame these difficulties of the Art, insurmountable as they usually are to the ordinary craftsman, honestly strive though he may to master them, that so appeals to the admiration and wonder of artists. It would take an ordinary painter of ability many months, I should think, to even attempt to give or to suggest all that Millais has shown in such a foreground as that of "Over the Hills and Far Away." The air itself seems between and around the dried grasses, patches of heather, and pools of water, which it is just stirring, so that you may fancy you hear the bentles rustle, and see them move. The technique, too, is quite his own—bears no sort of resemblance to that of any previous Art; the presence of pigment never obtrudes; you altogether lose the sense of paint and painting when looking at his matchless foregrounds, and, if possible, more wondrous middle distances. I say more wondrous, because I think it will be generally conceded that the effective painting of objects in middle distance is, next to that of the sky, what most tests the capacity of the landscape painter proper.

The intricacies—infinite—of Nature seem to have had a special charm for him; such intricacy of detail, or suggested detail, as other and less gifted men would hardly dare to face or venture to attack, he achieved, and with a success, in his own manner, that has never been attained by any other hand. Turner, of course, in his mighty and majestic way, was supreme in the suggestion of the grand and manifold intricacies of Nature; but Turner stands alone on his pinnacle of glory, and comparison between him and other painters is vain. Yet Millais' art is distinct from all others in its vivid and sincere realism of intricate detail.

I have said that his conception of landscape Art was his own. The pure face of Nature—sweet, dearest Nature, the endless simple, unaffected charms of her every phase, that anyone may see and enjoy, who but seeks for and can appreciate them—sufficed him. The mere actual beauty of

"PENSIVE." 1893

By permission of Mrs. Cameron

the scene before him, under some certain aspect of season, time of day, or weather, was all to him. Air, space, freedom, sunshine, lowering clouds, calm, wind, heat, cold, the freshness and coolness of evening particularly; the distant, impalpable sky, of exquisite tender grey frequently, the exact, delicately varied grey of Nature; sometimes, not often, the blue itself —limitless when he did paint it; the very tints of evening sky: these, the simple beauties of Nature, unencumbered, unalloyed, uncontaminated, as he possibly thought, by any mere human mood of the moment in the painter's mind, were what he sought, in all sincerity, to express.

This passionate love of sincerity was in his very soul—was of the essence of the character of the man as of his art; and he could forgive no departure from this sincerity of purpose, no deviation from this strict path of rectitude, as he considered, in any work of Art.

I say these effects in natural landscape which he realised so consummately, appeared all-sufficient to him; for he never —or but rarely—seems to have been lured away from them by other and (as some may think) grander conceptions of landscape Art—composition; impression of the scene as a whole; passing and fleeting effects, often so impressive, and the cause, perhaps, of what we may be most moved by in Nature. Such moods as these he apparently passed over; but who can say, that looks upon his matchless rendering of them, that his own conception of Nature's charms was *not* sufficient? Who can look unmoved upon such works as "Over the Hills and Far Away," "The Fringe of the Moor," the wonderful winter scene, "Blow, Blow, Thou Winter Wind," his first, and yet one of his great triumphs in pure landscape, "Chill October," the tints on the snow in the "Old Castle" picture with the shiny blue-black rooks, the sky beyond the roof of the castle in the "Old Garden," and, indeed, each and all of his landscapes? for I do not recollect one that is without his signal qualities, though the works may vary in their amount of interest in other respects. Can anyone, for example, with any knowledge of faculty for observation of Nature, look upon "The Vale of Rest" without, in fancy, absolutely feeling the very air of approaching twilight? This is, indeed, to my mind, a faultless picture, and the one I should possibly select—difficult and invidious as such a choice would be—if compelled to indicate one work that should be most representative of the painter's

varied powers. Of this picture, indeed, I dare hardly trust myself to speak, so great is my admiration for that noble work; viewing it in every respect, though chiefly as a landscape, and expression of the hour after sundown.

I might almost say the same of "Autumn Leaves," another marvel of twilight effect. The richness and truth of the colouring in this latter work is most striking. It is the hour of day, indeed, when so-called "local colour" of objects in the quiet, steady light, undisturbed by any play of sunshine and shadow, is most vivid and intense. In both these pictures there is the essence of the chosen time of day. But it is "The Vale of Rest" which most excites my enthusiasm, as it is, properly, the greater effort of the two. Passing from the figures (and how fine they are! especially the nun throwing the spadeful of earth) to the treatment of the landscape, look but at the colour of the various greens, so exactly right in their tone and freshness; at the silhouette of the trees, and their colour against the sky; the sky itself, well away from all, and exactly true in tint; the space in the picture so extraordinarily expressed that air is everywhere felt to be between one object and another; and, withal, the solemn, calm note of the whole. What a wondrous work of realistic truth is here! He was, when he painted it, no doubt beginning to feel his power, and to work with a greater freedom and confidence; and it is, perhaps, the transition state of his art, foreshadowed in this picture, that adds zest and a charm to the work in the eyes of a painter.

And what significant forerunners were such works as these of his freer and bolder landscapes later on in his career.

H. W. B. Davis.

The following lines by the Poet Laureate may fitly conclude these volumes:—

"MILLAIS.

"Now let no passing-bell be tolled,
Wail now no dirge of gloom,
Nor around purple pall unfold
The trappings of the tomb!
Dead? No; the Artist doth not die;
Enduring as the air, the sky,
He lets the mortal years roll by,
Indifferent to their doom.

"With the abiding he abides,
Eternally the same;
From shore to shore Time's sounding tides
Roll and repeat his name.
Death, the kind pilot, from his home,
But speeds him unto widening foam,
Then leaves him, sunk from sight, to roam
The ocean of his fame.

"Nor thus himself alone he lives,
But, by the magic known
To his 'so potent art,' he gives
Life lasting as his own.
See, on the canvas, foiling fate,
With kindling gaze and flashing gait,
Dead Statesmen still defend the State,
And vindicate the Throne.

"Stayed by his hand, the loved, the lost,
Still keep their wonted place;
And, fondly fooled, our hearts accost
The vanished form and face.
Beauty, most frail of earthly shows,
That fades as fleetly as it blows,
By him arrested, gleams and glows,
With never-waning grace.

"His, too, the wizard power to bring,
When city-pent we be,
Slow-mellowing Autumn, maiden Spring,
Bracken and birchen tree.
Look! 'twixt gay boulders fringed with fern,
The tawny torrents chafe and churn,
And, lined with light, the amber burn
Goes bounding to the sea.

"Toll then for him no funeral knell,
Nor around aisle and nave
Let Sorrow's farewell anthem swell,
Nor solemn symbols wave.
Your very brightest banners bring,
Your gayest flowers. Sing, voices, sing!
And let Fame's lofty joybells ring
Their greeting at his grave.

"ALFRED AUSTIN."

APPENDIX

John Everett Millais

Book-plate etched by Millais for the *Lineage and Pedigree of the Family of Millais*, 1865

CHRONOLOGY

SIR JOHN EVERETT MILLAIS, Bart., P.R.A., D.C.L.; Member of the Institute of France, of the Academies of Antwerp, Vienna, St. Luke's, Rome, and San Fernando, Madrid; Honorary Member of the Academies of Belgium, Scotland, and Ireland; and Officer of the Legion of Honour.

1829. Born June 8th, at Southampton.
1838. Won silver medal of the Society of Arts.
1840. Admitted student of the Royal Academy Schools.
1845. Gold medal for painting.
1846. Exhibited his first picture at the Royal Academy ("Pizarro").
1847. Took part in the Westminster Hall Competition ("The Widow's Mite").
1848. The Pre-Raphaelites join with others in founding the Pre-Raphaelite Brotherhood.
1853. Associate of the Royal Academy.
1855. Married Euphemia Chalmers, daughter of George Gray, Esq., of Bowerswell, Perth.
1863. Royal Academician.
1871. In conjunction with Phillip Hardwick he founded the Artists' Benevolent Institution.
1878. Médaille d'Honneur, Paris International Exhibition.
„ Officer of the Legion of Honour.
1880. D.C.L., Oxford.
„ Exhibition of collected works, Fine Art Society.
1881. Trustee of the National Portrait Gallery.
1882. Pour le Mérite. The highest civil order of Germany
„ Foreign associate, Academie des Beaux Arts.
„ Grand Officier du Legion d'Honneur.
1885. Baronet.
1886. Exhibitions of collected works, Grosvenor Gallery.
1887. Gold medal, Berlin Art Exhibition.
1893. D.C.L., Durham.
1895. Officer of the Order of Leopold.

* The German order "Pour le Mérite" was founded by Frederick the Great as the highest distinction for military service. Its statute was revised in 1842, in order to include scientists and artists. The latter class is limited to a membership of thirty Germans and thirty foreigners.

1896. President of the Royal Academy (with other appointment *ex officio*).

„ Order of St. Moritz and St. Lazerus (from the King of Italy).

„ Died August 13th. Buried in St. Paul's Cathedral August 20th.

1898. Exhibition of collected works, Royal Academy.

LINEAGE

(Compiled from the *Lineage and Pedigree of the Family of Millais*, by I. Bertrand Payne, 1865.)

The family of Millais, originally from Normandy, settled in the island of Jersey. "Les Monts Millais," a bold range of hills to the north-east of the town of St. Helier, and the "Cueillette de Millais," in the parish of St. Ouen, seem to prove that in early times its members were among the most notable residents in the island.

Evidences exist showing that Geoffray Millayes held his lands under the Crown in 1331, and John Millays, presumably his son, paid tax to the Prior of St. Clements in 1381. The family and name, spelt also as Milles, Mylays, and Milays, is traced from this period by the tenure of property and their intermarriage with several of the principal families in Jersey, from whom are derived many notable houses and personages connected with the military and civil history of this country.

JOHN MYLAYS *m.*, about 1540, Périnne, sole daughter and heiress of the Le Jarderai family, and thus became possessed of the estate of Tapon, which remained in the family for nearly three centuries. Their eldest son,

JOHN MILAYS, was *b.* 1542, and had by Catherine Falle, his wife, amongst other children,

JOHN MYLAIS, who *m.* Elizabeth Poingdestre, and had issue

JOHN MILAYS, who *m.*, first, Mary, daughter of John Bisson; and, secondly, Jane, daughter and heiress of Benjamin Bertram, and had, with other issue,

EDWARD MILLAYS, who was also twice married. First, in 1671, to Margeret, daughter and eventual heir of the Rev. Joshua Pallot, by whom he had issue, Edward, of whom hereafter. He *m.*, secondly, Judith, daughter and eventual heir of Annice de Carteret, who *d. s.p.* The brother of this Edward Millays (John) is recorded as tenant of the Crown in Gronville and St. Clement in 1668.

EDWARD MILLES, the son, *b.* 1672; *m.*, 1696, Mary, daughter of John Mourant, and was succeeded by his second and surviving son,

EDWARD MILLAIS, *b.* 1710; *m.*, 1728, Rachel le Geyt, an heiress, and had issue three sons and five daughters. Of the latter, Mary, who *m.* Rev. John Dupré, rector of St. Heliers and commissary of the Bishop of Winchester, was mother of Edward Dupré, D.C.L., Dean of Jersey, and grandmother of John William Dupré, Attorney-General of that island. Of the three sons,

EDWARD MILLAIS, *b.* 1729; *m.*, 1752, Elizabeth, daughter of Edward Falle, and had, amongst other issue,

EDWARD MILLAIS, Capt. R.T.M., *b.* 1769, who *m.* Sarah Mary, daughter of William Matthews, and had, amongst other issue,

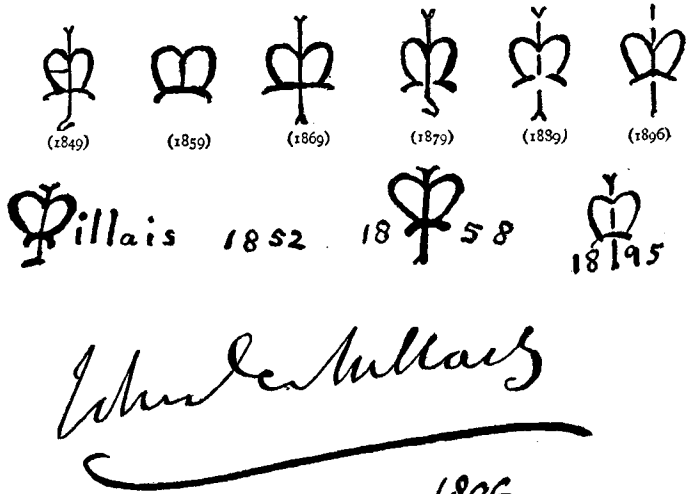
JOHN WILLIAM MILLAIS (second son), *m.* Mary, daughter of Richard Evamey, Esq., and widow of Enoch Hodgkinson, Esq., and *d.* in 1869, having had issue,

I. William Henry (Ward Hill, Farnham, Surrey), *b.* 1828; *m.*, first, 1860, Judith Agnes, daughter of Rev. (Preb.) Charles Boothby, son of Sir William Boothby, Bart., by whom (who *d.* 6th April, 1862) he had issue one daughter. He *m.*, secondly, 7th June, 1866, Adelaide Jane, youngest daughter of John Farquhar Fraser, Esq. (county court judge), by whom he has issue one son and three daughters.

II. JOHN EVERETT, created a Baronet 16th July, 1885.

I. Emily Mary, *m.* John Johnson-Wallack of New York.

II. Ellen Amelia
III. Mary Elizabeth } both *d.* young.



SIGNATURES

CHRONOLOGICAL LIST OF MILLAIS' WORK IN OIL, WATER, AND BLACK-AND-WHITE

OIL PAINTINGS

In the column wherein is indicated the place of subsequent exhibition, the following are the abbreviations employed and their signification :—

R.A.	denotes	Special Millais Exhibition at the Royal Academy	1898
B.	,,	Brussels International Exhibition	1897
C.	,,	Chicago International Exhibition	1893
Bm.	,,	Birmingham Pre-Raphaelite Exhibition	1891
M.	,,	Manchester Art Treasures Exhibition	1857 & 1887
G.G.	,,	Special Millais Exhibition at the Grosvenor Gallery	1886
F.A.S.	,,	Special Millais Exhibition at the Fine Art Society's Gallery	1881
L.	,,	London International Exhibition	1871
P.	,,	Paris: the Avenue Montaigne Exhibition	1855

And the International Exhibitions of 1867, 1878, & 1889

TITLE	DATE		FIRST EXHIBITED	SUBSEQUENT EXHIBITION	OWNER (PRESENT OR FORMER)	MODEL FOR
	SIGNED	EXHIBITED				
CUPID CROWNED WITH FLOWERS	[1841]	1898	R.A.	R.A.	Miss Millais.	
WILLIAM HUGH FENN (destroyed picture)	c. 1845	—	—	—		
BAPTISM OF GUTHREN THE DANE	1845 or 1846	—	—	Bm.	Mr. Fredk. Crisp. (Mr. Houghton).	
PIZARRO SEIZING THE INCA OF PERU	—	1846	R.A.	—	S. Kensington Museum. (Mrs. Hodgkinson).	For the priest elevating the cross Millais' father sat.
ELGIVA	—	1847	R.A.	—	(Mr. J. H. Mann).	Has passed through hands of Morby and Co., Hooper, and is now the property of Mr. J. B. Greenwood. The picture was retouched in 1870. Size 63 × 48.
THE WIDOW'S MITE	—	1847	Westm'r Hall.	—	Cut in two; half now in Tynemouth, half in U.S.	
STUDY OF AN INDIAN'S HEAD	—	1847	British Institutn.	—	(H.M.'s Commissioners).	
THE MOORISH CHIEF	1846				Mr. Driver Holloway. (Mr. Daniel).	

CHILDHOOD YOUTH MANHOOD AGE MUSIC ART	1847	1896	Leeds.	—	A set of Panels for lunettes, formerly in the Judges' Lodgings, Leeds; now removed to the Leeds Art Gallery.	
IPHIGENIA (Study for Cymon and Iphigenia)	1847	—	—	—	Mr. Fred Arnold.	
THE TRIBE OF BENJAMIN SEIZING THE DAUGHTERS OF SHILOH	—	1848	British Institutn.	—	——	William Millais sat for male figures.
W. HUGH FENN	1848	1881	F.A.S. G.G. R.A.		Mr. W. W. Fenn.	
ISABELLA (Lorenzo and Isabella)	1849	1849	R.A.	F.A.S. G.G. R.A.	Liverpool Art Gallery. (B. G. Windus). (Mr. T. Woolner, R.A.) (Mr. C. Ionides). Mr. Holland.	Isabella (Mrs. Hodgkinson). Man with napkin (Millais' father). William Rossetti (Lorenzo). Man paring an apple (Hugh Fenn). Man with long glass (D. G. Rossetti). Brother (Mr. Wright, Mr. Harris). F. G. Stephens. Serving man (Mr. Plass). Walter Deverell.
PORTRAIT OF A GENTLEMAN AND HIS GRANDCHILD (Mr. Wyatt)	1849	1850	R.A.	G.G. R.A.	Mr. James Wyatt.	
FERDINAND LURED BY ARIEL	1849	1850	R.A.	F.A.S. G.G. R.A.	Mr. Henry F. Makins. (Mr. Ellison). (Mr. Wyatt). (Mr. T. Woolner, R.A.). (Mr. C. J. H. Allen).	Mr. F. G. Stephens.
CHRIST IN THE HOUSE OF HIS PARENTS (The Carpenter's Shop)	1849	1850	R.A.	F.A.S. G.G. R.A.	Mr. F. A. Beer. (Mr. T. E. Plint). (Mr. J. Heugh).	Millais' father. A carpenter. Mrs. Hodgkinson. Christ (Noel Humphreys). St. John (Edwin Everett). Joseph (H. St. Leger).
THOMAS COMBE	1850	1886	G G.	G G.	Oxford Univ. Gallery.	
CYMON AND IPHIGENIA	1851	1898	R.A.	R.A.	Mr. J. H. Standen.	
THE WOODMAN'S DAUGHTER	1850	1851	R.A.	G.G. R.A.	Lady Millais. (Mr. Hy. Hodgkinson). Sir J. E. Millais, Bart.	Professionals.
THE CONJURER	—	—	—	—	Mrs. Jekyll. Mr. Farrer.	
MARIANA IN THE MOATED GRANGE	1851	1851	R.A.	G.G. Bm. R.A.	Mr. H. F. Makins. (Mr. B. G. Windus). (Mr. J. M. Dunlop).	

TITLE	DATE		FIRST EXHIBITED	SUB-SEQUENT EXHIBITION	OWNER (PRESENT OR FORMER)	MODEL FOR
	SIGNED	EXHIBITED				
RETURN OF THE DOVE TO THE ARK; or, "Daughters of Noah caressing the Dove," &c.; or, "Wives of the Sons of Noah"	1851	1851	R.A.	P. '55. G.G.	Oxford Univ. Gallery. (Mr. Combe).	
THE BRIDESMAID ("All Hallow's E'en")	1851	—	—	—	Fitzwilliam Museum, Cambridge. (Mr. Knight). (Mr. T. R. Harding).	
MEMORY	—	1852	—	R.A.	Marquess of Ripon.	Marchioness of Ripon.
OPHELIA	1852	1852	R.A.	P. '55. G.G. R.A.	Nat. Gall. of British Art. (Mr. Farrar). (Mr. B. G. Windus). (Mrs. Fuller-Maitland). (Mr. Henry Tate).	Miss Siddal (Mrs. D. G. Rossetti).
THE HUGUENOT . . .	1852	1852	R.A.	G.G. R.A.	Mr. T. H. Miller.	Gen. Arthur Lemprière. Miss Ryan.
THE HUGUENOT (sketch) .	—	—	—	—	J. Pierpoint Morgan.	
THE HUGUENOT (study) .	1852	—	—	Bm.	Mr. A. Wood.	
MRS. COVENTRY K. PATMORE	—	1852	R.A.	G.G.	Mrs. Coventry K. Patmore.	
HEAD OF OPHELIA (with wreath)	1852	—	—	—		
THE ORDER OF RELEASE .	1853	1853	R.A.	P. '55. F.A.S. R.A.	Executors, Mr. James Renton.	Westall, a model, stood for jailer and prisoner. Lady Millais for the wife.
THE PROSCRIBED ROYALIST, 1651.	1853	1853	R.A.	G.G. Bm. R.A.	Mr. James Ogston. (Mr. T. E. Plint). (Sir J. Pender).	
THE PROSCRIBED ROYALIST	—	1853	—	—	Mr. Joseph Arden. (Mr. B. G. Windus).	Mr. Arthur Hughes. Miss Ryan.
ST. GEORGE AND THE DRAGON (signboard)	1853	—	—	—		
WAITING; or, "A Girl at a Stile"	1854	—	—	—	Mr. Edward Nettlefold. (Mr. Joseph Arden).	
A HIGHLAND LASSIE; or, "Head of a Scotch Girl"	1854	—	—	Bm.	Mr. Henry Willett.	

JOHN RUSKIN . . .	1854	1884	F.A.S.	G.G. Bm. R.A.	Sir Henry Acland, Bart.	
LANDSCAPE STUDY OF WATERFALL	1854	1886	G.G.	G.G.	Mr. Hodgson. (Mr. D. Bates).	The Falls of Glenfinlass.
MISS SIDDAL . . .	1854	1897	Soc. Por. Painters.	—	Mr. James Orrock.	Portrait.
THE RESCUE . . .	1855	1855	R.A.	G.G. R.A.	Mr. Holbrook Gaskell. (Mr. Joseph Arden).	Westall, a famous model. Mrs. Nassau Senior.
THE RANDOM SHOT (originally "L'Enfant du Régiment")	1855	1856	R.A.	G.G. R.A.	Mr. T. H. Miller.	
THE CONCLUSION OF PEACE, 1856 (correct title, "Peace Concluded")	1856	1856	R.A.	R.A.	Mr. T. H. Miller.	Col. Malcolm Paton. Lady Millais.
AUTUMN LEAVES . . .	1856	1856	R.A.	M. '57. F.A.S. G.G. R.A.	Corporation of Manchester. (Mr. Eden). (Mr. James Leathart).	Alice Gray. Sophie Gray. Miss Smythe of Methven.
WILKIE COLLINS . . .	1856	—	—	—	National Gallery. Mr. Bartley.	
THE KINGFISHER'S HAUNT .	1856	—	—	—		
THE HUGUENOT . . .	1856	—	—	—	A. E. Street. Mr. Gambart.	
THE BLIND GIRL . . .	1856	1856	R.A.	Bm. R.A.	Corpn. of Birmingham. (Mr. T. Miller). Alderman Kenrick. Mr. A. Wood. (Mr. Graham).	
PORTRAIT OF A GENTLEMAN; or, "The Picture-book"	1856	1856	R.A.	F.A.S. G.G.	Mr. H. G. Chetwynd Stapylton.	
POT-POURRI	1856	—	—	G.G.	Mr. John Pritchard. (Mr. B. G. Windus). George Boyce.	Alice Gray. Mr. David Smythe.
HEAD OF A GIRL . . .	1857	—	—	R.A.	Mrs. Wilfrid Hadley.	Alice Gray.
HEAD OF A GIRL . . .	1857	—	—	R.A.	Mr. H. T. Wells, R.A.	Sophie Gray.
SIR ISUMBRAS AT THE FORD ("A Dream of the Past")	1857	1857	R.A.	G.G. R.A.	Mr. R. H. Benson. (Mr. Charles Reade). (Mr. William Graham).	Col. Campbell. Everett Millais. Miss Salmon.

TITLE	DATE		FIRST EXHIBITED	SUB-SEQUENT EXHIBITION	OWNER (PRESENT OR FORMER)	MODEL FOR
	SIGNED	EXHIBITED				
THE ESCAPE OF A HERETIC, 1559	1857	1857	R.A.	M. '87. R.A.	Sir Wm. Houldsworth, Bart., M.P.	A gamekeeper from Rohallion.
THE ESCAPE OF A HERETIC, 1559 (small oil version)	—	—	—	—	Mr. Gambart.	
THE HUGUENOT (small copy)	1857	—	—	—	Mr. Gambart.	
THE HUGUENOT (small copy)	—	—	—	—	Mr. Gambart.	
MRS. JOHN LEECH . .	1856	—	—	—	John Leech.	
REV. JOHN STUART, Minister Brig o' Turk	1856	—	—	—	Rev. John Stewart.	
NEWS FROM HOME . .	—	1857	R.A.	—	In America. (Mr. Arthur J. Lewis).	A private soldier, 42nd Highlanders.
WEDDING CARDS . . .	1857	—	—	—	Mr. Grindlay. (Mr. Peter Miller).	
THE VALE OF REST . .	1858	1859	R.A.	P. '62. M. '87. Bm. R.A.	National Gallery of British Art. (Mr. W. Graham). (Mr. Henry Tate).	Professional.
THE LOVE OF JAMES I. OF SCOTLAND	1859	1859	R.A.	R A.	Mr. C. Churchill. (Mr. Bolckow).	Miss Eyre.
APPLE BLOSSOMS ("Spring")	—	1859	R A.	—	Mr. Clarke. (Mr. Burnett). (Mr. Graham). (Mr. D. Price).	Lady Dudley. Lady Forbes. Alice Gray. Sophie Gray. Professional model (Agnes Stewart).
CHILDREN GATHERING GRAPES	—	—	—	—		
HEAD OF A LADY (cutting a lock of hair)	—	—	—	—	(Mr. B. G. Windus). (Mr. Gambart).	Helen Petrie.
MEDITATION	—	1859	French Gallery.	—	——	Miss Mary Eyre.
HEAD OF A WOMAN . .	—	—	—	—	——	Miss Eyre.
THE BLACK BRUNSWICKER .	1860	1860	R.A.	R.A. G.G.	Exors. Mr. J. Renton. (Mr. T. E. Plint). (Mr. James Price).	A private soldier, 1st Life Guards. Miss Kate Dickens, daughter of Charles Dickens.
THE BLACK BRUNSWICKER .	1860	—	—	—	Lady Millais.	Exact replica.
THE RIVALS	—	1860	—	—		
THE RINGLET (see 1859) .	—	1861	—	—	Mr. Gambart. (Mr. Hart).	

THE RANSOM	1862	1862	R.A.	G.G.	Alderman Kenrick, M.P. (Mr. C. P. Matthews).	A railway guard named Strong. Major Boothby. Mr. William Reid (page). Model for both girls, Miss Helen Petrie.
THE WHITE COCKADE	1862	1862	French Gallery.	G.G. B. R.A.	M. Stuart M. Samuel. (Mr. W. Webster).	Lady Millais and a professional (the mother of Two Princes in the Tower).
MRS. CHARLES FREEMAN	—	1862	R.A.	—		
"TRUST ME!"	—	1862	R.A.	—	(Mr. F. W. Cosens).	
PARABLE OF THE LOST PIECE OF MONEY	—	1862	R.A.	—	Destroyed in explosion in Baron Marrochetti's house	
THE BRIDE	1862	—	—	—	(Mr. B. G. Windus).	Lady Waterford.
LADY IN A GARDEN	1862	—	—	—		
A PASTORAL	—	1862	—	—		
HEAD OF A GIRL	—	1862	—	—		
WANDERING THOUGHTS	—	1862	—	—	(Mr. B. G. Windus).	
THE MUSIC MISTRESS	—	1862	—	—	Lord Lansdowne.	Lady Millais.
MR. PUXLEY	1862	—	—	—	Mr. Puxley.	
THE SLEEPING BEAUTY	1862	—	—	—	Mr. Gambart.	
THE POACHER'S WIFE*	1861	—	—	—		
THE CRUSADERS†	1860	—	—	—	Mr. Gambart.	Col. Malcolm Patten.
WAITING	1862	—	—	—		Lemprière. Mrs. Aitken.
MY FIRST SERMON	1863	1863	R.A.	G.G. R.A.	Mr. C. Gassiot. (Mr. Fleming).	Effie Millais (Mrs. James).
MY FIRST SERMON (copy)	1864	—	—	—		
MY SECOND SERMON	1863	1864	R.A.	G.G. R.A.	Mr. C. Gassiot.	Effie Millais (Mrs. James).
THE EVE OF ST. AGNES	1863	1863	R.A.	G.G. R.A.	Mr. Val Prinsep, R.A. (Mr. C. Lucas). (Mr. F. Leyland).	Lady Millais. Miss Ford.
THE EVE OF ST. AGNES (small version)	1863	—	—	—	The late Philip Rathbone of Liverpool.	
THE EVE OF ST. AGNES (small version)	—	—	—	—	Mr. A. Wood of Conway.	
THE EVE OF ST. AGNES (oil sketch)	—	—	—	R.A.	Lady Millais.	
HENRY MANNERS (Marquess of Granby)	1863	—	—	R.A.	Mr. C. Brinsley-Marlay.	
SUSPENSE	1863	—	—	—	(Mr. G. R. Burnett).	

* Apparently unfinished.

† Abandoned after five months' work. Heads and shoulders only finished.

TITLE	DATE		FIRST EXHIBITED	SUBSEQUENT EXHIBITION	OWNER (PRESENT OR FORMER)	MODEL FOR
	SIGNED	EXHIBITED				
THE WOLF'S DEN	—	1863	R.A.	—	(Mr. Brocklebank).	Everett, George, Effie, and Mary Millais.
BRIDESMAID THROWING THE LUCKY SLIPPER	—	1864	Crystal Palace.	—	(Mr. T. E. Plint). (Mr. Moore).	
A ROMAN GIRL	1863	—	—	—	Mr. Colls.	
MY SECOND SERMON (oil copy)	1864	—	—	—	Mr. Agnew.	
LEISURE HOURS	1864	1864	R.A.	F.A.S. G.G. R.A.	Lady des Vœux. (Sir J. Pender, M.P.)	Two daughters of Sir John Pender, M.P.
"CHARLIE IS MY DARLING"	1864	1864	—	G.G. R.A.	Mr. James Reiss. (Mr. T. Turner).	Lady Pallisser.
"SWALLOW! SWALLOW!"	1864	1865	R.A.	G.G. R.A.	Sir John Kelk, Bart. (Mr. Sam Mendel).	Mrs. Stibbard.
MASTER WYCLIF TAYLOR (son of Mr. Tom Taylor)	1864	1886	G.G.	G.G.	Mrs. T. Taylor.	
LILLY (daughter of J. Noble, Esq.)	—	1864	R.A.	R.A.	Mrs. Neston Diggle. (Mr. Noble).	
HAROLD (son of the Dowager Countess of Winchelsea)	—	1864	R.A.	R.A.	Dowager Countess of Winchelsea.	
THE CONJURER	1864	1886	G.G.	G.G. R.A.	Mrs. J. L. Daniel. (Major-Gen. Bythesea).	
THE PARABLE OF THE TARES; or, "The Enemy Sowing Tares"	—	1865	R.A.	P. '67. G.G. R.A.	Mr. E. M. Denny. (Sir J. Pender).	
JOAN OF ARC	—	1865	R.A.	G.G. R.A.	Sir Cuthbert Quilter, Bt. (Mr. F. T. Turner).	
ESTHER	—	1865	R.A.	G.G. R.A.	(Mr. Alex. Henderson). (Mr. Eustace Smith).	Miss Muir Mackenzie.
THE ROMANS LEAVING BRITAIN	1865	1865	P. '67. R.A.	R.A.	Sir I. Lowthian Bell, Bt. (Mr. F. T. Turner).	Miss Scott.
THE GREEK SLAVE	—	—	—	—	(Mr. Fitzpatrick). (Mr. Cox).	Miss Maitland.
THE ROMANS LEAVING BRITAIN (oil copy)	1865	—	—	—		
ESTHER (oil copy)	1865	—	—	—		
MISS DAVIDSON	1865	—	—	—		
ATTENTION DIVERTED	—	1865	Fr. Gallery	—	——	Miss O'Kell

RED RIDING HOOD	1864	1865	French Gallery.	G.G.	Rt. Hon. G. Cubitt, M.P.	Effie Millais.
THE MINUET	1866	1867	R.A.	F.A.S. G.G. R.A.	Sir John Kelk, Bart.	Effie Millais (Mrs. James).
"SLEEPING"	—	1867	R.A.	M. '87. G.G. R.A.	Mr. C. J. Shaw. (Mr. J. C. Harter).	Alice Millais (Mrs. Stuart-Wortley).
"WAKING"	—	1867	R.A.	M. '87. G.G. R.A.	Mr. Holbrook Gaskell.	Mary Millais.
JEPHTHAH	1867	1867	R.A.	G.G. R.A.	Lord Armstrong, C.B. (Mr. S. Mendel). (Mr. W. Armstrong).	Col. Lindsay. Miss Russel.
MASTER CAYLEY	—	1867	R.A.	—	—	
STELLA	1868	1868	R.A.	G.G. R.A.	Mr. Humphrey Roberts. (Mr. E. C. Potter).	
VANESSA	1868	1869	R.A.	G.G. R.A	Mrs. Holt. (Mr. G. Holt). (Mr. E. C. Potter).	
SIR JOHN FOWLER, Bart., C.E.	1868	1869	R.A.	G.G. R.A.	Institution of Civil Engineers.	
ROSALIND AND CELIA	1868	1868	R.A.	G.G. R.A.	Mr. J. C. Bunten. (Mr. A. W. Kurtz).	Mrs. Stibbard, Mrs. Ellis, and an actor.
A SOUVENIR OF VELASQUEZ	1868	1868	R.A.	R.A.	Royal Academy.	
SISTERS	1868	1868	R.A.	L. '71. P. '78. G.G. R.A.	Mrs. C. E. Lees. (Mr. C. P. Matthews).	Effie, Mary, and Alice Millais.
GREENWICH PENSIONERS AT THE TOMB OF NELSON (originally "Pilgrims to St. Paul's")	—	1868	R.A.	M. '87. Bm. R.A.	Mr. Humphrey Roberts. (Mr. McConnel).	
GREENWICH PENSIONERS AT THE TOMB OF NELSON (small oil version)	—	—	R.A.	R.A.	Mr. Humphrey Roberts. (Mr. J. Heugh).	
THE BRIDE	—	—	—	—		
HEAD OF A GIRL	—	—	—	—		
EXCELSIOR	—	—	—	—		

TITLE	DATE SIGNED	DATE EXHIBITED	FIRST EXHIBITED	SUBSEQUENT EXHIBITION	OWNER (PRESENT OR FORMER)	MODEL FOR
MILKING TIME	—	1868	—	—	(Mr. Albert Grant).	
THE GAMBLER'S WIFE*	—	1869	R.A.	P. '78 M. '87 G.G. R.A.	Mr. Humphrey Roberts. (Mr. J. Farnworth).	Miss Silver (who also sat for "The Widow's Mite").
NINA (daughter of F. Lehmann, Esq.)	1869	1869	R.A.	G.G. R.A.	Mrs. Frederick Lehmann.	
A DREAM OF DAWN	—	1869	R.A.	—		
THE END OF THE CHAPTER	—	1869	R.A.	—		
A WIDOW'S MITE	—	1870	R.A.	Bm. R.A.	Corpn. of Birmingham.	Miss Silver.
A FLOOD	1870	1870	R.A.	G.G. R.A.	Corpn. of Manchester. (Mr. C. P. Matthews).	Sophie Millais. Fred Walker's cat, Eel-eye.
CHILL OCTOBER	1870	1871	R.A.	P. '78 F.A.S. G.G. R.A.	Lord Armstrong, C.B. (Mr. S. Mendel).	Kinfaun's backwater, River Tay.
THE BOYHOOD OF RALEIGH	1870	1870	R.A.	M. '87 F.A.S. G.G. R.A.	Mr. James Reiss.	Professional model. Everett and George Millais.
SIR JOHN KELK, Bart.	1870	1870	R.A.	R.A.	Sir John Kelk, Bart.	
THE KNIGHT-ERRANT	1870	1870	R.A.	L. '71 G.G. R.A.	Nat. Gall. of British Art. (Mr. Albert Grant). (Mr. C. H. Wilson, M.P.) (Mr. Henry Tate).	
MARCHIONESS OF HUNTLY	—	1870	R.A.	—		
"YES" OR "NO"?	1871	1871	R A.	P. '78 G.G. R.A.	Mrs. Moir.	Mrs. Ellis. Mrs. Stibbard.
FLOWING TO THE RIVER	1871	1872	R.A.	R A.	Mr. Samuel Lewis. (Mr. E. L. Benzon). (Mr. Kurtz).	Stormontfield Salmon Ponds and Mill (six miles above Perth).

* Millais received £250 for "The Gambler's Wife," while Mr. Humphrey Roberts is said to have refused £5000 for the picture.

MARTYR OF THE SOLWAY	1871	—	—	—	Corpn. of Liverpool.	
MISUNDERSTOOD	1872	—	—	—		
GEORGE GROTE	1871	1871	R.A.	M. '87 G.G. R.A.	University of London.	
"VICTORY, O LORD!"	—	1871	R.A.	G.G. M. '87	Corpn. of Manchester. (Mrs. Leopold Reiss). (Mr. Albert Grant). (Mr. R. Brocklebank).	
A SOMNAMBULIST	—	1871	R.A.	M. '87		
MRS. HEUGH	1872	1873	R.A.	R.A.	Mr. J. Orrock. (Mr. J. Heugh).	
"HEARTS ARE TRUMPS"	1872	1872	R.A.	P. G.G. R.A.	Mr. J. Herbert Secker.	Mrs. Secker. Mrs. Blennerhasset. Miss Armstrong.
SIR JAMES PAGET	1872	1872	R.A.	M. '87 G.G. R.A.	St. Bartholomew's Hospital.	
FLOWING TO THE SEA	—	1872	R.A.	G.G.	Sir. James Joicey, Bart. (Mr. A. W. Kurtz).	Waukmill Ferry (six miles above Perth). Female figure (Mrs. Stibbard).
MASTER LIDDELL	1871	1872	R.A.	—	Mr. C. Liddell.	
MARQUESS OF WESTMINSTER	—	1872	R.A.	P. '78. G.G. R.A.	Duke of Westminster.	
MRS. JEX BLAKE	1872	—	—	—	Rev. Jex Blake.	
"OH! THAT A DREAM SO LONG ENJOYED, ETC."	1872	1873	R.A.	—		
THOMAS HYDE HILLS, ESQ.	1873	—	—	—	Mr. Thomas Hills.	
MRS. MILLAIS	1873	—	—	—	Sir J. Millais.	
HON. WALTER ROTHSCHILD	1873	1874	R.A.	R.A.	Lord Rothschild.	
EARLY DAYS	—	1873	R.A.	—	(Mr. C. P. Matthews).	
SCOTCH FIRS	1873	1874	R.A.	G.G. R.A.	Mr. James Mason. (Mr. Albert Grant).	Birnam Hill, near Dunkeld, N.B.
MRS. BISCHOFFSHEIM	1873	1873	R.A.	P. '78. G.G. R.A.	Mr. H. L. Bischoffsheim.	
NEW LAID EGGS	1873	1873	R.A.	G.G. R.A.	Mr. Peter Reid.	Miss Effie Millais (Mrs. James).
SIR WILLIAM STERNDALE BENNETT	1873	1873	R.A.	G.G. R.A.	Professor T. Case.	

TITLE	DATE SIGNED	DATE EXHIBITED	FIRST EXHIBITED	SUBSEQUENT EXHIBITION	OWNER (PRESENT OR FORMER)	MODEL FOR
THE PICTURE OF HEALTH .	1874	1874	R.A.	G.G. R.A.	Mrs. C. E. Lees. (Mr. Hilton Philipson).	Miss Alice Millais.
THE NORTH-WEST PASSAGE	1874	1874	R.A.	P. '78. M. '87. G.G. R.A.	National Gallery of British Art. (Mr. C. F. H. Bolckow). (Mr. Henry Tate).	Captain Trelawny.
THE FRINGE OF THE MOOR	1874	1875	R.A.	M. '87. G.G. R.A.	Mr. T. H. Ismay.	Trochray Moor, Strathtay, N.B.
MISS EVELEEN TENNANT (Mrs. F. H. Myers)	1874	1875	R.A.	G.G. R.A.	Mrs. Tennant.	
STILL FOR A MOMENT . .	—	1874	R.A.	G.G.	Mr. J. S. Morgan.	Miss Sophie Millais.
WINTER FUEL	1873	1874	R.A.	G.G. M. '8	Corpn. of Manchester. (Mr. G. B. Worthington). (Mr. Albert Grant).	Birnam Hill, near Dunkeld, N.B.
A DAY-DREAM . . .	—	1874	R.A.	—		
FORBIDDEN FRUIT . .	1875	1876	R.A.	G.G. R.A.	Lady Millais.	Miss Sophie Millais.
EVELINE (daughter of T. Evans Lees, Esq.)	1875	1875	R.A.	R.A.	Mrs. Lees.	
GRACIA (daughter of T. Evans Lees, Esq.)	1875	1875	R.A.	R.A.	Mrs. Lees.	
"No!"	1875	1875	R.A.	G.G. R.A.	Mrs. H. Brassey. (Mr. H. A. Brassey, M.P.).	Miss Dolly Tennant (Lady Stanley).
THE DESERTED GARDEN .	1875	1875	R.A.	G.G. R.A.	Mrs. Thwaites. (Mr. E. Hermon, M.P.)	St. Mary's Tower, Birnam, N.B., the end of the upper terrace.
FINDING THE OTTER* . .	1874	—	—	—	Mr. J. Coleman.	
REV. JEX BLAKE . .	1875	—	—	—	Rev. Jex Blake.	
THE CONVALESCENT . .	1875	—	—	—	Mrs. MacDonald of Kepplestone.	Miss Alice Millais. J. G. Millais.
MR. JAMES WYATT . .	1875	—	—	—	Mrs. James Wyatt.	
"OVER THE HILLS AND FAR AWAY"	1875	1876	R.A.	P. '78. G.G. R.A.	Mr. J. C. Williams. (Mr. G. E. Clayton). (Mr. Kaye Knowles).	Trochray Moor, Rohallion, looking up the valley of the Tay.

* Background, some hounds and figures by Sir Edwin Landseer; principal hounds, horses, figures, and the landscape, by Millais.

"Model" (a Basset Hound) .	1875	—	—	R.A.	Lady Millais.	
The Convalescent . .	1875	—	—	—	Mr. George Belliss.	Miss Alice Millais. J. G. Millais.
The Crown of Love . .	—	1875	R.A.	R.A.		Miss Alice Millais.
"Stitch! Stitch! Stitch!"	1876	1877	G.G.	G.G. R.A.	Mr. G. F. Watts, R.A.	Mrs. Ellis.
Mrs. Sebastian Schlesinger	1876	1876	R.A.	G.G. R.A.	Mr. Hy. Schlesinger.	
A Yeoman of the Guard .	1876	1877	R.A.	P. '78. F.A.S. G.G. R.A.	National Gallery. (Mr. H. Hodgkinson).	Col. Robert Montagu.
Twin Daughters of T. R. Hoare, Esq. ("Twins")	1876	1878	G.G.	G.G. R.A.	Mrs. Hoare.	
Getting Better . . .	1876	1876	R.A.	R.A.	Mr. Humphrey Roberts. (Mr. E. Hermon, M.P.).	Miss Alice Millais. J. G. Millais.
George Millais . . .	1876	—	—	R.A.	Lady Millais.	
Everett Millais . .	(1876)	—	—	R.A.	Lady Millais.	
Miss Effie Millais . .	(1876)	—	—	R.A.	Lady Millais.	
Miss Mary Millais . .	(1876)	—	—	R.A.	Lady Millais.	
Miss Alice Caroline Millais	(1876)	—	—	R.A.	Lady Millais.	
Italian Girl, An (for a time known as "Pippa")	1876	—	—	—	Mr. J. Dunnachie of Glenboig.	
Lord Lytton . . .	—	1876	R.A.	—	South Kensington Mus. John Forster.	
Duchess of Westminster .	—	1876	R.A.	—	Earl Grosvenor.	
Countess Grosvenor . .	—	1877	G.G.	—	Duke of Westminster.	
Lady Beatrice Grosvenor	—	1877	G.G.	—	Duke of Westminster.	
Marchioness of Ormonde	1876	—	—	—	Duke of Westminster.	
Mrs. James Reiss . .	1876	—	—	—	Mr. James Reiss.	
Lord Ronald Gower. .	1876	1881	F.A.S.	—	Shakespeare Museum, Stratford-on-Avon. (Lord Ronald Gower.	
Red Riding Hood . .	1877	—	—	—	Mrs. MacDonald of Kepplestone.	Miss Florence Coleridge.
A Good Resolve . .	1877	—	—	—	Mr. Julius Reiss.	
Effie Deans (oil copy) .	1877	—	—	—		
The Earl of Shaftesbury	1877	1877	R.A.	G.G. R.A.	British and Foreign Bible Society.	

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EFFIE DEANS	1877	1877	King St. Gallery.	G.G. R.A.	Sir Edmund Loder, Bart. (Mr. Arbuthnot). (Mr. Bischoffsheim). (Mr. Robert Loder, M.P.).	Mrs. Langtry. Mr. Arthur James. Mr. Everett Millais.
A GOOD RESOLVE	1877	1878	G.G.	G.G. R.A.	Mr. Julius Reiss.	
"YES!"	1877	1877	R.A.	R.A.	Exors. Mr. James Renton.	Mr. Lionel Benson.
PUSS-IN-BOOTS	1877	1877	McLean's Gallery.	R.A.	Sir W. Ogilvy Dalgleish, Bart.	Miss Maxse.
THE SOUND OF MANY WATERS	1876	1877	R.A.	G.G.	(Mr. David Price).	Scene just above Rumbling Brig, nr. Dunkeld.
BRIGHT EYES	1877	—	—	G.G.	Mrs. Macdonald.	
MARCHIONESS OF ORMONDE	—	1877	G.G.	—	Duke of Westminster.	
THOMAS CARLYLE	1877	—	—	G.G.	Nat. Port. Gallery. (Mr. Reginald Cholmondeley).	
MRS. STIBBARD	1878	1879	G.G.	G.G. R.A.	Mr. G. D. Stibbard.	
A JERSEY LILY	—	1878	R.A.	G.G. R.A.	Mr. H. M. Kennard.	Mrs. Langtry.
THE PRINCES IN THE TOWER	1878	1878	R.A.	F.A.S. G.G. R.A.	Royal Holloway College. (Mr. Holloway).	Professional.
ST. MARTIN'S SUMMER	—	1878	R.A.	—	(Mr. Lee). (Mr. Bullock).	Birnam, N.B.
MRS. C. BUXTON	1879	—	—	—	Mr. C. Buxton.	
COUNTESS OF CARYSFORT	—	1878	R.A.	—		
BRIDE OF LAMMERMOOR	—	1878	King St. Gallery.	M. '87.	Mr. Angus Holden. (Mr. W. H. Vanderbilt).	Mr. Arthur James.
MISS HERMIONE SCHENLEY	1879	1880	R.A.	G.G. R.A.	Mrs. Schenley.	
THE BRIDESMAID	1879	—	—	R.A.	Mr. J. W. Knight. (Mr. T. E. Plint).	Miss Mary Millais.
MRS. JOPLING	1879	1880	G.G.	G.G. B. R.A.	Mr. Lindsay M. Jopling. (Mrs. Louise Jopling-Rowe).	

MRS. S. H. BEDDINGTON	1879	1879	R.A.	R.A.	Mr. S. H. Beddington.	
RT. HON. W. E. GLADSTONE	1879	1879	R.A.	M. '87. P. '89. G.G. R.A.	Sir Charles Tennant, Bart. (Duke of Westminster, K.G.).	
THE PRINCESS ELIZABETH	1879	1881	F.A.S.	F.A.S. G.G. R.A.	Royal Holloway College. (Mr. T. Holloway).	Miss Sophie Millais.
MISS BEATRICE CAIRD	1879	—	—	G.G. R.A.	Mr. G. D. Stibbard. (Mrs. Gray).	
CHERRY RIPE	1879	—	—	P. '89. R.A.	Mr. C. J. Wertheimer. (*The Graphic*).	Miss Edie Ramage.
URQUHART CASTLE	1879	1879	R.A.	G.G. R.A.	Exors. Mr. J. Renton.	Glen Urquhart, Loch Ness, N.B.
MRS. ARTHUR KENNARD	—	1879	R.A.	—	Mr. A. Kennard.	
A MOORISH CHIEF	1879	—	—	—		
MISS CATHERINE MURIEL COWELL STEPNEY (originally "Portrait of a Child")	—	1880	R.A.	R.A.	(Hon. Lady Cowell Stepney.	
BISHOP FRASER	1880	1881	R.A.	M. '87. R.A.	Corpn. of Manchester. (Dr. Fraser).	
MRS. PERUGINI	1880	1881	G.G.	R.A.	Mr. C. E. Perugini.	
DIANA VERNON	1880	—	—	R.A.	Mr. G. Gurney.	The Honble. Caroline Roche.
RT. HON. JOHN BRIGHT	1880	1880	R.A.	M. '87. R.A.	Sir Cuthbert Quilter, Bart., M.P. (Sir Wm. Agnew, Bart., M.P.).	
MRS. CAIRD	1880	—	—	R.A.	Exors. late Lady Millais.	
"CUCKOO!"	1880	1880	R.A.	G.G. R.A.	Mrs. Bloomfield Moore. (Mr. Lees). (Mr. Heath).	
RICHARD COMBE	1880	—	—	—	Mr. Richard Combe.	
LUTHER HOLDEN, P.R.C.S.	1880	1880	R.A.	G.G. R.A.	St. Bartholomew's Hospital.	
MISS EVELYN OTWAY	(1880)	—	—	G.G.	Sir Arthur Otway, Bart.	
SIR JOHN E. MILLAIS, BART.	—	1880	R.A.	—	Uffizi Gallery, Florence.	
GIRL WITH VIOLETS (small picture)	—	—	—	—		

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	SIGNED	EXHIBITED				
GIRL AT THE STILE (small picture)	—	—	—	—		
D. THWAITES	1881	1882	R.A.	R.A.	Mrs. Thwaites.	
CARDINAL NEWMAN	1881	1882	R.A.	M. '87. R.A.	Duke of Norfolk, K.G.	
CHILDREN OF OCTAVIUS MOULTON BARRETT, ESQ	1881	1882	G.G.	G.G. R.A.	Mr. O. M. Barrett.	
"SWEETEST EYES WERE EVER SEEN"	1881	1881	G.G.	G.G. R.A.	Mrs. Sandars. (Mr. Everett Gray).	Miss Beatrice Buckstone.
REV. JOHN CAIRD, D.D.	—	1881	R.A.	G.G.	University of Glasgow.	
JAMES GARRET	1881	—	—	—	James Garret of Baltimore.	
SIR J. D. ASTLEY, BART.	1881	1881	R.A.	G.G. R.A.	Sir James Astley Corbett, Bart.	
ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON	1881	1881	F.A.S.	F.A.S. G.G. R.A.	Mr. James Knowles.	
SIR HENRY THOMPSON	1881	1882	R.A.	M. '87. G.G. R.A.	Sir Henry Thompson.	
LITTLE MRS. GAMP	1881	—	—	R.A.	T. Agnew & Sons.	
CINDERELLA	1881	1881	R.A.	P. '89. R.A.	Mr. C. J. Wertheimer.	Miss Beatrice Buckstone.
CAPTAIN JAMES (Royal Scots Greys)	—	1881	R.A.	G.G.	(Major James).	
MRS. JAMES (see Miss Effie Millais)	—	—	—	—		
SIR GILBERT GREENALL	(1880)	1881	R.A.	G.G.	Sir Gilbert Greenall, Bart.	
CALLER HERRIN'	1881	1882	F.A.S.	G.G.	Mr. Walter Dunlop.	Miss Beatrice Buckstone.
DUCHESS OF WESTMINSTER (Lady Constance Leveson-Gower)	1881	—	—	—	Lord Ronald Gower.	
LORD WIMBORNE	—	1881	R.A.	—	Lord Wimborne.	
THE EARL OF BEACONSFIELD	—	1881	R.A.	M. '87. G.G.	(Rt. Hon. W. H. Smith, M.P.)	
NON ANGLI SED ANGELI	—	1881	—	—	Mr. Tonge.	

POMONA	1882	1882	Tooth's Gallery.	G.G. R.A.	Rt. Hon. the Lord Mayor (1898). (Mr. C. Neck).	Miss Margaret Millais (Mrs. Parkinson).
MRS. JAMES STERN	1882	1882	R.A.	G.G. R.A.	Mr. J. Stern. R. Budgett, Esq.	
OLIVIA	1882	1883	Tooth's Gallery.	G.G. R.A.	M. J. Orrock. (Mr. E. J. Poole).	
DUCHESS OF WESTMINSTER	1882	—	—	G.G. R.A.	Duke of Westminster, K.G.	
"FOR THE SQUIRE"	1882	1883	G.G.	G.G. R.A.	Mr H. F. Makins.	
J. C. HOOK, R.A.	1882	1883	R.A.	P. '89. G.G. R.A.	Mr. J. C. Hook, R.A.	
H.R.H. THE PRINCESS MARIE OF EDINBURGH ("A Little Duchess")	1882	1882	R.A.	R.A.	H.M. the Queen.	
THE STOWAWAY	1882	1885	D.G.	R.A.	Mrs. Bloomfield Moore. (Mr. E. Fox-White).	
NELL GWYNNE (called in Official Catalogue "An Equestrian Portrait")	1882	1897	N.G. B.A.	—	National Gallery of British Art.	Mrs. James.
DOROTHY THORPE	-	1882	R.A.	G.G.	(Mr. J. Dyson Perrins).	
MRS. RICHARD BUDGETT	—	1882	R.A.	—	Mr. R. Budgett.	
MRS. GARROW-WHITBY	—	1882	G.G.	—		
LOVE BIRDS (originally "Une Grande Dame")	—	1883	R.A.	—		
THE CAPTIVE	—	1882	F.A.S.	—	Gallery of New South Wales.	Miss Ruby Streatfield (Hon. Mrs. Colville).
DROPPED FROM THE NEST	—	1883	F.A.S.	G.G. R.A.	Mrs. Ernest Hills. (Sir Cuthbert Quilter, M.P.). (Mr. R. Brocklebank).	
MARQUESS OF SALISBURY	1883	1883	R.A.	M. '87. G.G. R.A.	Hn. W. F. D. Smith, M.P. (Rt. Hn. W. H. Smith, M.P.).	
GEORGE DU MAURIER	1883	—	—	—	Mrs. Macdonald of Kepplestone.	Lady Elizabeth Manners.
THE YOUNG MOTHER	1883	—	—			

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JOSEPH JONES, ESQ.	1883	—	—	—	Mr. Joseph Jones.	
SIR CHARLES RUSSELL	1883	—	—	—	Sir George Russell.	
J. E. MILLAIS, R.A.	1883	—	—	—	Mrs. Macdonald of Kepplestone.	
FORGET-ME-NOT	1883	1883	R.A.	R.A.	J. G. Millais.	Mrs. James.
THE GREY LADY	—	1883	R.A.	G.G.	Messrs. Agnew.	
T. H. ISMAY	—	1883	R.A.	—	Mr. T. H. Ismay.	
CHARLES WARING	—	1883	R.A.	—		
MASTER FREEMAN	—	—	—	—		
SIR JOHN E. MILLAIS, BART., P.R.A.	1883	—	—	—	Mrs. Macdonald.	
LITTLE MISS MUFFETT	1884	1884	M'Lean's Gallery.	G.G. R.A.	Mr. J. M. Keiller.	
PERFECT BLISS	1884	1884	M'Lean's Gallery.	R.A.	Mr. G. McCulloch. (Mr. C. Wertheimer).	
AN IDYLL, 1745	1884	1884	R.A.	G.G. R.A.	Sir F. Wigan, Bart.	
LADY PEGGY PRIMROSE	1884	1885	R.A.	R.A.	Earl of Rosebery, K.G.	
LADY CAMPBELL	1884	1884	G.G.	G.G. R.A.	Mrs. Fredk. Lehmann.	
A MESSAGE FROM THE SEA (not "Deep")	1884	1884	M'Lean's Gallery.	R.A.	Mr. C. J. Wertheimer.	
THE MISTLETOE-GATHERER	1884	1884	M'Lean's Gallery.	R.A.	Mr. C. J. Wertheimer.	
SIR HENRY IRVING	—	1884	R.A.	G.G.	Garrick Club.	
FLEETWOOD WILSON	—	1884	R.A.	G.G.	Mr. Fleetwood Wilson.	
LADY GILBERT GREENALL	1884	—	—	G.G.	Sir Gilbert Greenall, Bt.	
MISS SCOTT (of Philadelphia).	—	1884	R.A.	—	Mr. Freeman.	
MARQUESS OF LORNE	—	1884	G.G.	—	National Gallery of Canada.	
LITTLE NELL AND HER GRANDFATHER	1885	—	—	—	(Now in New York), Mr. Kingsland.	Miss Leila Campbell.
MRS. JONES	1885	—	—	—	Mr. Joseph Jones.	
RT. HON. W. E. GLADSTONE	1885	—	—	—	Earl of Rosebery.	

THE RULING PASSION; or, "The Ornithologist"	1885	1885	R.A	C. G.G. R.A.	Lady Millais	T. Oldham Barlow, R.A. Hon. A. Byng. Miss Byng. George and William James.
ORPHANS	—	1885	R.A.	G.G.	Mr. J. S. Forbes.	
A WAIF	—	1885	1885	Do'des wells.	Mr. Ed. Fox-White.	
SIMON FRASER	-	1885	R.A.	—	Mr. Fraser.	
FOUND (hounds and buck in the picture by Landseer)	—	—	—	—	(Mr. G. Nathan).	
MISS MARGARET MILLAIS	1883	1885	G.G.	G.G.	Mr. W. H. Millais.	
RT. HON. W. E. GLADSTONE	--	1885	G.G.	—	Christ Church, Oxford.	
LILACS	1886	1887	R.A.	R.A.	Lord Iveagh.	
BUBBLES	1886	1886	Tooth's Gallery.	P. '89. C. B. R.A.	Messrs. A. & F. Pears. *Illustrated London News.*	William James, R.N.
T. O. BARLOW, R.A.	1886	1886	M. '87. R.A.	R.A.	Corporation of Oldham.	
RUDDIER THAN THE CHERRY	1886	1886	M'Lean's Gallery.	—	(Mr. M'Lean).	
LORD ESHER	—	1887	G.G.	—		
PIPPA (now "An Italian Girl")	—	1886	—	—	Mr. J. Dunnachie.	
PORTIA	1886	1886	M'Lean's Gallery.	—	(Mr. M'Lean).	
MRS. CHARLES STUART-WORTLEY	1887	1887	G.G.	R.A.	Rt. Hon. C. Stuart-Wortley, M.P.	
THE NEST	1887	1887	R.A.	R.A.	Mr. W. H. Lever.	
MURTHLY MOSS, PERTHSHIRE	1887	1888	R.A.	R.A.	Sir Cuthbert Quilter, Bart., M.P.	Carnleth Moss, between Stanley and Murthly, looking north to Rohallion.
CECIL WEBB	1887		—	—	J. Webb, Esq., of Newstead.	
JOHN GUILLE MILLAIS (unfinished)	1887	-	--	R.A.	J. G. Millais.	
MRS. ELDER	1886	-	—	—	Mrs. Elder.	
THE MARQUESS OF HARTINGTON	1887	—	--	—	The Duke of Devonshire.	
PENSEROSO	1887	1887	M'Lean's Gallery.	R.A.	Mrs. Cameron. (Mr. C. J. Wertheimer).	
ALLEGRO	1887	1887	M'Lean's Gallery.	R.A.	Mrs. Cameron. (Mr. C. J. Wertheimer).	

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MERCY. ST. BARTHOLOMEW'S DAY, 1572	1886	1887	R.A.	–	Nat. Gall. of Brit. Art. (Mr. Henry Tate.)	Lady Granby. Sophie Millais (nun). Geoffroy Millais (cavalier). Rev. R. Lear (priest).
EARL OF ROSEBERY	—	1887	R.A.	—		
MARQUESS OF HARTINGTON	—	1887	R.A.	—		
CLARISSA	1887	1887	M'Lean's Gallery.	—	(Mr. J. S. Forbes).	Miss Sophie Millais.
MISS VANDERBILT	1888	—	—	—	Cornelius Vanderbilt.	
MRS. PAUL HARDY	1888	1889	R.A.	R.A.	Mr. Paul Hardy.	
THE LAST ROSE OF SUMMER	1888	1888	N.G.	P. '89. C. R.A.	Executors Lady Millais.	Miss Mary Millais.
MURTHLY WATER	1888	1889	R.A.	R.A.	Mr. Pandelli Ralli.	Tronnach beat, near Birnam Hall, looking up the river.
THE OLD GARDEN	1888	1889	R.A.	R.A.	Mr. C. J. Wertheimer.	The Old Castle, Murthly.
C. J. WERTHEIMER	1888	1888	G.G.	R.A.	Mr. C. J. Wertheimer.	
CHRISTMAS EVE	1888	1888	M'Lean's Gallery.	R.A.	Mr. C. J. Wertheimer.	
TWA BAIRNS (Frederick and Mary Stewart Phillips, children of Frederick Phillips, Esq., of Godshill, Isle-of-Wight)	1888	—	—	–	Mr. Fredk. Phillips.	
SIR ARTHUR SULLIVAN	1888	1888	G.G.	—		
FORLORN	—	1888	N.G.	–		
SHELLING PEAS	—	1889	G.G.	C.	Mr. J. Orrock. (Lord Leighton, P.R.A.)	
DUCKLINGS	1889	1889	M'Lean's Gallery.	—	(Now in United States).	
AFTERNOON TEA (by the artist called "Gossips")	1889	1890	M'Lean's Gallery.	—		
COL. KING HARMAN, M.P.	1889	—	—	—	Mrs. King Harman.	
DEW-DRENCHED FURZE	1890	1890	N.G.	R.A.	Mrs. Sandars.	Gellies Wood, Murthly, N.B.
LINGERING AUTUMN	1890	1891	R.A.	C. R.A.	Mr. G. McCulloch.	The Mill Pond, Murthly, N.B., looking south.
"THE MOON IS UP, AND YET IT IS NOT NIGHT"	1890	1890	R.A.	R.A.	Mr. J. Ogston.	Carnleth little bog, Murthly, looking south.

Rt. Hon. W. E. Gladstone, M.P., and his Grandson.	—	1890	R.A.	—	Rt. Hon. W. E. Gladstone.	
Portrait of a Lady	—	1890	N.G.	—		
Master Ranken	—	1880	G.G.	—		Mrs. Bartin.
Hon. Mrs. Herbert Gibbs.	1891	1891	R.A.	R.A.	Hon. Herbert Gibbs.	
Glen Birnam	1891	1891	R.A.	R.A.	Mrs. Rylands.	
Grace	1891	1891	R.A.	R.A.	Mr. C. Wertheimer.	
Mrs. Joseph Chamberlain.	1891	1891	R.A.	R.A.	Mr. Julian Senior.	Miss Grace Pallisser.
Mrs. Charles Wertheimer	1891	—	—	R.A.	Rt. Hon. Joseph Chamberlain, M.P.	
Dorothy, Daughter of Mrs. Harry Lawson	—	1891	R.A.	—	Mr. C. J. Wertheimer.	
"The Little Speedwell's Darling Blue"	1892	1892	R.A.	R.A.	Mr. W. H. Lever. (Sir Julian Goldsmid).	Miss Phyllis James.
"Blow, Blow, Thou Winter Wind!"	1892	1892	R.A.	R.A.	Major Joicey.	Corsey Hill and Kinnoull Woods, Perth, N.B.
Halcyon Weather	1892	1892	R.A.	C. R.A.	Lady Millais.	Backwater, near New Mill House, Stanley, N.B.
Master Anthony de Rothschild	1892	—	—	R.A.	Mr. Leopold de Rothschild.	
"Sweet Emma Morland".	1892	1892	N.G.	R.A.	Mr. Stephen T. Gooden.	
John Hare	1893	1893	R.A.	R.A.	Mr. John Hare.	
The Girlhood of St. Theresa	1893	1893	R.A.	R.A.	Mr. E. M. Denny.	
Pensive (or Sad)	—	1893	R.A.	—	Mrs. Cameron.	
Merry	—	1893	R.A.	—	Mrs. Cameron.	
"Speak! Speak!"	1895	1895	R.A.	R.A.	Nat. Gall. of Brit. Art.	Miss Hope Anderson. Miss Buchanan White. Also professional.
Time, the Reaper	1895	1895	N.G.	R.A.	Lady Millais.	
St. Stephen	1895	1895	R.A.	R.A.	Nat. Gall. of Brit. Art.	Mr. Gordon McEwen.
The Empty Cage	—	1895	N.G.	—		
Ada, Daughter of Robert Rintoul Simon, Esq.	—	1895	R.A.	—		
A Disciple	1895	1895	R.A.	—	Nat. Gall. of Brit. Art. (Mr. Henry Tate.)	Miss Lloyd.

TITLE	DATE SIGNED	DATE EXHIBITED	FIRST EXHIBITED	SUBSEQUENT EXHIBITION	OWNER (PRESENT OR FORMER)	MODEL FOR
A Forerunner . . .	1896	1896	R.A.	R.A.	Sir Charles Tennant.	Professional.
Sir Robert Pullar . .	1896	—	—	R.A.	Sir Robert Pullar.	
Sir Richard Quain, Bart.	1896	1896	R.A.	R.A.	Sir Richard Quain.	
Stanley Leighton, M.P. .	—	1896	R.A.	—		
The Hon. John Neville Manners	—	1896	R.A.	—	Lord Manners.	
The Marchioness of Tweeddale	—	1896	R.A.	—	Marquis of Tweeddale.	
Master Crabbie . . .	1896	—	—	—	Captain Crabbie.	

In addition to the above, Spielmann gives:—

The Bride . . .	in the possession of	Mr. A. D. Grimmond.
Bright Eyes . . .	,, ,,	——
The Good Knight . .	,, ,,	——
The School Teacher . .	,, ,,	——
Romeo and Juliet . .	,, ,,	Mr. A. Campbell Blair.
Winter Garden . . .	,, ,,	Mr. Tankard.

Other oil pictures which Millais intended to paint, but which, from one cause or another, fell through, were:—

King Alfred. (1845.)
"Come unto Me, ye weary." (1852.)
The Return of the Crusaders. (1856.)
The Shipwreck.
Yeomen of the Guard searching the two Houses of Parliament.
Christ feeding the Pigeons.
St. Christopher.
The Last Trek.
A Seascape in the Orkney Islands.

The seascape referred to was Millais' last ambition, being the only phase of Art which he had not touched. He felt that he could do it, and had he lived a few years longer there is no doubt he would have carried out his ideas. A grand scene for the subject had been determined upon. This was the view from a wild spot in the old churchyard in the island of Pomona, looking across an arm of the Atlantic to the gloomy precipices of Hoy.

WATER-COLOURS

TITLE	DATE	OWNER	REMARKS
PARK SCENE WITH FALLOW DEER	*c.*1839	H. R. Lemprière.	
LOVERS UNDER A TREE	1839	William Millais.	
ILLUSTRATED CHRISTMAS LETTER TO THE LEMPRIÈRE FAMILY	1844	H. R. Lemprière.	
VIEW NEAR ST. HELIERS	1845	Geoffroy Millais.	
PORTRAIT OF A CHILD	1846	J. H. Standen.	Sketch for Child in "Grandfather and Child." The original is now Mrs. Standen.
MARIANA	*c.*1851		
MISS ALICE GRAY	1853	George Gray.	Bust. Pencil and water-colour.
GEORGE GRAY	1853	George Gray.	Pencil and water-colour.
EFFIE, DAUGHTER OF MR. GEORGE GRAY (afterwards Lady Millais)	1853	George Gray.	Size 10 × 8¼.
LADY MILLAIS IN FANCY DRESS	—		
THE MARCHIONESS OF RIPON	1853	The Marquess of Ripon, K.G.	Size 5¼ × 7.
MISS SOPHIE GRAY	1854	George Gray.	Size 9 × 7. Chalk and water-colour.
JOHN LEECH	1854	National Portrait Gallery.	
MRS. JOHN LEECH	—		
SIR ISUMBRAS	1859	William Millais.	
PORTRAIT OF A YOUNG LADY	1858		
THE WHITE COCKADE	1862	Fine Art Society.	Size 4½ × 3¾.
THE RANSOM	1862	George Gray.	Size 8 × 7¼.
FINDING OF MOSES	1862	Gambart.	Sketch for oil picture.
THE BLACK BRUNSWICKER	1863	Gambart.	
TWO WATER-COLOURS	1863	Mr. Colls.	No title given.
THE WISE VIRGINS	1863	Mr. Watson.	
THE FOOLISH VIRGINS	1863	Mr. Watson.	
STUDY OF A ROMAN GIRL	1863	Mr. Colls.	
MARGERET WILSON	1863		
THE ORDER OF RELEASE	1863	Agnew.	
THE HUGUENOT	1863	Agnew.	
MY FIRST SERMON	1864	Agnew.	
MY SECOND SERMON	1864	Agnew.	
"CHARLIE IS MY DARLING"	1864	Agnew.	
SWALLOW! SWALLOW!	1864	G. D. Stibbard.	Size 9¾ × 7.
THE EVIL ONE SOWING TARES	1865	W. Quilter.	
OPHELIA	1866	W. Quilter.	
TWO WATER-COLOURS	1866	—	No title.
THE MINUET	1866	Gambart.	
THE HUGUENOT	1866	Gambart.	
THE BLACK BRUNSWICKER	1867	Gambart.	
WILL HE COME?	1868	Mr. Baker.	
MR FOWLER	1868	Sir John Fowler.	
A WATER-COLOUR	1868	Agnew.	No title.

TITLE	DATE	OWNER	REMARKS
YOUTH AND AGE	1869	Lady Lindsay.	Size $9\frac{1}{2} \times 9$.
ILLUSTRATION FOR MOORE'S "LALLA ROOKH"	—	——	This is the largest water colour Millais ever did. Highly finished.
THE WIFE	—	C. Fairfax Murray.	For *Once a Week*.
A GIRL SERVING (a book illustration)	—	C. Fairfax Murray.	For *Once a Week*.
EFFIE LADY MILLAIS	—	Miss E. Delves, Brompton.	Size 9×7. In fancy dress. Full length.
SISTER ANNA'S PROBATION	—	Humphrey Roberts.	Size $4\frac{1}{2} \times 3\frac{3}{4}$.
MISS EFFIE MILLAIS	—	G. D. Stibbard.	Size $6\frac{1}{2} \times 5\frac{1}{4}$.
A SHEPHERDESS	—	Mrs. Creyke.	Sketch for *Once a Week*. Size 5×4.
TWO FIGURES ON A ROAD.	—	Mrs. Creyke.	Sketch for *Once a Week*. Size $4\frac{3}{4} \times 4$.
ANGLERS OF THE DOVE	—	Humphrey Roberts.	Size $4\frac{1}{2} \times 5\frac{1}{4}$.
THE PRINCE CARRYING THE PRINCESS UP THE HILL	1875		
AMINE AND THE LADY	—	E. Dalziel.	
ZOBEIDE DISCOVERS THE YOUNG MAN READING THE KORAN	—	G. Dalziel.	

Mr. M. H. Spielmann kindly sends me the names of the following, of which I have no notes or information. Several of these are, however, sure to be included in the above list under water-colours of no title.

THE APPOINTMENT
THE BIRD'S-NEST
THE BRUNETTE
A DREAM AT DAWN
THE END OF THE CHAPTER
THE FISHERMAN
THE GHOST STORY
THE GIPSY (with baby)
HASTINGS
"MARK," SHE SAID, "THE MEN ARE HERE"
A MOTHER'S LOVE
THE OLD STORY
PALACE OF THE SLEEPING BEAUTY
PARABLE OF THE STRAYED SHEEP
PORTRAIT OF A CHILD
THE ROCKING-HORSE
THE SEAMSTRESS
THE SEQUEL
A SHEPHERDESS
YES OR NO?
YOUTH AND AGE

BLACK-AND-WHITE DRAWINGS

MOST of the drawings done by Millais during his childhood and youth are now in the possession of the family. Many are, however, not applicable to successful reproduction, so they have not been figured in these volumes. The artist made elaborate drawings for many of his more important Pre-Raphaelite works, but the resting-place of but few are known.

It was in 1859 that the artist seriously commenced book-illustration, and from this year to 1864 he did an immense number of pictures for books and periodicals. Notable amongst these were eighty-seven drawings which he executed for Anthony Trollope's novels, *Orley Farm*, *Framley Parsonage*, *The Small House at Allington*, *Rachael Ray*, and *Phineas Finn*.

After 1864 he only occasionally made studies for his pictures, whilst in illustration he rarely employed his pen and pencil, except to oblige some personal friend. Not being in a position to trace and name the drawings that were delivered to publishers between 1859–1864,* I have merely inserted dates of delivery of work, giving names where it is possible. Nearly the whole of these drawings having been worked direct in the wood blocks were destroyed in process of cutting.

TITLE	DATE	OWNER	MEDIUM
TURKS ROBBING A CHEST.	1839	J. G. Millais.	Pen and ink.
MAN ON A BOLTING HORSE	1839	William Millais.	Wash.
MÊLÉE IN A BANQUETING HALL	1839	J. G. Millais.	Line in sepia ink.
CHARLES II.'s TRIUMPHAL ENTRY INTO LONDON. (Won the Society of Arts Medal)	1839	William Millais.	Pencil.
SCENE IN THE TIME OF CHARLES II.	1840	J. G. Millais.	Pencil.
BENJAMITES SEIZING THEIR BRIDES	1840	Geoffroy Millais.	Pen and ink.
SCENE FROM "PEVERIL OF THE PEAK"	1841	William Millais.	Sepia.
DESIGN FOR THE COVER OF A BOOK ON ARMOUR *	1845	Geoffroy Millais.	Pen and ink.
THE LEMPRIÈRE FAMILY.	1845	General A. Lemprière.	Pencil.
DESIGN FOR BOOK-PLATE "NARCISSUS"	1846	Geoffroy Millais.	Pen and ink.
WOOD SCENE, WITH GIPSY	1846	Fairfax Murray.	
D. G. ROSSETTI DRINKING (study for "Lorenzo and Isabella"; highly finished	1847	J. G. Millais.	Indian ink and pencil.

* At this time Millais frequently visited the Tower of London with his mother. There he made drawings of English armour from its earliest to its latest stage. In the book above mentioned are some twenty pages of carefully executed pen-and-ink drawings. They are not, however, interesting from the artistic point of view, except to show how thorough was the youthful artist's self-tuition. The cover is both artistic and of careful design.

TITLE	DATE	OWNER	MEDIUM
THE JUDGE AND THE PRISONER'S WIFE	1847	J. G. Millais.	Pen and ink and pencil.
CHRIST IN THE CARPENTER'S SHOP (parts of figures highly finished)	1847	J. G. Millais.	Indian ink and pencil.
CANTERBURY PILGRIMS (highly finished)	1848	G. W. Millais.	Indian ink and pencil.
SKETCH FOR "THE GERM"	1848	J. G. Millais.	Pen and ink.
YOUTH, CHILDHOOD, MANHOOD, AGE	1848	Mrs. Stibbard.	Pen and ink and wash.
ROMEO AND JULIET (the last scene)	1848	John R. Clayton.	Pen and pencil.
SKETCH FOR "THE WOODMAN'S DAUGHTER"	1848	Sir J. E. Millais.	Pencil.
DESIGN FOR PICTURE OF THE DELUGE (highly finished)	1849	J. G. Millais.	Pen and ink and pencil.
THE ROMANS LEAVING BRITAIN *	1849	George Gray.	Pen and ink and sepia.
GARDEN SCENE	1849	J. H. Pollen.	Pencil and pen and ink.
THE DISENTOMBMENT OF QUEEN MATILDA (highly finished). An incident related in Miss Strickland's *Queens of England*	1849	Mrs. Brockbank.	Indian ink.
THREE STUDIES OF HEADS	1849	Fairfax Murray.	
OPHELIA (study for the head)	1852	Fairfax Murray.	
MARRIED FOR LOVE, MARRIED FOR MONEY, MARRIED FOR RANK	1853	William Reed.	Pen and ink washed with colour.
SEVEN DRAWINGS DONE AT CALLANDER OF HUMOROUS HIGHLAND INCIDENTS	1853	Henry Silver.	Pen and ink.
MILLAIS (drawn by himself)	1853	M. H. Spielmann.	Pen and ink.
DESIGN FOR A WINDOW	1853	Sir J. E. Millais.	Sepia wash.
ACCEPTED	1853	George Gray.	Pen and ink.
REJECTED	1853	George Gray.	Pen and ink.
WOMAN IN A CHURCH WATCHING HER FORMER LOVER MARRIED	1853	George Gray.	Line and wash.
THE GHOST	1853	George Gray.	Line and wash.
VIRTUE AND VICE	1853	George Gray.	Line and wash.
THE MAN WITH TWO WIVES	1853	George Gray.	Line and wash.
THE DYING MAN	1853	George Gray.	Line and wash.
THE RACE MEETING	1853	George Gray.	Line and wash.
THE BLIND MAN	1853	George Gray.	Line and wash.
PRINCE CHARLIE IN THE PEASANT'S HUT	1854	Mrs. Stuart-Wortley.	Pencil.
ST. AGNES	1854	George Gray.	Pen and ink washed with colour.

* A highly finished drawing done for the Cyclographic Club. The artist afterwards carried out this picture in a large work, in oils, altering the design only slightly.

During his first residence in the North, in 1853, Millais illustrated two books with highly finished drawings and sketches; many of them are comic. The following being the best are illustrated in this work. They belong conjointly to the author and his brother Geoffroy.

A Fishing Party on Loch Achray.
A Wet Day's Pastime (containing portraits of the artist, his brother William, and Sir Thomas Acland.
The Best Day's Sketching.
Awey-Ye-Goo.
The Kirk in Glen Finlass.
Sir Thomas Acland.
Sir James Simpson.
Imitations of Vandyck.
Grenze.
Tourists at the Inn.
Designs for Gothic Windows.
Enter Lord and Lady Fiddledidee.
The Tourists' Highland Reel.
Sketch of the artist feeling sides of his room.
Sir Thomas Acland assisting a certain lady to complete one of her large religious pictures.
A certain lady has large views on the subject of Art.
A Pretty Girl.
Bruce at the Siege of Acre.
Lord James Douglas provides for the Royal Household.
Death of Lord James Douglas.
Bruce and the Spider.
Black Agnes dusting Dunbar Castle.

1848–1854.

Many of the sketches that Millais made for his pictures between these years were carefully preserved in a large volume by the artist's wife. This book now belongs to the author and his brother Geoffroy. The following sketches and finished drawings being considered his best are reproduced in these volumes :—

The three original ideas for "L'Enfant du Regiment."
Sketch for "Emma Morland" (Tennyson).
Three drawings of "Peace Concluded."
Roswell (an Irish wolf-hound).
Sketches for the "Crusaders."
The Crusader's Return.
Head of Ruth.
Various sketches (Tennyson illustrations).
The Parables (four sketches).
Edward Gray.
Study of a young girl looking away.
Study of a Child slipping from its mother.
Two first ideas for "The Royalist."
Two first ideas for "The Order of Release."
"Come unto Me, ye weary."
First ideas for "The Huguenot"
Pre-Raphaelite sketch.
Two drawings for the *Germ*.
Sketches for "Mariana."
Sketch for "Ferdinand lured by Ariel."
Sketch for a story by Rossetti to have been published in the *Germ*.

1854.

Two sets of line drawings in the possession of Col. Luard :—

(1) Eleven pen-and-ink drawings, illustrating a walking tour in the Highlands undertaken by the artist and his friend Charles Collins during the autumn of 1854.

(2) Five pen-and-ink drawings, representing a day's shooting in Argyle. Characters: the artist, John Luard, Michael Halliday, and their host.

TITLE	DATE	OWNER	MEDIUM
HEAD OF MRS. STIBBARD AS A CHILD	1855	George Gray.	Pencil.
HEAD OF MRS. CAIRD AS A CHILD	1855	George Gray.	Pencil.
SKETCH OF DORA (Moxon Ed. of Tennyson)	1857	C. Fairfax Murray.	Pencil.
SKETCH OF ALICE GRAY FOR "APPLE BLOSSOMS"	1859	George Gray.	Pencil.
THE VALE OF REST . .	1859	Virtue Tebbs.	Indian ink.
THE BLACK BRUNSWICKER	1860	F. B. Barwell.	Pencil.
INFANT DAUGHTER OF LADY EDWARDS	1863	Lady Edwards.	
A REVERIE . . .	1868	Mrs. MacEwen.	Wash and pencil.
CHARLES DICKENS (Gad's Hill, June 10th, 1870)	1870	Mrs. Perugini.	Pencil.
THOMAS BEWICK (frontispiece to *Game Birds and Shooting Sketches*, by J. G. Millais)	1891	J. G. Millais.	Wash.
THE WILDFOWLER . .	1894	J. G. Millais.	Line and wash.
THE LAST TREK (frontispiece to *A Breath from the Veldt*, by J. G. Millais)	1896	I. Micklethwaite.	Black and white (body colour).
MCLEOD OF DARE . .	—	T. O. Barlow, R.A.	(Illustration to W. Black's novel, pen and ink).
IN MEMORIAM . . .	—	T. O. Barlow, R.A.	Indian ink.
THE PEARL OF GREAT PRICE	—	H. Virtue Tebbs.	Pen and ink.
DORA	—	Sir William Bowman, Bart.	Pencil.
STUDY FOR THE RESCUE .	—	D. Bates.	Chalk.
"WAS IT NOT A LIE?" .	—	T. O. Barlow, R.A.	Sepia and Indian ink.
"THE PATH OF TRUE LOVE NEVER DID RUN SMOOTH"	—	Francis Austen.	Pen and ink.
HEAD OF OPHELIA . .	—	Sir William Bowman, Bart.	Pencil.
ST. AGNES . . .	—	T. O. Barlow, R.A.	Pen and ink with colour.

The following, without being in any way a complete list, shows something of Millais' black-and-white work for contemporary literature. Nearly all these drawings were destroyed on the wood-blocks.

1856.

Jan. Twelve drawings for Tennyson.
July 1. Two drawings for Dalziel Bros.
Oct. 12. Further drawings for Tennyson, including "Dora," "Edward Gray," "Locksley Hall," and the "Miller's Daughter."

1857.

June 27. Three drawings on the wood for Dalziel Bros.

Later Millais accepted a commission to do thirty drawings of the Parables of our Lord, for which he received £300.

1861.

June — He sold to Mr. Plint six *Framley Parsonage* drawings.*
July 5. All the *Orley Farm* drawings were sent in.*

1862.

Jan. — Bradbury and Evans. Seven drawings.
Dalziel. Three drawings for *Mistress and Maid* and one for *Olaf.*
April 2. Smith and Elder. Drawing of "Irene Wood."
,, 8. Chapman and Hall. Eight drawings.
June — Dalziel. Six drawings for *Good Words.*
,, 29. Smith and Elder. One drawing. "Knight and Bishop."
July 3. Bradbury and Evans. Twelve drawings.
,, 27. *Cornhill Magazine*—"Black Gordon" and "Sir Tristram," "Woman nursing a Child."
Aug. 2. *London Society.* One drawing.
,, 19. Smith and Elder. Four drawings for *Small House at Allington.*
Oct. 9. Smith and Elder. Five drawings for *Mistress and Maid.*
,, 22. Macmillan. *Robinson Crusoe.* Two drawings.
,, 22. Sampson Low. *Maggie Band.* Two drawings.
Nov. 3. Smith and Elder. Two drawings. *Small House at Allington.*
,, 27. Dalziel. "Thoughtful Girls." Four drawings.
Dec. — Drawing for the *Illustrated London News.*
,, 18. Bradbury and Evans. Nine drawings.

1863.

Jan. 12. *London Society.* Four drawings.
,, 16. Dalziel Bros. Four drawings of "The Parables."
,, 17. Asked by Mark Lemon to illustrate a sensational novel. Refuses.
Mar. 4. Smith and Elder. Four drawings.
May 23. Bradbury and Evans. Six drawings.
June 1. Smith and Elder. Two drawings.
July 2. Smith and Elder. Drawings.
,, 18. "Iphis and Anaxarte."
,, 20. "Miss Eyre and Roswell" (Millais' dog).
,, 20. "Anglers of the Dove." Two drawings.
,, 20. "Queen Mary."
,, 28. "Everett Millais in a Swing."
,, 28. "Lovers."
,, 28. Mr. Sykes (a book-plate for).
Sept. 9. Drawings for Mr. Colls:—"The Parting of Ulysses," "Henrietta Maria," "The Crusader's Bride," "The White Cockade," "Old Letters."
,, 30. *No Name.* A drawing for Wilkie Collins.
Oct. 1. Hurst and Blackett. "Les Miserables," "Lost and Saved."
,, 13. Dalziel Bros. Four Parables.
Nov. 18. Mr. Burnett. Various drawings.
,, 18. Mr. Colls. Indian Girl, Effie and others.

* Most of these drawings were executed in his chambers, 16o, Piccadilly. For the backgrounds he took flying visits to the country.

1864.

Jan. 1. Bradbury and Evans. Nine drawings.
,, 14. Dalziel. *Arabian Nights.* Two drawings.
Feb. 18. Drawings for *Good Words.*
Sept. 22. Chapman. Drawing of Rachel Ray.
Oct. 6. Drawings for Smith and Elder.
Nov. 14. A little Swiss Boy.

1865.

June Hurst and Blackett. Various drawings.

1866.

May 26. Cassell and Co. Six drawing

1867.

March. Cassell, Petter and Co. "Little Songs." Various drawings
Dec. 14. Virtue and Co. Four drawings for *St. Paul's.*
July. Virtue and Co. Five drawings for *St. Paul's.*

1868.

Dec. Drawings for Anthony Trollope.

1869.

Feb. 11. Virtue and Co. Six drawings.

1879.

Messrs. Smith, Elder and Co. *Barry Lyndon* drawings.

1882.

A drawing for Anthony Trollope for *Good Words.*

No date.

Illustrations to Wilkie Collins' *No Name.*

ETCHING.

Millais, although not caring for this method of artistic expression, at various times practised the art. The first example known is that of an etching which was to have illustrated a story by D. G. Rossetti in the fifth or stillborn number of *The Germ.** Between the years 1863–1865 he did several etchings, which cannot now be traced, whilst in the year 1865 it is certain that he joined an etching club. In that year, too, he etched his own coat of arms as a frontispiece to Mr. Payne's *Lineage of the Millais Family.*

* Said to have been intended to illustrate a story by D. G. Rossetti called the "Intercession of St. Agnes."

ENGRAVED PICTURES

Engravings in mezzotint or in the "mixed" manner (of mezzotint and etching combined) are entered in this list as mezzotints.

TITLE	ENGRAVER	METHOD	PUBLISHER	DATE
AFTERNOON TEA	F. A. Laguillermie	Etching	T. McLean	1890
ASLEEP	T. O. Barlow, R.A.	Mezzotint	Henry Graves & Co.	1868
AUTUMN LEAVES	J. Dobie	Etching	*Magazine of Art*	1896
AWAKE	T. O. Barlow, R.A.	Mezzotint	Henry Graves & Co.	1868
BEACONSFIELD, THE EARL OF	H. Herkomer, R.A.	Mezzotint	Fine Art Society	1882
BENNETT, SIR W. STERNDALE	T. O. Barlow, R.A.	Mezzotint	E. S. Palmer	1875
BISCHOFFSHEIM, MRS.	C. Waltner	Etching	*L'Art*	—
BLACK BRUNSWICKER, THE	T. L. Atkinson	Mezzotint	Henry Graves & Co.	1864
BLIND GIRL, THE	——	Photogravure	*Magazine of Art*	1893
BRIDE, THE	——	Photogravure	*Magazine of Art*	1896
BRIDE OF LAMMERMOOR	T. O. Barlow, R.A.	Mezzotint	T. Agnew & Sons	1881
BRIGHT, RT. HON JOHN	T. O Barlow, R.A.	Mezzotint	T. Agnew & Sons	1882
BUBBLES	G. H. Every	Mezzotint	Arthur Tooth & Sons	1887
CALLER HERRIN'	H. Herkomer, R.A.	Mezzotint	Fine Art Society	1882
CAPTIVE, THE	G. H. Every	Mezzotint	Fine Art Society	1885
CARPENTER'S SHOP, THE	Prof. L. L. Gruner, of Dresden	Mezzotint	Moore, McQueen & Co.	1868
CARPENTER'S SHOP, THE	Thomas Brown	Line	*Art Journal*	1883
CHERRY RIPE	Samuel Cousins, R.A.	Mezzotint	T. McLean	1881
CHILL OCTOBER	Brunet Debaines	Etching	T. Agnew & Sons	1883
CHILL OCTOBER	C. Waltner	Etching		
CHRISTMAS EVE	R. W. Macbeth, A.R.A.	Etching	T. McLean	1889
CINDERELLA	——	Photogravure	T. McLean	1884
CLARISSA	F. A. Laguillermie	Etching	T. McLean	1889
CONVALESCENT, THE	Dujardin	Heliogravure	*Magazine of Art*	1888
DROPPED FROM THE NEST	——	Photogravure	Fine Art Society	1884
EFFIE DEANS	T. O. Barlow, R.A.	Mixed	T. Agnew & Sons	1878
ELIZABETH, PRINCESS	T. L Atkinson	Mezzotint	Fine Art Society	1887
FALLEN FROM THE NEST	——	——	——	—
FLOOD, A	G. H. Every	Mezzotint	T. Agnew & Sons	1885
FOR THE SQUIRE	C. Waltner	Etching	British and Foreign Artists' Association	1881
FORBIDDEN FRUIT	E. Gilbert Hester	Etching and Mezzotint	Arthur Lucas	1897
GAMBLER'S WIFE, THE	Ch. Waltner	Etching	T. Agnew & Sons	1879
GLADSTONE, RT. HON. W. E. (1879)	T. O. Barlow, R.A.	Mezzotint	T. Agnew & Sons	1881
GLADSTONE, RT. HON. W. E. (1885)	——	Photogravure	*Magazine of Art*	1889
GLADSTONE, RT. HON. W. E. AND GRANDSON	D. A. Wehrschmidt	Mezzotint	T. Agnew & Sons	1890

TITLE	ENGRAVER	METHOD	PUBLISHER	DATE
GOWER, LORD RONALD	P. A. Rajon	Etching	Lord R. Gower's *Reminiscences*	1877
GREENALL, SIR GILBERT	T. O. Barlow, R.A.	Mixed	Private Plate	—
GREENWICH PENSIONERS	H. Macbeth-Raeburn	Etching	*Magazine of Art*	1896
HOOK, R.A., J. C.	Otto Leyde, R.S.A.	Dry Point	British and Foreign Artists' Association	1884
HOOK, R.A., J. C.	A. H. Palmer	Mezzotint	Portfolio	1888
HUGUENOT, THE	T. O. Barlow, R.A.	Mezzotint	D. T. White, and H. Graves & Co.	1856
HUGUENOT, THE	G. Zobel	Stipple and Etching	B. Brookes & Son	1869
HUGUENOT, THE	R. B. Parkes	Mixed	B. Brookes & Son	1880
IDYLL OF 1745, AN	W. Hole, R.S.A.	Etching	Virtue & Co.	1897
IRVING, HENRY	T. O. Barlow, R.A.	Mezzotint and Etching	Arthur Lucas	1885
ISABELLA	H. Bourne	Line	*Art Journal*	1882
JEPHTHAH'S DAUGHTER	—	Photogravure	*Magazine of Art*	1891
JERSEY LILY, A	T. O. Barlow, R.A.	Mixed	H. B. Ansdell	1881
JUST AWAKE (*see* "Awake")	—	—	—	—
LILACS	G. H. Every	Mezzotint	T. Agnew & Sons	1888
LINGERING AUTUMN	Th. Chauvel	Etching	Arthur Tooth & Sons	1892
LITTLE DUCHESS, A (H. R. H. Princess Marie of Edinburgh Crown Princess of Roumania)	G. H. Every	Mezzotint	T. Agnew & Sons	1884
LITTLE MISS MUFFETT	T. L. Atkinson and S. Cousins, R.A.	Mezzotint	T. McLean	1884
LOVE BIRDS	T. L. Atkinson	Mezzotint	Arthur Tooth & Sons	1885
MANCHESTER, BISHOP FRASER OF	T. L. Atkinson	Mezzotint	T. Agnew & Sons	1882
MINUET, THE	Samuel Cousins, R.A.	Mezzotint	Henry Graves & Co.	1868
MOORISH CHIEF, A	C. Goodeve	Line	*Art Journal*	1879
MURTHLY MOSS	Brunet Debaines	Etching	T. Agnew & Sons	1890
MY FIRST SERMON	T. O. Barlow, R.A.	Mezzotint	Henry Graves & Co.	1865
MY SECOND SERMON	T. O. Barlow, R.A.	Mezzotint	Henry Graves & Co.	1865
NEST, THE	G. H. Every	Mezzotint	T. Agnew & Sons	1870
NEW LAID EGGS	Samuel Cousins, R.A.	Mezzotint	T. Agnew & Sons	1875
NEWMAN, CARDINAL	T. O Barlow, R.A.	Mezzotint	T. Agnew & Sons	1884
"NO!"	Samuel Cousins, R.A.	Mezzotint	T. Agnew & Sons	1877
NORTH-WEST PASSAGE	A. Mongin	Etching	British and Foreign Artists' Association	1881
OLD GARDEN, AN	R. W. Macbeth, A.R.A.	Etching	T. McLean	1891
OLIVIA	J. Stephenson	Mezzotint	—	—
OPHELIA	J. Stephenson	Mezzotint	Henry Graves & Co.	1866
ORDER OF RELEASE, THE	Samuel Cousins, R.A.	Mezzotint	Henry Graves & Co.	1856
ORMONDE, MARCHIONESS OF	C. Waltner	Etching	—	—
ORPHANS	—	—	T. McLean	—
"OVER THE HILLS AND FAR AWAY"	Brunet Debaines	Etching	T. Agnew & Sons	1888
PAGET, SIR JAMES, BART.	T. O. Barlow	Mixed	—	—

TITLE	ENGRAVER	METHOD	PUBLISHER	DATE
PARABLE OF THE LOST PIECE OF MONEY	W. H. Simmons .	Mezzotint .	Henry Graves & Co.	—
PICTURE OF HEALTH, THE	Samuel Cousins, R.A.	Mezzotint .	T. Agnew & Sons .	1876
POMONA . . .	Samuel Cousins, R.A.	Mezzotint .	Arthur Tooth & Sons	1882
PRINCES IN THE TOWER, THE	Samuel Cousins, R.A.	Mezzotint .	Fine Art Society .	1879
PRINCES IN THE TOWER, THE	Lumb Stocks, R.A.	Line . .	*Art Journal* . .	1884
PROSCRIBED ROYALIST, THE	W. H. Simmons .	Mixed . .	E. Gambart & Co., and Henry Graves & Co.	1868
PRINCESS ELIZABETH (*see* "Elizabeth")	—	—	—	—
PRIMROSE, LADY PEGGY	E. Gaujean . .	Etching .	T. Agnew & Sons .	1889
PUSS IN BOOTS . .	T. L. Atkinson and Samuel Cousins, R.A. .	Mezzotint .	T. McLean . .	1886
REVERIE, A . .	C. Jeans . .	Line . .	*Magazine of Art* .	1896
ROSALIND AND CELIA.	W. H. Simmons .	Mezzotint .	Henry Graves & Co.	1870
RUSKIN, JOHN . .	—	Photogravure	*Magazine of Art* .	1891
SALISBURY, THE MARQUESS OF	T. O. Barlow, R.A.	Mezzotint .	Fine Art Society .	1887
SHAFTESBURY, THE EARL OF	Richard Josey .	Mezzotint .	Henry Graves & Co.	1878
SLEEPING (*see* "Asleep")	—	—	—	—
STELLA . . .	T. L. Atkinson .	Mezzotint .	T. Agnew & Sons .	1876
STILL FOR A MOMENT	George Zobel .	Mezzotint .	T. Agnew & Sons .	1876
STOWAWAY, THE .	T. O. Barlow, R.A.	Line and Mezzotint	E. F. White . .	1886
SOUVENIR OF VELASQUEZ	G. McCulloch .	Mezzotint .	Art Union .	—
SOUVENIR OF VELASQUEZ	Lumb Stocks, R.A.	Line . .	Portfolio . . .	1883
TENNYSON, ALFRED LORD, D.C.L.	T. O. Barlow, R.A.	Mezzotint .	Fine Art Society .	1882
VALE OF REST . .	C. O. Murray .	Etching .	*Art Journal* . .	1893
VALE OF REST . .	—	Photogravure	Berlin Photog. Co. .	—
VANESSA . . .	T. L. Atkinson .	Mezzotint .	T. Agnew & Sons .	1876
WAIF, A . . .	—	Photogravure	Dowdeswell . .	1885
WAKING (*see* "Awake")	—	—	—	—
WESTMINSTER, DUKE OF	T. O. Barlow, R.A.	Mixed . .	H. B. Ansdell .	1877
WHITE COCKADE, THE	George Zobel .	Mixed . .	Arthur Tooth & Sons	1878
WIDOW'S MITE, THE .	C. Waltner . .	Etching .	T. Agnew & Sons .	1880
YEOMAN OF THE GUARD, A	C. Waltner . .	Etching .	*L'Art* . . .	—
"YES!" . . .	Samuel Cousins, R.A.	Mezzotint .	T. Agnew & Sons .	1878
"YES" OR "NO"? .	Samuel Cousins, R.A.	Mezzotint .	T. Agnew & Sons .	1873
"LITTLE SPEEDWELL'S DARLING BLUE"	—	Photogravure	T. Agnew & Sons .	—
THE KNIGHT ERRANT	—	Photogravure	Hanfstaengl . .	1898
ST. STEPHEN . .	—	Photogravure	Hanfstaengl . .	1898
THE LAST TREK .	—	Photogravure	H. Sotheran & Sons	1898
"SPEAK! SPEAK!" .	—	Photogravure	Berlin Photog. Co. .	1899

INDEX

A

Abbey, Edwin, illustrations in *Harper's Magazine*, ii. 233.
Abercromby, Earl of, letter to Millais, enclosing photos from the Queen, ii. 137.
Acland, Sir Thomas, i. 201.
Aitkin, Colonel, takes shooting of Kincraig with Millais, i. 361.
Albert Victor, Prince, admiration for "Princess Elizabeth," ii. 123.
Allingham, William, *Day and Night Songs*, quoted, i. 257.
Anderson, Hope, ii. 307.
Anderson, John ("the Doctor")—
  Letter to Millais on church window, ii. 34.
  Sketch of, ii. 33.
Antonelli, Cardinal, i. 391.
Argyle, Duke of, i. 355.
Armstrong, Walter—
  Description of Millais' house in Palace Gate, ii. 93.
  On criticisms of "Christ in the Home of His Parents," i. 76.
  On "Hearts are Trumps," ii. 39.
  On Millais, ii. 361.
  On "The Order of Release," i. 180.
Arnold, Matthew—
  At Birnam Hall, ii. 182.
  Congratulates Millais on Baronetcy, ii. 181.
"Art and Poetry" (see *The Germ*).
Art Magazines, illustrations in, i. 359.
Artists' Benevolent Institution founded, ii. 36.
Athol, Duke of, and Leech, i. 267.
Austin, Alfred, lines on Millais, ii. 458.

B

Balzac on periods of artistic life, ii. 338.
Barlow, T. O., sits for "The Ruling Passion," ii. 173.
Barnay, Luder, letter to Millais, i. 424.
Barrett takes engravings of "Bubbles" to Millais, ii. 189.
Barry, Sir J. Wolfe, fishing, ii. 322.
Barwell, F. B.—
  Note on "Speak! Speak!" ii. 307.
  Notes on "The Rescue," i. 250.
  On "Christ in the Home of His Parents," i. 74.
  On portrait of Sir James Paget, ii. 39.
  On Westall, the model, i. 184.
  On "Yes," ii. 88.
Bayard, Emile, letter to Millais, ii. 101.
Baynes, Thomas Spencer, opinion of "The Rescue," i. 253.
Beaconsfield, Lord—
  Anecdotes of, ii. 76.
  Last letter written by, ii. 138.
  Sits to Millais, ii. 134.
Beers, Jan van, letter to Millais, i. 424.
Benest, Edward, on "Christ in the Home of His Parents," i. 76.
Benest, Miss, account of Millais, i. 7.
Benson, Lionel, stands for man in "Yes," ii. 88.
Benson, Robert, i, 317.
Bernhardt, Sarah, account of, ii. 107.
Bessel instructs Millais in drawing, i. 11.
Bett, John, of Rohallion, ii. 155.
Bicknell, of Denmark Hill, friend of Turner, i. 157.
Black, William, note to Millais, ii. 224.
Blenheim Pictures, ii. 366.
Blunt, Arthur, (Arthur Cecil), ii. 418.
Boehm, J. E., congratulates Millais on "Médaille d'honneur," ii. 101.
Bonheur, Rosa—
  Entertains Millais at Fontainebleau, ii. 13.
  Meets Millais in Scotland, i. 210.
Boothby, Major, sits for knight in "The Ransom," i. 366.
Boothby, Miss (Mrs. William Millais), i. 343.
Boyle, Hon. Mrs., i. 68.
Brandreth, Mr. and Mrs., i. 371.
Brangwyn, Frank, drawings, i. 359.
Bright, John, salmon-fishing, ii. 127.
Brontë, Charlotte, ii. 403.
Brooks, Shirley, i. 350; ii. 403.
Brooks, Sir William Cunliffe, deer-stalking, 396, 401.

Brown, Rawdon, i. 320.
Millais stays with, i. 391.
Browning, Robert—
Letter to Lady Millais, i. 439.
Letter to Millais, i. 440.
Buckstone, Beatrice (Mrs. Walter Warren), model for "Cinderella," etc., ii. 128.
Burchell founds "Cyclographic Club," i. 65.
Burne-Jones, Sir Edward, i. 61.
Drawing of Millais, ii. 335.
Byng, Ivor, sits for "The Ruling Passion," ii. 173.

C

Calderon, Philip, ii. 381.
Congratulates Millais on Baronetcy, ii. 177.
Campbell, Colonel, sits for "The Knight," i. 310.
Campbell, John, shoots grouse with Millais, ii. 23.
Campbell, Lord Archibald, salmon-fishing, i. 390.
Canterbury, Archbishop of (Benson), at R.A. banquet, ii. 319.
Canterbury, Archbishop of (Langley), on "My First Sermon," i. 378, 379.
Carlyle, Thomas, story of, i. 278.
Castle Urquhart, ii. 92.
Cellier, Alfred, ii. 418.
Chantry bequest to Royal Academy, ii. 366.
Cholmondeley, Reginald—
Collects birds of Paradise, ii. 169.
In Scotland with Millais, i. 386.
Requests Millais to paint Thomas Carlyle, ii. 159.
Clay, Frederick, ii. 418.
Cleaver, Reginald, drawings, i. 359.
Clifford, Charles, ii. 415.
Coleridge, Arthur, i. 341.
Collier, Hon. John, congratulates Millais on P.R.A., ii. 329.
Collier, Sir Robert (Lord Monkswell), ii. 144.
Collins, Charles, i. 89, 377.
Drawing of Millais, ii. 217.
Gives up painting, i. 133.
In Scotland with Millais, i. 243.
Paints at Worcester Park Farm, i. 116.
Paints fire-hose in "The Rescue," i. 251, ii. 162.
Pre-Raphaelitism, and, i. 51.
Visits the Millais, i. 288.
Collins, Wilkie—
Letter to Millais, i. 281.
Origin of *Woman in White*, i. 278.
Collinson, James, and Pre-Raphaelitism, i. 51.
Combe, Thomas, sketch of, i. 87.
Conacher, Robert, ii. 156.
Corbould and *Punch*, ii. 270.
Corelli, Marie—
Letter of apology to Millais, ii. 190.
Opinion of magazine work, i. 360.
Corot—
Estimate of his own work, ii. 380.
Impressionism, ii. 2.
Cousins, Samuel, engraves "Cherry Ripe," ii. 121.
"Cyclographic Club," account of, i. 62, 65.
Czar of Russia, reception at Foreign Office to, i. 417.

D

D'Aumale, Duc, congratulates Millais, ii. 161.
D'Epiné, letter to Millais on death of Fortuny, i. 423.
Dalby, Sir William, ii. 250.
Dalrymple, Mrs., i. 363.
Davis, H. W. B.—
Notes on Millais as landscape painter, ii. 450.
On "Murthly Water," ii. 204.
Dawson, Edgar, ii. 182, 185.
De Keyser in Paris, ii. 106.
Delaborde, Henri, letter to Millais, ii. 161.
Delamere, Lord and Lady, i. 367.
Detaille, description of, ii. 106.
Deverell, Walter, i. 70.
Founds "Cyclographic Club," i. 65.
Pre-Raphaelitism, and, i. 51.
Sketch of, i. 223.
Dickens, Charles, ii. 403.
Death, ii. 30.
Letters to Millais, i. 249, 275.
On "Christ in the Home of His Parents," i. 75.
Dickens, Kate (Mrs. Perugini)—
Account of sitting for "The Black Brunswicker," i. 354.
Impressions of Millais, ii. 372.
Letter of thanks to Millais for his sketch, ii. 30.
Dinan, Millais at, i. 9.
Dinner-party of thirteen—sequel, ii. 182.
Donovan, story of interview with Millais, ii. 379.
Drummond Castle, Millais stays at, i. 401.
Drury, of Shotover Park, and Millais, i. 37.
Du Maurier, George, L.-P.-B., ii. 265, *seqq.*
Account of Leech, i. 261.
Account of Leech's funeral, i. 274.
Bust in Royal Academy, ii. 267.
Congratulates Millais on Baronetcy, ii. 178.

Du Maurier, George (*continued*)—
Death, ii. 284.
Eyesight, ii. 270, 273.
Letters to Millais, ii. 271, 277, 279, 282.
Loves size, ii. 266.
Meets Millais, ii. 265.
Peter Ibbetson, ii. 273, 274.
Trilby, ii. 281, 283.
Du Maurier, Sylvia, ii. 270.
Durantz on—
English Art (1878), ii. 102, 105.
English pictures in Paris Exhibition, i. 246.
Durham, Edith, note on Millais in painting schools, ii. 365.

E

Eastlake, Sir Charles, i. 392.
Eaton, Edith, lines to Princess Elizabeth, ii. 124.
Eden, Arthur, ii. 228, 250.
Ella, Professor, Musical Union, ii. 425.
Evamy, John, i. 3.
Eyre, Mary, model for "The Bride," i. 332, 349.
Eyre, Miss, i. 333, 343, 348.

F

Flower, Cyril (Lord Battersea), i. 418.
Ford, Onslow—
Bust of Millais, ii. 219.
On Millais in sculpture gallery, ii. 350.
Ford, Sir Clare, sends Queen of Spain's invitation to Millais, ii. 109.
Forster, John, begs Millais to paint Lord Lytton's portrait, ii. 79.
Fortuny meeting with Millais, i. 422.
Fotheringham, owner of Murthly, ii. 156.
Frère, Edouard, painting children, ii. 344.
Frere, Sir Bartle, i. 320.
Freshfield, Mrs., ii. 415.
Frith, W. P.—
Accompanies Millais to Paris, ii. 13.
Account of visit to Paris with Millais, ii. 106.
At Mauritzhuis with Millais, ii. 108.
Congratulates Millais on "Médaille d'Honneur," ii. 98.
Description of Turner's studio, i. 156.
On art critics, ii. 371.
Froude gives information to Millais on Mary Queen of Scots, i. 385.
Furniss, skits on Millais' pictures, ii. 270.

G

Gainsborough, Thomas, ii. 402.
Galli, Prince, art treasures, i. 390.
Gambart—
In Paris, ii. 106.
Meets Millais in Scotland, i. 210.
Garibaldi at Stafford House, i. 417.
Garret, John, sketch of, ii. 147.
Gautier, Theophile, on English pictures in Paris Exhibition, i. 246.
Geefs, M., ii. 161.
Gibson, Charles Dana, drawings, i. 359; ii. 280.
Gladstone, Catherine, note of thanks for portrait, ii. 209.
Gladstone, Right Hon. W. E.—
Letter to J. G. Millais, ii. 114.
Letter to Millais, ii. 208.
Letter offering Baronetcy, ii. 177.
On sitting to Millais, ii. 66, 113.
Sitting to Millais, ii. 110.
Gould, John—
At Loch More, ii. 25.
Collection of birds-of-paradise, ii. 169.
Graham, John, of Skelmorlie, sale of his pictures, i. 317.
Granby, Marchioness of, sits for nun in "Mercy," ii. 199.
Grant, Sir Francis, on "Eve of St. Agnes," i. 373.
Granville, Lord, ii. 404.
Gray, Albert, ii. 6.
Notes on Millais' travels, ii. 107.
Gray, Alice (Mrs. Stibbard), i. 305, 324, 327, 383.
Poses for "Celia," ii. 2.
Sits for "Effie Deans," ii. 87.
Gray, Euphemia Chalmers (*see* Millais, Lady).
Gray, George, ii. 155.
Receives Millais at Bowerswell, ii. 297.
Story of "Chill October," ii. 30.
Gray, Mrs., death, ii. 304.
Gray, Sophie, i. 305, 324, 327.
Green, N. E., founds "Cyclographic Club," i. 65.
Grisi at Villa Spence, Florence, i. 391.
Gulich, John, drawings, i. 359.

H

Haggart, James, ii. 156
Hall, Rev. Armstrong—
Obituary notice of Millais, ii. 312.
On Millais and influence of Perth, ii. 254.
Hall, Sir Charles, ii. 169.
Hallé, Sir Charles, ii. 426.
Halliday, "Mike," i. 222, 238, 257.
Hunting, i. 265.
In Scotland with Millais, i. 367, 371.
Hamilton, General, i. 363.
Harcourt, Aubrey, ii. 61.
Harcourt, Sir William V., ii. 228.
At Erigmore, ii. 69.
Congratulates Millais on P.R.A., ii. 329.
Entertains Millais, i. 386.
Letter to Millais on deer-stalking, i. 396.

Hardwick, Philip, founds Artists' Benevolent Institution with Millais, ii. 36.
Hare, John, ii. 250.
Hatherell, D., drawings, i. 359.
Herkomer, Professor Hubert—
  Account of receiving gold medal (Paris), ii. 105.
  Letter to Millais, ii. 308.
  Letter to Millais on "The Blind Girl," i. 242.
Heugh, John, note of thanks for his mother's portrait, ii. 41.
Hillgrove-Turner, Sir, i. 11.
Hills, Thomas Hyde, ii. 44.
Hodgkinson, Clement, discovers goldfields, i. 2.
Hodgkinson, George and Emily, Millais visits, i. 159.
Hodgkinson, Henry, i. 2, 34.
  Buys "Yeoman of the Guard," ii. 80.
Hole, Canon, at Leech's funeral, i. 274.
Hughes, Arthur—
  Account of Miss Siddal (Mrs. D. G. Rossetti), i. 144.
  Account of sitting for "The Proscribed Royalist, i. 172.
  Account of Walter Deverell, i. 224.
  On "Cyclographic Club," i. 65.
  On "The Rescue," i. 248.
  "Ophelia," i. 146.
  Pre-Raphaelitism, and, i. 51.
  Story of Millais' sketch of A. Munro, i. 81.
Hunt, W. Holman, i. 402, *seqq.*
  Account of meeting Millais, i. 43.
  Account of Pre-Raphaelite Brotherhood, i. 51.
  Congratulates Millais on P.R.A., ii. 330.
  Extract from letter on Millais' death, i. 416.
  Extracts from letters from East, 1854, i. 229, 403; 1871, i. 410.
  Journey to East, i. 222.
  Letter to Millais from Florence, ii. 11.
  "Light of the World," i. 135.
  Opinion of Millais' pictures, i. 344, 345.
  Paints at Worcester Park Farm, i. 116.
  Pencil sketch of Millais, ii. 217.
  "Porphyro," i. 46.
  "Rienzi," i. 73.
  Rossetti, D. G., and, i. 50.
  Success, i. 356, 357.
  "The Scapegoat," i. 229, 303.

I

Ingram, Sir William, buys "Bubbles," and sells it to Messrs. Pears, ii. 189.
Irving, Sir Henry, ii. 250.
Israels, Josef, painting children, ii. 344.

J

James, Arthur Gwynne, sits for "Effie Deans," ii. 87.
James, George, sits for "The Ruling Passion," ii. 172.
James, Sir Henry (Lord James of Hereford), ii. 144, 228, 250.
  At Erigmore, ii. 69.
  Recollections of Millais, ii. 403.
James, Willie, model for "Bubbles," ii. 172, 186, 271.
Jameson, Eliza—
  Last interview with Millais, ii. 258.
  Reminiscence of Millais, ii. 98.
Jones, George, lines on, i. 27.
Jopling, Joseph, i. 362.
  Sketch of, i. 427.
Jopling, Mrs. (Jopling-Rowe), "Recollections of Sir John Millais," i. 443.

K

Keay, James, ii. 156.
Keeley, Mrs., ii. 403.
Keeley, Robert, ii. 403.
Kennedy on Pre-Raphaelite Brotherhood, i. 56.
Knole House, interior in "Eve of St. Agnes," i. 372.
Knowles, James, friend of Tennyson, ii. 141.

L

Lambton, General, ii. 250.
Landseer, Sir Edwin, i. 355.
  Anecdotes of, ii. 44.
  Letter to Lady Millais, ii. 42.
  Opinion of Millais' pictures, i. 344, 345.
  Unfinished pictures, ii. 47.
Lang, Andrew, notes on Millais' works, i. 183, note.
Langtry, Mrs., sits for "Effie Deans," ii. 87.
Layard, Sir Henry, acts as guide to Millais, i. 390, 391.
Lear, Edward, sings Tennyson's songs, ii. 142.
Lear, Rev. Richard, sits for monk in "Mercy," ii. 199.
Leech, John, i. 222, 343; ii. 403.
  Death, i. 274, 378.
  Letters to Millais, i. 269, 270.
  Opinion of Millais' pictures, i. 344, 345.
  Salmon-fishing, i. 266.
  Sketch of, i. 261.
  Story of Duke of Athol and, i. 267.
Leighton, Lord—
  At Henley Regatta, ii. 376.
  "Cimabue" ii. 259.

Leighton, Lord (*continued*)—
Congratulates Millais on Baronetcy, ii. 177.
Death, ii. 326.
Illness, ii. 314.
Letters to Millais on R.A. banquet, ii. 315, 316.
Lempriere family, i. 7.
Lempriere, Major-General Arthur—
Recollections of Millais as a boy, i. 29.
Sits for "The Huguenot," i. 148.
Leotard, French gymnast, i. 363.
Leslie, G. D., on Millais sitting for Lord Petre in "Rape of the Lock," i. 164.
Leslie, Henry, ii. 421.
Lewis, Arthur, ii. 92.
Lindsay, Colonel, sits for "Jephthah," ii. 5.
Lindsay, Sir Coutts, i. 363.
Liszt, Abbé, ii. 161.
Presented to Millais, i. 392.
Livingstone, Dr., in Scotland, i. 390.
Lloyd, Dr., visits Millais, ii. 61.
Lloyd, —, on "The Vale of Rest," i. 345.
Lorne, Marquess of, i. 386.
Louis Napoleon, re-elected President of the Republic, i. 152.
Louise, Princess, calls on Millais, ii. 335.
Low, Frances, on teaching of "The Vale of Rest," i. 348.
Luard, John Dalbiac—
In chambers with Millais, i. 291.
Sketch of, i. 243.

M

McBean, Major, sits for guard in "The Ransom," i. 366.
Macdonald, of Kepplestone, ii. 445.
Collection of artists' portraits, ii. 446.
McEwan, Gordon, sits for "St. Stephen," ii. 303.
MacGregor, Athol, ii. 155.
Mackenzie, Susan Ann, note on sitting for "Esther," i. 384.
Madox Brown—
Contributes to *The Germ*, i. 67.
D. G. Rossetti, and, i. 50.
Description of Miller, of Preston, i. 149.
On "The Blind Girl," i. 240.
Mario—
Assists Millais through custom-house, i. 392.
At Villa Spence, Florence, i. 391.
Marks, H. S., letter on Millais' pictures, ii. 132.
Marochetti, Baron—
Bust of Lady Millais, i. 300, 368.
Entertains Sir John and Lady Millais, i. 446.
Opinion of "The Vale of Rest," i. 336.
Statuette of Millais and of Lady Millais, ii. 218.
Martin, (Sir) Theodore, at Thackeray's funeral, i. 377.
Max Nordau on Pre-Raphaelitism, i. 61.
Maxwell, Sir William Stirling, *Life of Don John of Austria*, i. 288.
May, Phil, drawings, i. 359.
Meissonnier, description of, ii. 106.
Millais, Alice (Mrs. Stuart-Wortley), i. 371; ii. 52, 83.
On Millais' love of music, ii. 417.
Portrait, i. 392.
Sits for "Grey Lady," ii. 162.
Millais, Effie (Mrs. James), ii. 17.
As "Little Red Riding Hood," i. 395.
Model for "My First" and "Second Sermons," i. 372, 378.
Portrait, i. 392.
Sits for "Nell Gwynne," ii. 162.
Millais, Emily (Mrs. Wallack), i. 327.
Millais, Emily Mary (Mrs. Hodgkinson), i. 2.
Educates her son, i. 3, 4, 17.
Millais, Everett, ii. 17.
Birth, i. 305.
Sits for "Effie Deans," ii. 87.
Millais, Geoffroy, i. 374.
In "Murthly Water," ii. 203.
Model for "Mercy," ii. 199.
Skill as photographer, ii. 200.
Visit to his father's birthplace, ii. 253.
Millais, George, i. 428, 433; ii. 17, 41.
Death, ii. 92.
Millais, Sir John Everett—
Account of intercourse with D. G. Rossetti, i. 52.
Account of starting Artists' Orphan Fund, ii. 36.
Account of "The Black Brunswicker," i. 350.
Acrostic, ii. 234.
Admiration for *Punch*, ii. 269.
Appreciation of Perth, ii. 257.
As a speaker, ii. 382, 385.
As an Academy student, i. 24.
As landscape painter, ii. 450.
Associate of the R.A., i. 217.
At Dinan, i. 9.
At H. M. Stanley's wedding, ii. 69.
At his zenith, i. 383.
Baronetcy, ii. 174, 408.
Begging letters to, ii. 242.

Millais, Sir John Everett (*continued*)—
Birth, i. 1, 2.
Buys the "Leda," i. 391.
Chairman of Hanging Committee, ii. 331.
Comes to London, i. 12.
Comic Sketch-book, i. 211.
Contributes to *The Germ*, i. 66, 67.
"Cyclographic Club," and, i. 65.
D.C.L. of Oxford, ii. 127.
Death, ii. 335.
Deer-stalking, i. 396.
Delight in Kensington Gardens, ii. 97.
Diary, extracts from, i. 125, 133, 141.
Doubles, ii. 220.
Early taste for drawing, i. 2.
Enters Royal Academy, i. 18.
Finishes Landseer's pictures, ii. 47, 162, 174.
Friendship for Holman Hunt, i. 402.
Funeral in St. Paul's, ii. 336.
Ghost stories, i. 272; ii. 416.
Gives evidence as to Mr. Drury's sanity, i. 170.
Goes to Thackeray's funeral, i. 377.
Hunts, i. 177, 265.
Illness, ii. 274, 300, 304, 326.
Illustrates Anthony Trollope's works, i. 282.
In Memoriam (*Punch*), ii. 337.
By Alfred Austin, ii. 458.
Indignation at "Bubbles" being used as advertisement, ii. 189.
Jersey friends, i. 7.
Lines on Royal Academy Exhibition, ii. 239.
London houses, i. 363; ii. 93.
Love for Highlands and Highlanders, ii. 199.
Love of fishing, i. 14, 21.
Love of music, ii. 249, 417.
Love of Natural History, i. 2.
Marriage, i. 287.
Meets Adelina Patti, i. 391.
Charles Dickens, i. 248.
Du Maurier, ii. 265.
Gambart and Rosa Bonheur, i. 210.
Holman Hunt, i. 43.
Livingstone, i. 389.
Lord Beaconsfield, ii. 75.
Mascagni, ii. 426.
Ruskin, i. 116.
Thackeray, i. 160.
Member of Institute of France, ii. 161.
On Landseer and his critics, ii. 44.
On newspaper criticisms, i. 303, 339, 344.
On woman's place in Art, i. 147.
Order "Pour le Mérite" from Germany, ii. 161.
Millais, Sir John Everett (*continued*)—
Paints at Worcester Park Farm, i. 116.
Parody on "The Twa Dogs," ii. 240.
Personal appearance, ii. 376, 390.
Personal characteristics, ii. 223, 376, 380, 393, 402, 442.
Personal friends, i. 402, 422; ii. 228, 250, 265, 335, 422, 426.
Personal habits, ii. 224.
Plays chess, ii. 233.
Plays lawn tennis, ii. 69.
Poems—
A love song, ii. 250.
On Burns' centenary, ii. 241.
To Psyche, ii. 249.
Portraits of, ii. 217.
President of Royal Academy, ii. 326.
Presides at Royal Academy banquet, i. 319, 446.
Receives gold "Médaille d'Honneur," ii. 98, 105.
Receives his first medal, i. 14.
Rents Newmill and shooting of Stobhall, ii. 290.
Requests for autographs, ii. 245.
Scene with Hanging Committee, i. 253.
Sends pictures to Paris Exhibition, 1855, i. 246.
Shoots and fishes in Scotland, i. 266, 289, 361, 367, 371, 386; ii. 25, 404.
Sketches Dickens after death, ii. 30.
Speech at Literary Fund dinner, ii. 407.
Sport at Murthly, ii. 148.
Story of interview with Donovan, ii. 379.
Struggle against adverse criticism, i. 335.
Talks on architecture with Ruskin, i. 205.
"Thoughts on our Art," ii. 385.
Three historic gatherings, i. 417.
Tour abroad with Lady Millais and Sir William Harcourt, i. 390.
Tour in Holland, ii. 108.
Transition in art, ii. 1.
Visits Hawarden, ii. 169.
His parents, i. 327.
John Gould, ii. 169.
Oxford, i. 34.
Rosa Bonheur, ii. 13.
Sarah Bernhardt, ii. 107.
Scotland with Collins, Halliday, and Luard, i. 243.
Scotland with Ruskins, i. 196.
Studios of Gerome and Meissonnier, ii. 106.
Yachting trip to Jersey, ii. 320.

Millais (Sir) John Everett, Art life and methods, ii. 338, *seqq*.
Appreciation of work of other artists, ii. 354.
As critic, ii. 350, 379.
Brushes, ii. 340.
Estimate of his own work, ii. 353, 380.
Materials, ii. 340.
Modelling with clay, ii. 350.
Models, ii. 14, 192, 343.
Note on fashion in Art, ii. 364.
Objection to interviewers, ii. 356.
On historical painting, ii. 362.
Opinion of Art critics, ii. 370.
Opinion of Art Schools, ii. 362.
Opinion on Art, ii. 359, 372.
Painting animals, ii. 347.
Children, ii. 344.
Dogs, ii. 348.
Lizards, ii. 349.
Mice, ii. 349.
Vehicles, ii. 340.
Millais, (Sir) John Everett, Letters to—
Robert Benson, i. 318.
Philip Calderon, R.A., ii. 143.
Mr. Combe, i. 91, 97, 100, 101, 102, 124, 150, 155, 159, 161, 162, 163, 171, 178, 186, 189, 191, 201, 202, 204, 218, 221, 226, 245.
Mrs. Combe, i. 88, 89, 93, 94, 99, 103, 116, 121, 122, 123, 151, 159, 190, 206, 224, 226.
Kate Dickens (Mrs. Perugini), ii. 173.
Du Maurier, ii. 266, 272, 278, 280, 284.
Editor of *Times* on National Portrait Gallery, ii. 209.
W. W. Fenn on deer-stalking, i. 397.
Frith, ii. 322.
Miss Gladstone on grant for National Gallery, ii. 365.
George Hodgkinson, i. 192.
Mrs. Hodgkinson, i. 166, 168, 170, 305.
Joseph Jopling, i. 427, 428, 430; ii. 346.
Mrs. Jopling, i. 433.
On critics, ii. 370.
Ada Leech, i. 276.
Lord Leighton, ii. 364.
Everett Millais, on fire at Newhill, ii. 293.
John G. Millais, ii. 321.
Lady Millais quoted, i. 295, 297, 300, 324, 336, 347, 350, 355, 361, 367, 371, 374, 386; ii. 6, 24, 75, 84, 121, 137, 160, 182, 213, 286, 289, 304.
Mary Millais, ii. 56, 84, 285, 294.
William Millais, ii. 322, 326.
Briton Riviere, R.A., ii. 133, 199, 300.
Sir Henry Tate, ii. 369.
George Wyatt, i. 178.
Millais (Sir) John Everett, Pictures, i. 56.
"A Disciple," ii. 304.
"A Forerunner," ii. 314.
"A Souvenir of Velasquez," ii. 17.
"An Idyll of 1745," ii. 165 and note.
"Apple Blossoms" (Spring), i. 323, 339, 342, 393.
"Autumn Leaves," i. 290; ii. 458.
Black-and-white drawings, i. 358.
"Blow, Blow, Thou Winter Wind," ii. 297, 457.
"Boadicea," i. 385.
"Boyhood of Raleigh," ii. 17, 23.
"Bride of Lammermoor," ii. 87.
"Bridesmaid throwing the Lucky Slipper," i. 374.
"Bubbles," ii. 186.
"Charlie is My Darling," i. 379.
"Cherry Ripe," ii. 117, 118, 121.
"Chill October," ii. 26, 75, 457.
"Christ in the Home of His Parents," i. 74; ii. 394.
"Christmas Eve, 1887," ii. 200.
"Cinderella," ii. 128, 131.
"Clarissa," ii. 199.
"Crusader's Return," i. 328.
"Cuckoo," ii. 127.
"Cymon and Iphigenia," i. 41, 42, 46, 150.
"Dew-drenched Furze," ii. 213, 285.
"Diana Vernon," ii. 127.
Drawings for *Framley Parsonage*, i. 359.
"Effie Deans," ii. 87.
"Escape of a Heretic," i. 319.
"Esther," i. 384.
"Eve of St. Agnes," i. 372; ii. 394, 398.
"Eveline, daughter of E. Lees, Esq.," ii. 56.
"Evil One Sowing Tares," i. 384.
Exhibition of 1881, ii. 131.
"Ferdinand lured by Ariel," i. 56, 82.
"Flowing to the Sea" (the Millstream), ii. 30, 39.
"Found," ii. 174.
"Fringe of the Moor," ii. 55, 401, 457.
"Glen Birnam," ii. 285.
"Grandfather and Child," i. 41.
Grosvenor Exhibition, 1886, ii. 195.
"Halcyon Days," ii. 290.
"Hearts are Trumps," ii. 39.
"Isabella" (*see* "Lorenzo and Isabella").
"Jephthah," i. 392; ii. 1, 5.
"L'Enfant du Regiment" ("The Random Shot"), i. 237.
"Leisure Hours," i. 379.
"Lingering Autumn," ii. 285.
"Little Miss Muffet," ii. 165.
"Lorenzo and Isabella," i. 55, 56, 69.

Millais, Sir John Everett, Pictures, (*continued*)—
"Love of James the First of Scotland," i. 333, 339, 349.
"Mariana," i. 56, 98, 106, 161.
"Mercy" ("St. Bartholomew's Day"), ii. 196.
"Message from the Sea," ii. 165.
"Murthly Moss," ii. 74, 200.
"Murthly Water," ii. 203.
"My First Sermon," i. 372, 377.
"My Second Sermon," i. 372, 379.
"Nell Gwynne," ii. 47, 162.
"No," ii. 56, 69.
"North-West Passage," ii. 48, 52
"Ophelia," i. 56, 115, 144, 151; ii. 412, 450.
"Over the Hills and Far Away," ii. 70, 457.
"Parable of the Lost Piece of Money" i. 368, 371.
"Peace Concluded" ("Return from the Crimea"), i. 112, 290.
"Perfect Bliss," ii. 165.
"Pilgrims to St. Paul's," ii. 19.
"Pizarro," i. 38, 46.
"Pomona," ii. 161.
Portraits of—
Sir John Astley, ii. 134, 147.
Lord Beaconsfield, ii. 133.
Mrs. Beddington, ii. 117.
Mrs. Bischoffsheim, ii. 40.
Principal Caird, of Glasgow, ii. 133.
Thomas Carlyle, ii. 159.
Mrs. Chamberlain, ii. 285.
Sir John Fowler, ii. 20.
Mrs. Charles Freeman, i. 371.
John Garret, ii. 147.
Mrs. Gibbs, ii. 285.
Right Hon. W. E. Gladstone (1879), ii. 110, 113.
Right Hon. W. E. Gladstone (1884), ii. 166.
Right Hon. W. E. Gladstone (1889), ii. 208.
Sir Gilbert Greenall, ii. 134, 147.
George Grote, ii. 36.
John Hare, ii. 299.
Harold, son of Dowager Countess of Winchelsea, i. 383.
Mrs. Heugh, ii. 41.
Himself, for Uffizzi Gallery, ii. 127, 218.
Daughters of J. R. Hoare, ii. 83.
J. C. Hook, R.A., ii. 160.
Marchioness of Huntley, ii. 24.
Sir Henry Irving, ii. 165.
Captain and Mrs. James (Effie Millais), ii. 134,
Mrs. Jopling, i. 429; ii. 117.
Sir John Kelk, ii. 24.

Millais, Sir John Everett, Pictures, (*continued*)—
Portraits of (*continued*)—
Mrs. Arthur Kennard, ii. 117.
Mrs. Langtry, ii. 91.
Dorothy, daughter of Mrs. Harry Lawson, ii. 285.
Miss Nina Lehmann, ii. 20 and note, 451.
Marquis of Lorne, ii. 165.
Lord Lytton, ii. 76.
Henry Manners, Marquis of Granby, i. 374.
H.R.H. Princess Marie of Edinburgh (Crown Princess of Roumania), ii. 159.
Cardinal Newman, ii. 133, 147.
Sir James Paget, ii. 39.
Lady Peggy Primrose, ii. 166.
Marquis of Salisbury, ii. 160.
Mrs. Sebastian Schlesinger, ii. 83.
Miss Ada Simon, ii. 304.
Miss Alcyone Stepney, ii. 117.
Mrs. James Stern, ii. 160.
Mrs. Stibbard, ii. 117.
Wyclif Taylor, i. 383.
Miss E. Tennant, ii. 56.
Lord Tennyson, ii. 141.
Sir Henry Thompson, ii. 134, 143.
Duchess of Westminster, ii. 76, 134, 160.
Duke of Westminster, *ii.* 39.
Lord Wimborne, ii. 134.
"Pot Pourri," i. 306.
"Princes in the Tower," ii. 88.
"Princess Elizabeth," ii. 117, 122, 401.
"Punchinella," ii. 196.
"Return of the Dove to the Ark," i. 98, 105, 135; ii. 440.
"Romans Leaving Britain," i. 384.
"Rosalind and Celia," i. 392; ii. 1, 2, 11, 19, 338.
"St. Agnes Eve," ii. 442.
"St. Stephen," ii. 300, 304, 312, 394.
"Shelling Peas," ii. 208.
"Sir Isumbras," i. 306, *seqq.*; ii. 398.
"Sleeping," i. 392; ii. 6.
"Sound of Many Waters," ii. 83.
"Speak! Speak!" ii. 300, 304, 314, 397.
"Stella," ii. 19.
"Stitch! Stitch! Stitch!" ii. 52, 83.
"Suspense," i. 374.
"Sweet Emma Morland," ii. 289.
"Sweetest Eyes," ii. 141.
"The Beef-eater," ii. 397.
"The Black Brunswicker," ii. 350, 365, and note.
"The Blind Girl," i. 237, 240, 310; ii. 395, 451.
"The Captive," ii. 162.
"The Crown of Love," ii. 56.

Millais, Sir John Everett, Pictures, (*continued*)—
"The Deserted Garden," ii. 55, 57.
"The Empty Cage," ii. 304.
"The Flood," i. 97, 98; ii. 18, 23.
"The Gambler's Wife," ii. 19.
"The Grey Lady," ii. 162.
"The Huguenot," i. 56, 135, 136, 146; ii. 196, 394, 397.
"The Knight-Errant," ii. 24.
"The Last Trek," ii. 332.
"The Minuet," i. 390, 392.
"The Moon is Up," ii. 285.
"The Old Castle," ii. 457.
"The Old Garden," ii. 203, 204, 401, 457.
Lines on, 207.
"The Order of Release," i. 180, 184; ii. 394, 453.
"The Poacher's Wife," i. 362.
"The Proscribed Royalist," i. 164, 165, 172.
"The Random Shot," i. 239.
"The Ransom," i. 362, 365, 371.
"The Rescue" ("The Firemen"), i. 112, 247, 250, 254, 258; ii. 162, 338.
"The Ruling Passion," ii. 169, 170.
"The Sisters," ii. 19.
"The Stowaway," ii. 165.
"The Waif and Stray," ii. 165.
"The White Cockade," i. 368.
"The Widow's Mite," i. 38; ii. 20, 23.
"The Wolf's Den," i. 374; ii. 17.
"Time the Reaper," ii. 314.
"Trust Me," i. 371.
"Two Bairns," ii. 213.
"Vale of Rest," i. 328, 336, 339, 342, 349, 392; ii. 338, 339, 393, 398, 457, 458.
"Victory, O Lord" ("Joshua"), ii. 34.
"Waking," i. 385, 392.
Water colours, i. 360.
"Woodman's Daughter," i. 56, 97, 109; ii. 339.
"Yeoman of the Guard," ii. 79.
"Yes," ii. 88 and note.
Millais, John Guille, ii. 17, 40, 52, 83.
Account of visiting his father's birthplace, ii. 253.
Engages models, ii. 192.
Finds print of "North-West Passage" in South Africa," ii. 52.
Fishing at Murthly, ii. 155.
Game Birds and Shooting Sketches, ii. 286.
Visits to John Gould. ii. 169.
Millais, John William—
Death, ii. 20.
Incurably musical, ii. 417.
Sketch of, i. 1.
Millais, Lady, i. 287.
Account of visit to Turner, i. 156.
Assists her husband, i. 287.
Eyesight, ii. 299.
In Germany under oculist, ii. 304.
Record of pictures, i. 306.
Story of Charles Reade and "Sir Isumbras," i. 313.
Millais, Margaret, sits for "Pomona," ii. 161.
Millais, Mary—
Model for "Waking," i. 385.
Portrait, i. 392.
Story about "Waking," i. 395.
Millais, Sophie (Mrs. MacEwan), ii. 274 note.
In "The Flood," ii. 18.
Model for "Clarissa" and "Punchinella," ii. 199.
Sits for "Princess Elizabeth," ii. 123.
Millais, William, i. 1.
Account of his brother receiving his first medal, i. 14.
Account of visit to Scotland, i. 209.
Account of visiting Mr. Drury, i. 36.
Ghost story, i. 272.
Letter on cricket, i. 22.
Note on "Woodman's Daughter," i. 98, 110.
On girls in "Return of the Dove" and "Mariana," i. 98.
On his brother's slimness, i. 91.
On origin of "The Rescue," i. 247.
Paints at Worcester Park Farm, i. 116.
Portrait of his mother, i. 4.
Sketch of, i. 8.
Story of sign-board of George Inn, Bromley, i. 165.
Story of Thackeray, Millais, and Carlyle, i. 277.
Story of "The Vale of Rest," i. 332.
Water-colour landscapes, i. 176.
Miller, James, ii. 156.
In "Murthly Water," ii. 203.
Miller, of Preston, Madox Brown's sketch of, i. 149.
Millet, impressionism, ii. 2.
Mills, Lady, i. 362.
Milnes, Monckton (Lord Houghton), i. 362.
"Mr. Briggs" of *Punch*, origin of, i. 289.
Mitchell, Sir Thomas, i. 2.
Moore, Albert, ii. 440.
Mulready, i. 355.
Munro, medallion of Millais, ii. 218.
Munro, of Novar, friend of Turner, i. 157.
Murray, William, appreciation of "Cherry Ripe," ii. 122.
Murthly, sport at, ii. 148.

N

Nares, Sir George, and Millais, ii. 51.
Neruda, Madame, plays in Millais' studio, ii. 426.
Newman, Cardinal, sits to Millais, ii. 386.
Newmill, fire at, ii. 293.
Newton, Arthur, ii. 182.

O

O'Connor, John, paints archway in "Nell Gwynne," ii. 162.
O'Neil, Henry, sketch of, i. 433.
Owen, Richard, letter to Lady Millais, i. 436.
Owen, Sir Cunliffe, ii. 105.
Oxford attempts the Queen's life, i. 21.

P

Pallisser, Lady, sits for "Charlie is My Darling," i. 379.
Parsons, Alfred, drawings, i. 359.
  Illustrations in *Harper's Magazine*, ii. 233.
Patmore, Coventry—
  Contributes to *The Germ*, i. 67.
  Pre-Raphaelitism, and, i. 51.
Paton, Sir Noel—
  Pre-Raphaelitism, and, i. 51.
  Reminiscences of Millais, ii. 330.
Patti, Adelina and Carlotta, in Florence, i. 391.
Paxton, Sir Joseph, Millais sketches, i. 12.
Pears, Messrs., use "Bubbles" as advertisement, ii. 189.
Perugini, Carlo, ii. 250.
Perugini, Mrs. (*see* Dickens, Kate).
Petrie, Helen, model for girls in "The Ransom," i. 366.
Phillip, John, ii. 92.
  Paintings, ii. 109.
  Portraits of Millais, ii. 217, 218.
Phillips, Claude, on "The Old Garden," ii. 207.
Phillips, Frederick and Mary Stewart, in "Two Bairns," ii. 213.
Piko, Horace B., letter to Millais, ii. 220.
Pitt, Mrs., reminiscence of Millais, i. 169.
Pius IX., i. 391.
Pollock, Sir Frederick, i. 14; ii. 403.
Potter, Rupert, ii. 127.
Pre-Raphaelite Brotherhood ends, i. 222.
Pre-Raphaelitism: its meaning and its history, i. 43, *seqq*.
Prinsep, Valentine, i. 356.
  Letter to Millais on "Eve of St. Agnes," i. 374.
  On Art, ii. 339.
  Reminiscences of Millais, *ii.* 376, *seqq*.
Prints of pictures in distant lands, *ii.* 52.

Q

Quain, Sir Richard, ii. 304.
  Letter to Millais, ii. 320.
Queen of Holland invites Millais to visit her, ii. 83.
Queen of Spain invites Millais to visit Madrid, ii. 109.
Queen Victoria—
  And Prince Consort visit Glen Artney Forest, i. 401.
  Commands Millais to exhibit Lord Beaconsfield's portrait, ii. 137.
  Letter of thanks to Millais for Lord Beaconsfield's portrait, ii. 140.

R

Ramage, Edie (Mme. Francisco de Paula Ossorio), sits for "Cherry Ripe," ii. 118, 121, note.
Raphael's Methods, i. 49.
Reade, Charles, i. 304; ii. 403.
  Buys "Sir Isumbras," i. 314.
  Opinion of Millais' pictures, i. 345.
Redford, Ernest, Notes on *The Germ*, i. 66.
Redgorton, Millais rents salmon-fishing, ii. 290.
Reid, Sir George—
  Copies head in Phillips' picture for Millais, ii. 217.
  Reminiscences of Millais, ii. 445 and note.
Reid, Sir Wemyss, ii. 113.
Reiss, Julius, Millais shoots with, ii. 320.
Remington, Frederick, drawings, i. 359.
Reminiscences of Millais by Valentine Prinsep, R.A., ii. 376, *seqq*.
Reynolds, Sir Joshua, ii. 402.
Riano, Gayanzos, i. 288.
Richardson, Colonel Stuart, of Ballathie, ii. 155.
Richmond, Sir W. B.—
  Congratulations on "Speak! Speak!" ii. 311.
  Letter to Millais on "Cinderella," ii. 131.
  Recollections of Millais, ii. 439.
Ritchie, Mrs. Richmond (Anne Thackeray), Recollections of Millais, ii. 411.

Riviere, Briton—
Letter on Millais' pictures, ii. 133.
On Millais as critic, ii. 350.
Roche, Hon. Caroline, sits for "Diana Vernon," ii. 127.
Rogers, Samuel, anecdotes of, i. 19.
Rosebery, Lord—
Congratulates Millais on speech at R.A. banquet, ii. 320.
Description of Gladstone's portraits, ii. 166.
Letter to Millais, ii. 303.
Letters of condolence to Lady and Everett Millais, ii. 336 and note.
Roselle Manor, Millais at, i. 7.
Rossetti, Christina, contributes to *The Germ*, i. 67.
Rossetti, D. G.—
Contributes to *The Germ*, i. 67.
Influence on Millais, i. 55.
Later works, i. 58, 61.
On Millais and Hanging Committee, i. 253.
Opinion of Millais' pictures, i. 344, 345.
Opinion of "The Blind Girl," i. 240.
Pre-Raphaelitism and, i. 49, 52, 56, 58.
Rossetti, William M.—
Description of Miller, of Preston, i. 149.
Edits *The Germ*, i. 67.
Opinion of Millais' pictures, i. 344, 345.
Pre-Raphaelitism and, i. 49, 51.
Rubinstein—
Playing whist, ii. 422.
Visits Millais, ii. 19.
Ruskin, John—
As critic, i. 335.
Criticism of "Sir Isumbras," i. 311.
Description of "The Blind Girl," i. 241.
On "Mariana," i. 106.
Millais' animal painting, ii. 347.
"Peace Concluded" and "Autumn Leaves," i. 290.
"The Deserted Garden," ii. 58.
Opinion of "The Ruling Passion," ii. 173.
Pre-Raphaelitism and, i. 61, 111.
Russell, Sir George, asks Millais for portrait of his brother, ii. 166.
Russell, Lord and Lady Arthur, meet the Millais in Florence, i. 390.
Russell, Sir William Howard, ii. 228.
Gives information for "The Black Brunswicker," i. 350.
Lecture on Crimean War, i. 404.
Ryan, Miss, model for "The Huguenot," i. 149, 172.

S

St. Heliers, Millais family at, i. 2.
Salmon, Nellie (Mrs. Ziegler), i. 310.
Sambourne, Linley, congratulations on "Speak! Speak!" ii. 311
Sandys, Frederic—
Pre-Raphaelitism and, i. 51.
Skit on "Sir Isumbras," i. 313.
Sant, J., letter to Millais, ii. 132.
Sass, Henry, Millais enters his school, i. 12.
Scharf, Sir George, ii. 159.
Letter to Millais on National Portrait Gallery, ii. 210.
Scott, Sir Walter, on literature, ii. 411.
Seafield, Earl of, deer-drives at Balmacaan, ii. 92.
Sémon, Felix, opinion of Millais' illness, ii. 326.
Shah of Persia, State ball in honour of, i. 418.
Shaw, Captain, Millais witnesses fire with, i. 257.
Shee, Sir Martin Archer, advice to Millais, i. 12.
Siddal, Miss (Mrs. D. G. Rossetti)—
Model for "Ophelia," i. 144.
Smedley, E., drawings, i. 359.
Smith-Dorrien visits Millais, ii. 61.
Solomon, Simeon, ii. 440.
Somers, Lady, i. 363.
Spencer, Lord and Lady, i. 355.
Spielmann, M. H., quoted, i. 55; ii. 258, on—
"Bubbles," ii. 186.
"Cymon and Iphigenia," i. 42.
Edie Ramage, ii. 121.
"Fringe of the Moor," ii. 55.
"Mariana," i. 106.
"Murthly Moss," ii. 200.
"Murthly Water," ii. 204.
Onslow Ford's bust of Millais, ii. 219.
"Ophelia," i. 145.
"Order of Release," i. 183.
"Over the Hills and Far Away," ii. 70.
Portrait of Right Hon. W. E. Gladstone, ii. 113.
"St. Stephen," ii. 303.
"The Blind Girl," i. 240.
"The Deserted Garden," ii. 58.
"The Rescue," i. 252.
"Vale of Rest," i. 332.
"Yeoman of the Guard," ii. 80.
Spielmann, M. H., study of Millais' works, ii. 371.
Sport à la Française, i. 446.
Stephens, F. G.—
Account of "Ferdinand," i. 83.

Stephens, F. G.—
Account of portraits for Woolner, i. 81.
"Sir Isumbras," i. 311.
"The Huguenot" at Royal Academy, i. 146.
Contributes to *The Germ*, i. 67.
Critique of "Boyhood of Raleigh." ii. 18.
"Lorenzo and Isabella," i. 73.
"Romans leaving Britain," i. 384.
Description of "Victory, O Lord!" ii. 35.
Interpreting Millais' works, ii. 371.
Notes on Grosvenor Exhibition, 1886, ii. 195.
Origin of "The Flood," ii. 18.
Pre-Raphaelitism and, i. 51.
Stewart, Sir Douglas, proprietor of Murthly, ii. 156, 204.
Stibbard, George, at Erigmore, ii. 69.
Strakosch at Villa Spence, Florence, i. 391.
Strawberry Hill, Art collections at, i. 421.
Streatfield, Ruby (Hon. Mrs. Colville), stands for "The Captive," ii. 162.
Strudwick's pictures, i. 61.
Stuart-Wortley, Archibald, Notes on Millais' lessons, ii. 61.
Sullivan, Sir Arthur, recollections of Millais, ii. 418.
Sussex, H.R.H. the Duke of, i. 14.
Sutherland, Duke and Duchess of, i. 386.
Ball in honour of Garibaldi, i. 417.
Swinburne, A., notes on Academy of 1865, i. 57.

T

Tadema, Alma, officer of Légion d'Honneur, ii. 98.
T——, Thomas, sketch of, ii. 124.
Talfourd, Frank, ii. 403.
Tate, Henry, offer to nation, ii. 369.
Taylor, Tom—
Critique of "The Huguenot" in *Punch*, i. 147.
Letter to Millais on portrait of Wyclif Taylor, i. 383.
On "Eve of St. Agnes," i. 373.
Tennant, Dorothy (Mrs. H. M. Stanley), sits for "No," ii. 69.
Tennant, Sir Charles, presents portrait of Gladstone to nation, ii. 113.
Tennyson, Alfred Lord—
Characteristics, ii. 142.
Sits to Millais, ii. 134.
The Window; or, the Songs of the Wrens, ii. 421.
Thackeray, Anne (Mrs. Ritchie), letter to Millais, i. 385.
Thackeray, W. M., ii. 403.
Death, i. 374.
Foretells Lord Leighton's success, i. 259; ii. 382.
Intercourse with Millais, i. 276.
Opinion of Millais' pictures, i. 345
The Germ, account of, i. 66; ii. 382.
Thomas, Sergeant George and Millais, i. 33.
Thomas, William Cave, suggests name of *The Germ*, i. 66.
Thompson, Sir Henry—
Portrait of Millais, ii. 144.
Studies painting, i. 143.
Thorburn, Archibald, drawings, i. 359.
Times' criticisms of Millais' pictures, i. 297, 298, 320, 356.
Toole, John, ii. 250.
Trelawny, Captain—
Sketch of, ii. 51.
Story of, ii. 389.
Trollope, Anthony, ii. 403.
Account of meeting Millais, i. 282.
Letters to Millais, i. 283.
Turner, Colonel, i. 320.
Turner, J. M. W., sketch of, i. 156.

U

Uhde, Frederick, "Laissez venir à Moi les petits enfants," ii. 361.
Urquhart, Dr., of Perth, i. 61; ii. 354.

V

Vans-Agnew, Major, shoots grouse with Millais, ii. 23.
Volunteer movement, i. 152.

W

Wagner, Cosima, ii. 422.
Wagner visits Millais, ii. 422.
Waldegrave, Frances, Countess of, sketch of, i. 421.
Walker, Fred, ii. 440.
Sketch of, i. 335.
"The Harbour of Refuge," ii. 204.
Waterford, Marchioness of, i. 68, 363, 364.
Watts, G. F.—
Declines baronetcy, ii. 174.
Fresco in Lincoln's Inn Hall, i. 357.
Letter of thanks for "Stitch, Stitch, Stitch," ii. 83.
Letter on "Bride of Lammermoor," ii. 88.
Portrait of Millais, ii. 218.
Wellington, Duke of, opinion of London, ii. 97.

Wells, Henry, i. 289.
Congratulates Millais on baronetcy, ii. 178.
On Millais, ii. 91.
Westall poses for Highlander in "Order of Release," i. 184.
Westminster, Duke of, and portrait of Gladstone, ii. 113.
Letter to Millais, ii. 76.
Wharncliffe, Lady, i. 355.
Whistler, impressionism, ii. 2.
White, Miss Buchanan, ii. 307.
Whiteford, John, ii. 293.
Saves drawings, ii. 207.
Whitman, Walt, quoted, ii. 199.
Wilson, Herbert, ii. 228, 250.
Woodville, Caton, drawings, i. 359.
In *Illustrated London News*, ii. 233.
Woolner, Thomas—
On Hanging Committee and Millais, i. 254.
Pre-Raphaelitism and, i. 51, 67.
Visits Australia, i. 81.
Wyatt and Millais, i. 34.

Y

York, Archbishop of, at R.A. banquet, ii. 319.

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